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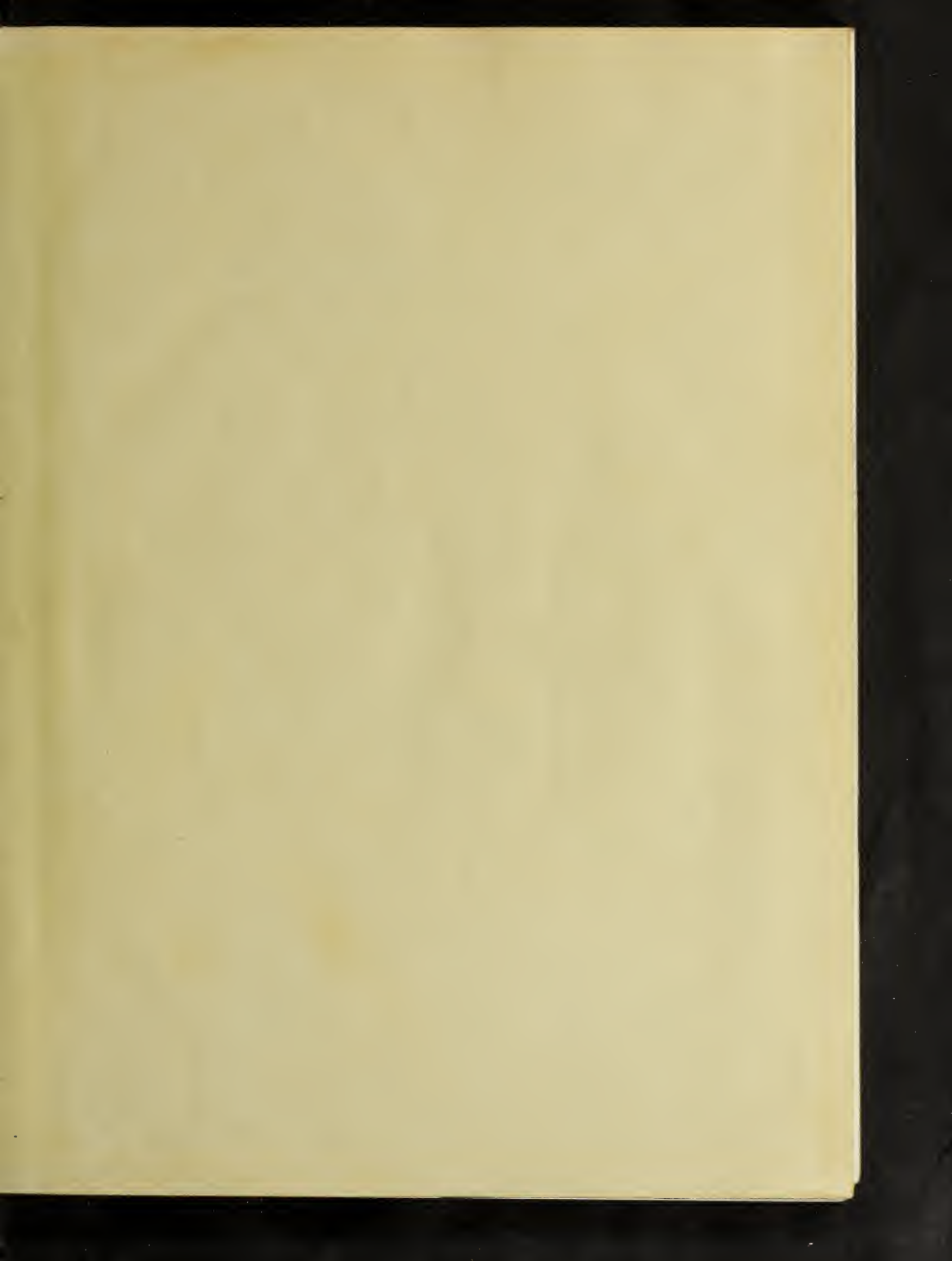
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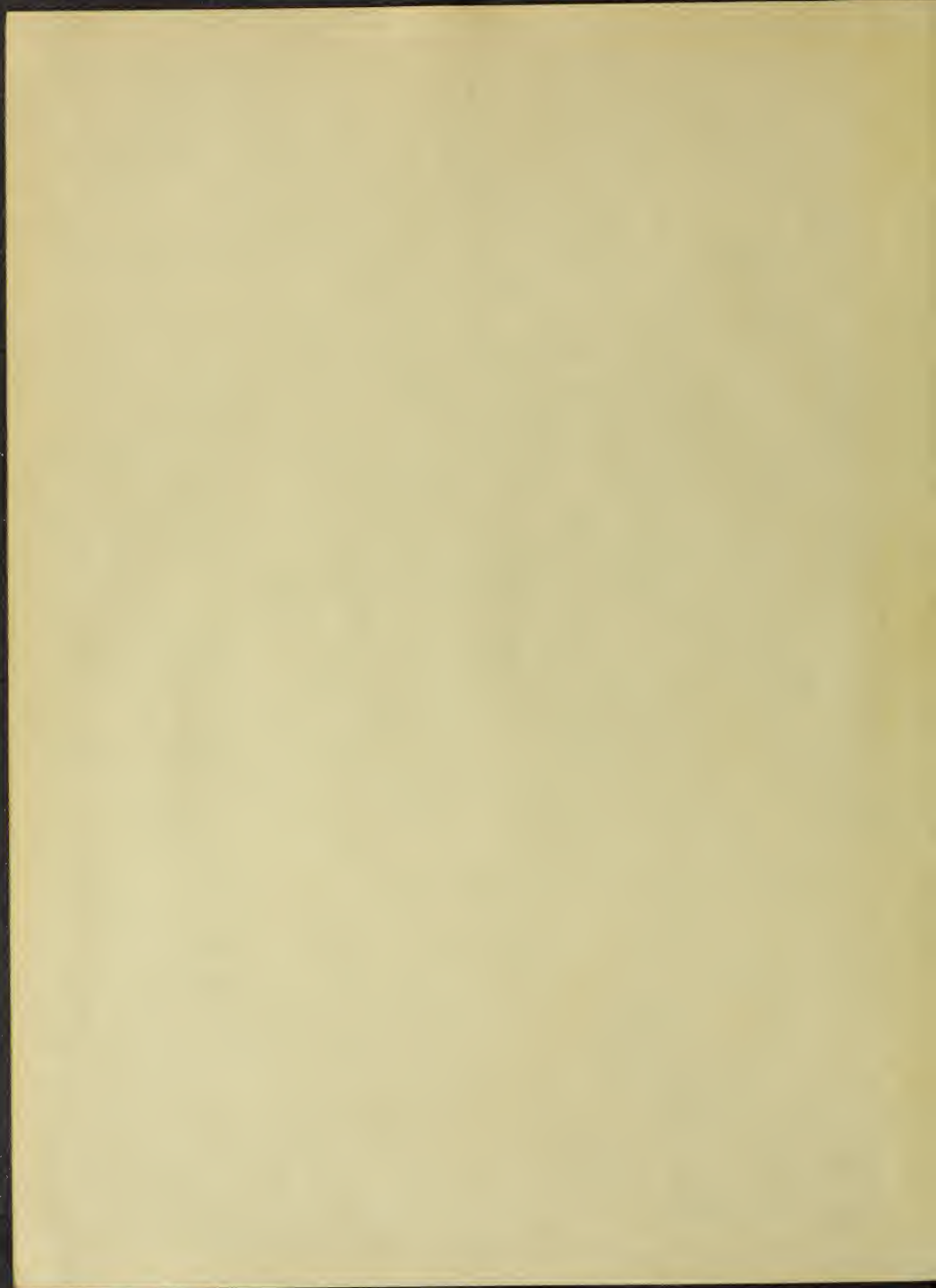


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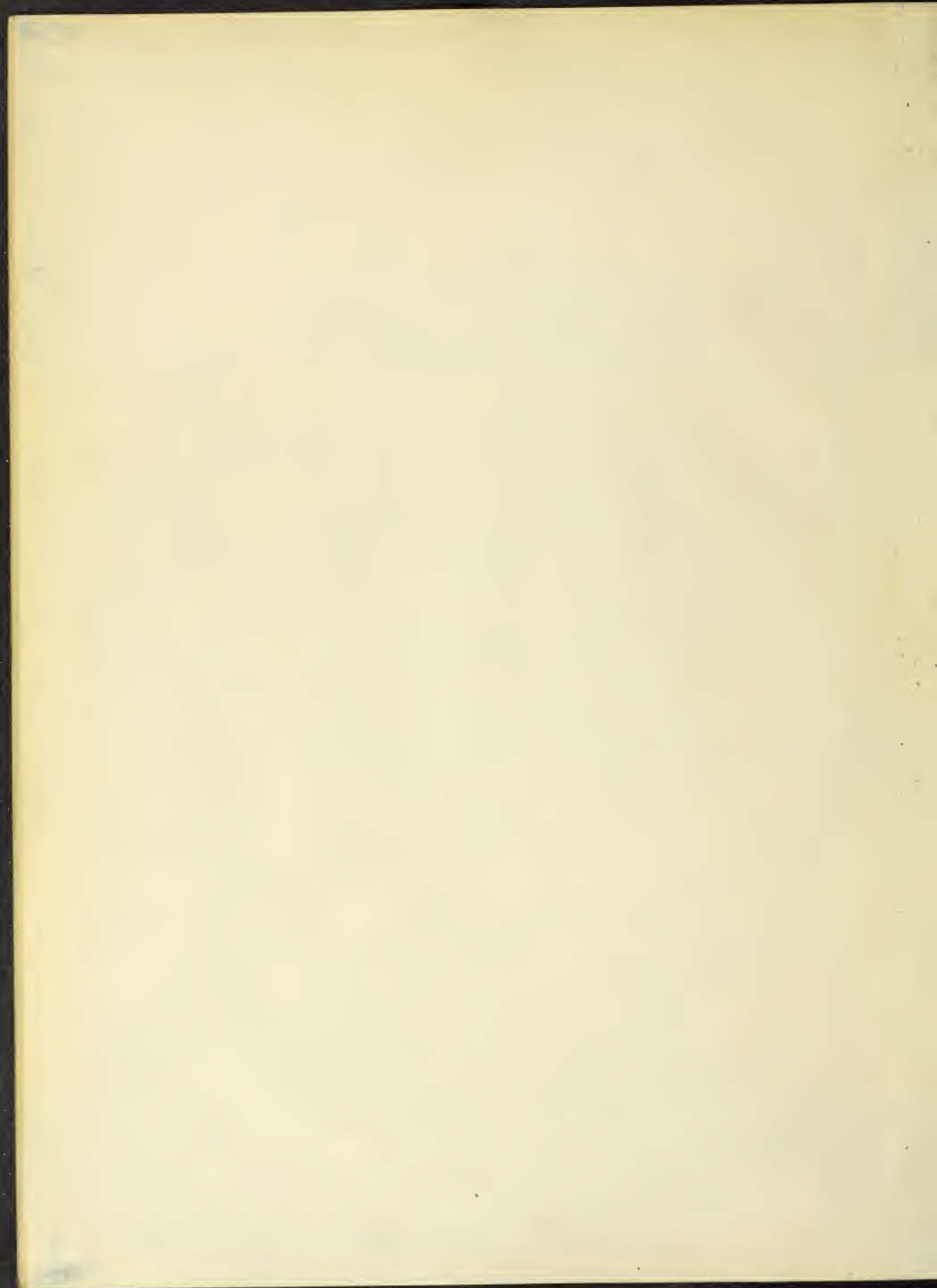
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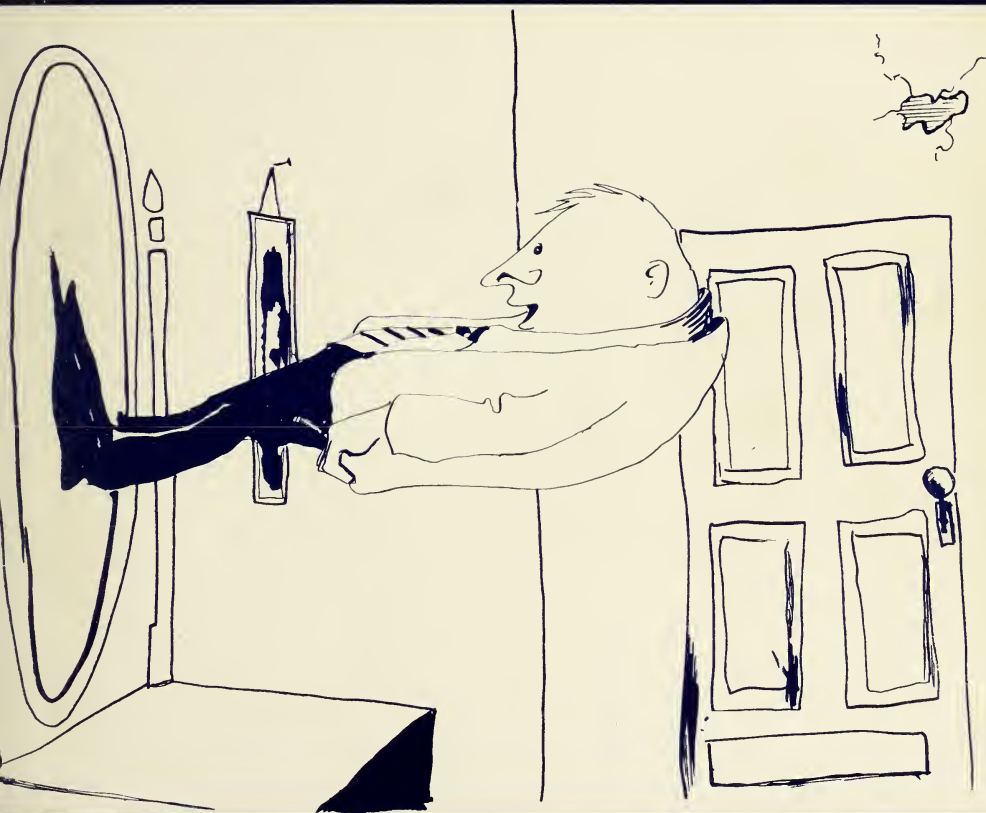








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PHILLIPS ACADEMY VOLUME 104, NUMBER 1 WINTER, 1958

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THE WAGER

JOHN CLYMER '58

Frank Gulliver lay in bed, gazing reflectively at the bright white ceiling above him. His reverie was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door. "Come in," he coughed, as an antiseptic nurse entered, followed by a burly man in a charcoal brown suit.

"Mr. Gulliver, this is Mr. Brown, the state prosecutor. He wants to speak to you about your accident." Having made her introduction, the nurse backed out the door, closing it silently behind her.

"Some accident," murmured Frank.

"Mr. Gulliver, I understand you're quite seriously hurt, so I'll be as brief as I can. Any information you can give me will aid us immensely in our investigation. The motive. Can you give me any reasons why —"

"I have nothing to lose, Mr. Brown, so I'll tell you the story from the beginning. I suppose you're recording our conversation?"

"With your permission."

"Fine. All my trouble is the result of a bet, and if my wife didn't love me so much, I never would have made the bet at that. It was her concern for my welfare that got me into this mess.

"She insisted one night that I should go out with the 'boys.' At her suggestion, I decided to go to a meeting of the local chapter of the Elks, even though I hadn't been to one for several months: I always drank a little too much at them.

"It was there that I met Bill Murdock and made the bet — the last bet I'll ever make, I can assure you. We were both a little high, and, as usual, Bill's false modesty had dropped to his knees. He began extolling his prowess as a man of 'positive power,' a man with a 'will like iron.' 'And a head of concrete,' I added with conviction. That began a hot little argument, and in twenty minutes I had Bill out on a limb — I thought.

"'Why I'll bet you,' he said, 'I could kill a man without batting an eye.' My ears pricked up at that word 'bet.'

"'How much?' I asked bluntly.

"'How much what?'"

"'How much can you bet me that you can physically rob a man of his life?'"

"'Now wait a minute, Frank.' Aha, I'd called his bluff. 'I didn't say I'd choke the life out of him myself. That's too crude. My method would be more refined, psychological. Every step would be legal!' The light of conviction shone in his eyes. 'I'd wager that within one year I could kill any man who happened along — and do it inside the law.'

"'How much?' I asked once more, not quite so sure now if Bill wasn't perhaps too drunk, or a bit eccentric.

"'Five thousand dollars.'

"'Five . . . You know I don't have that kind of money,' I stammered. What made it worse was that Bill did have that kind of money, being a bachelor with an inheritance. But still, I really didn't need five thousand dollars. I did, however, need some medicine for my ego, something to give me power over Bill. I had always been jealous of his good looks, his luck, his inheritance. That was what prompted me to make my mistake. 'I don't need the money,' I said, 'and you can afford to lose five thousand. Let's make the bet in terms of something more valuable. If you win, you can kill me. If I win, I kill you.' That stopped him. He didn't realize, naturally, that I would never kill him if I won, as I was sure to, but would just throw a scare into this over-confident slob which would put fifty years of lines in his pale face.

"'The winner kills the loser?' he sputtered. His eyes told me that he was not as drunk as I'd thought: my fantastic proposition must have sobered him up. Now he'd have to back down and I'd show him up for the braggart he was. Then he changed. 'Yesss,' he hissed reflectively. 'Of course.' (He always said 'of course', implying that it was natural for any person of average intelligence to have reach-

(Continued on P. 21)



A PLATONIC DIALOGUE

JOHN ROCKWELL '58

Hypotenuse: Ah, yes, Antidoras, I am just about word-perfect on that which you happen to ask me. I met Socrates on the street — he was staring into space, with little ferns growing between his toes. I called it to his attention that he had been there for four days; he quickly swallowed a mouthful of four-day old breakfast and triumphantly told me that he had just proved to himself that an elephant was a component of virtue, and was just itching to try his proof on Xexyphla-polaferos. He had heard that the latter was giving a banquet that night, and figured that here was a good chance to pick up a free meal.

Xexy was an obese, stupid, wealthy man, with several good-looking young boys, the type of man with whom Socrates loves to talk. After several hours of preliminaries, during which time Socrates ate, the Dialogue began.

Socrates: Well, then, there, let's get going. I'm dumb, stupid, and a lousy speaker. Now, Xexy, how would you define virtue?

Xexy (labored pause): Uh . . .

Socrates: Just as I say: virtue is obviously lasting pleasure.

Xexy: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: For example, do you like clean clothes, Xexy?

Xexy: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Because that "freshly laundered look" gives you pleasure?

Xexy: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: And lasting pleasure is virtuous?

Xexy: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Then you would be virtuous if you used Capitalus' soap, because it "lasts and lasts"?

(He puffed on his cigar and winked at Capitalus.)

Xexy: Oh yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Now we are agreed that lasting

pleasure is virtue. Xexy, you like to keep rabbits, don't you?

Xexy: Yes, Socrates, they're soft.

Socrates: They give you pleasure, don't they?

Xexy: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Lasting pleasure, because they breed?

Xexy: Yes, Socrates.

Wopus (a moron): Brilliant logic, Socrates.

Socrates: Well, then, an elephant would naturally bring you greater pleasure because it is bigger than a rabbit, isn't and wouldn't it?

Xexy: Yes, yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Therefore elephants equal pleasure equal virtue?

Everybody clapped wetly. Then a voice, generated by the vocal chords of the illustrious Lucidius, came from the crowd.

Lucidius: Socrates, I don't agree that elephants give us more pleasure than rabbits, because you can't cuddle them, and they're not soft. Furthermore, I don't agree with your premise that virtue is lasting pleasure. -

Socrates: I refuse to argue with such a long-winded fellow who rambles on for hours on irrelevant topics.

Lucidius: Oh, come on, Socrates, at least be sensible once.

Xexy: No, Lucidius, you shouldn't ramble so.

Lucidius: Oh my, Okay. Have it your way.

Socrates: You assume, naturally, that pleasure is not pain?

Lucidius: No, Socrates.

Socrates: Ah, yes. Now you admit, of course, that pain is not virtue?

Lucidius: No, Socrates.

Socrates: Therefore, pleasure must be virtue.

Lucidius: No, no.

(Continued on P. 26)

YOU CAN'T CONFESS TO THEM FOREVER

HENRY MUNN '58

Whenever I do anything wrong, I want to confess it to somebody. That's why I asked Bill to meet me at the Candy Cane. The Candy Cane is a soda fountain. It's better than the drugstore downtown because mostly just kids come; and that gives it atmosphere, sort of like a dive. It takes one group to make a dive, either kids or grownups. If you mix them up in a place like the Candy Cane, then you don't have any atmosphere any more. Since it was pretty early in the afternoon when I came in, there weren't many there: just a woman sitting at the end of the counter smoking a cigarette and drinking some coffee, and Bill sitting in one of the booths reading *Esquire*.

"Is there anything in it any good?" I asked sitting down. "Next month they're going to have a story by Camus."

"There's some funny cartoons." Bill was in one of his down-to-earth moods. He changed around an awful lot. One year he was pretty literary, then he was dramatic, and now he said all that stuff was crap. Once when we were having a bull session about religion I said, "As far as forgiving and giving are concerned, my parents seem more real than God." "You've got a very serious mind, Bob," Bill had said. I knew he had a good opinion of me.

When the waitress came over, we ordered some ice cream and cokes.

"I'd like to take her out," Bill said.

"Aw, come on." She had dark brown hair cut short and curled around the edges; and when she brought the cokes and ice cream, you could see a little bit of the white lace on the top of her slip when she leaned over.

"She's better than your damn Carol Hall girls."

"Why?"

"They're a bunch of prudes. Dirty-good—that's what they are. They sit around gabbing about sex, but they're too good to get

sexy with anyone. The only ones they get hot for are stupid legends like Tony Perkins."

"Tammy" was playing on the juke box now, and the woman at the counter was singing it to herself. She wasn't too young, just sort of beat-out looking, with a common kind of face. I remembered seeing the waitress downtown with her, so I guess she must have been her mother. It was sad watching her sing the song. You'd have thought she wouldn't care about that stuff any more.

"The trouble with you collegiate ass-holes is you imagine yourselves going to the theater with one of those dressed up dummies in a Boston window."

"Well, I like to go with someone who's intelligent."

"Just because they go to high school doesn't mean they're not intelligent."

I didn't particularly care because I was nervous about telling Bill. He'd practically finished his ice cream, and I knew if I didn't tell him, I wouldn't have any fun at the dance. I didn't want Bill to have the wrong opinion of me. By telling him, it sort of got me off the hook.

"Did you take the math test this morning?" I asked.

"Yeah." I didn't see any way to go further, so I measured time by the sips of coke he took; but then I got scared I wouldn't tell him this afternoon.

"What'd you think of the third problem?"

"The third one. . .?"

"I couldn't get it; and, after I figured out how much each problem would count and how many I thought I'd gotten right, I had to get it to pass. I looked at the answer on Mac's paper. I was worried about what my parents would think when they found out I flunked, and I didn't really study enough before, so I knew it was my fault."

"Don't worry about it, Bob," he said. "It's

(Continued on P. 26)



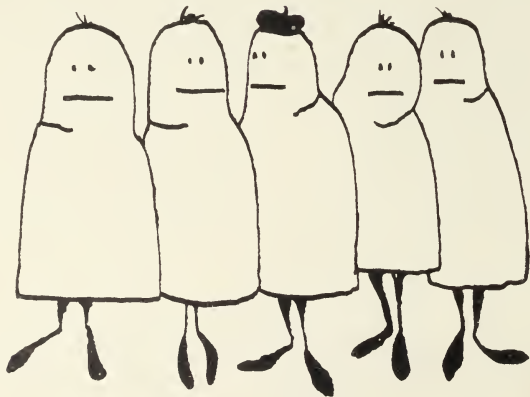
COMMON SENSELESSNESS

ROBERT POSNER '58

Is **common sense** common or uncommon? Is **uncommon sense** uncommon or common? These questions, at first glance, seem to be simple to answer. But think about them for awhile and they appear as impossible to answer as it is for a dog to catch his own tail. Let us analyze them. A few words from Mr. Webster's book might help to clarify the explanations that are to follow. "Common: belonging to the community at large; generally prevalent. It often connotes inferior or plebian. Second-rate." Yet when one tries to define **common sense** his thoughts are of logic and intelligent thinking. What relationship does this bear to the dictionary definition except one of complete opposition? Therefore, if **common sense** is, as Mr. Webster says it is, prevalent sense, then it is common. If it

is as thought of by most people, as being logic and intelligence, then it is uncommon (not prevalent). **Uncommon sense**, not prevalent sense, is naturally uncommon. But, when one thinks of **uncommon sense** as being the contrary to **common sense** (logic), it is very common.

In summation, **common sense** is uncommon when thought of in the common sense. It is, however, common when considered in the uncommon sense of **common sense**. Therefore, **uncommon sense** is uncommon when thought of as the opposite to the uncommon sense of **common sense**. In agreement with this, **uncommon sense** is common when thought of as the opposite of the common of **common sense**.



I.

THE CHIPMUNK

JOHN DARNTON '60

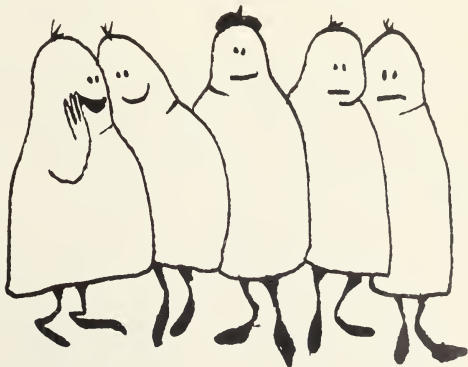
It was late—about six thirty, I thought from the sun, which had already dropped behind the immense pine trees that bordered the sides of the twisting, tar-covered road. It was that mysterious time, between day and night, when the wind softly embraces the trees, and the birds sing themselves to sleep, and human life seems to cease altogether, just for a moment.

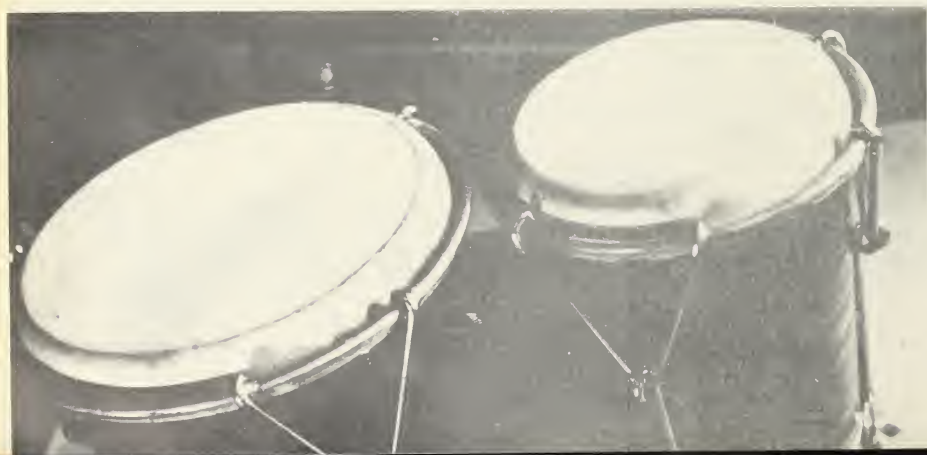
As I peddled fiercely on my bicycle, feeling the sweat both hot and cold on my face, I noticed the changes taking place around me. I listened to the birds. I felt the wind beating against my face and the bicycle beneath me, obeying my every command. I was happy. Even the thought of a scolding for being late could not contaminate my feeling of utter contentment and supreme satisfaction.

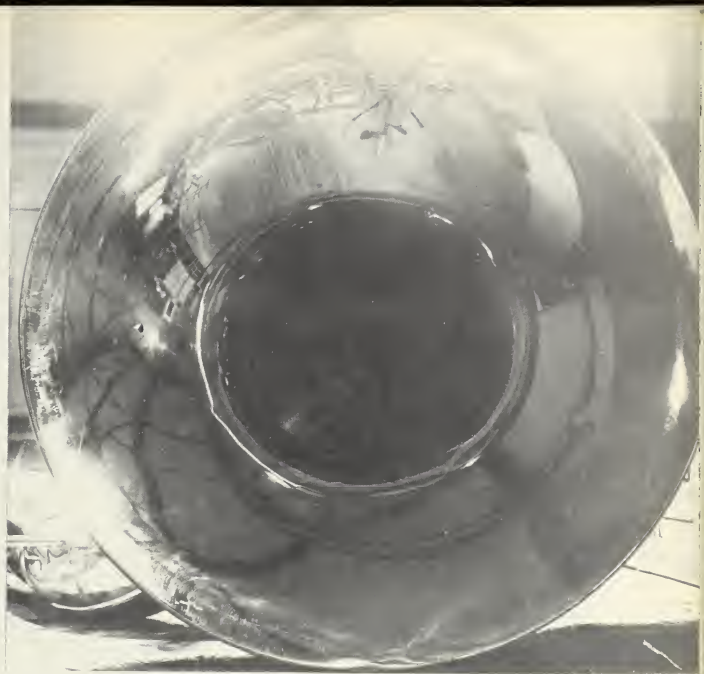
I dodged a hole in the road, at the same time swerving to ride through a long mud puddle, the only evidence of a previous thunderstorm. I passed Dead Man's Brook and sped down a long hill. At the bottom, my momentum carried me for some distance before I gradually slowed almost to a standstill. As I did so, I happened to notice a curious object on the opposite side of the road. I halted my bicycle and walked back a distance for about twelve feet. Drawing closer, I saw that the object was a animal of some kind—a chipmunk, perhaps. I couldn't be sure, because his identity was marred by the tire-tracks of an automobile. Half of him was still alive, the half from his waist upward. His intestines were scattered over the road. Both legs were crushed. His eyes stared up at me begging for me to do something. A paw weakly rubbed against the hard road, either as an effort on his part to rise or to ease the pain. Frantically I rushed about in search of a heavy object. I was praying I would find one and hoping I would not. My eyes fell upon a stone wall only a few feet from the road. I

ran over and picked up the largest stone I could see. I could barely carry the ugly thing. Struggling over to the chipmunk, I stood there I don't know how long with the rock in my hands. He seemed to know what was coming. His eyes bored into my head. They said more than any words can say. I closed my eyes and hoisted the rock over my head. As I slammed it down, my left side went numb. I heard it smack the tar.

Finally, coming to my senses, I moved the rock, which was on top of the chipmunk. He was still staring at me; he wasn't dead. Blood was draining out of his mouth, and his only movement was an attempt to groan, without any result. God! What does he think? I quickly picked up the rock again and slammed it down, this time the sharp point downward. I knew the instant I let it go that it would kill him. When the rock hit him, I felt it hit me in every nerve of my body. I was afraid to move the rock, but I couldn't leave it there. I pushed it aside. His head was crushed. An eye was protruding out of its socket, and he had a look of horror embedded on his face. I did not cry. I don't know what I did. I think I vaguely remember walking numbly back to my bicycle.









THE HOLLOW HANDS

DICKRAN TASHJIAN '58

"Jocko," I said, "Jocko, you're an animal." He was a human being all right, but an animal just the same. Jocko was stretched out on the metal frame bed. One leg touched the floor. His right hand swung gropingly over the side of the bed for his bottle.

"What do you mean?" he protested indolently. "Wasn't I made to propagate the race?"

Well, he had sex all right, not that he gave a damn for it. The only sex he knew was his piano, and he got kind of a charge out of it, his music I mean, not the piano. I tipped back my chair.

"Jocko," I repeated, "you're a slob."

"Well, what of it, Rembrandt?"

He always called me Rembrandt ("that's 'cause you're so artistic, kid"). I didn't say anything, but kept on staring at him.

"What the hell ya want, already, an education — you want me to be an educated bum?"

"Well, I guess that's better than nothing." I didn't want to press the point. He never resented my going to college or studying, but he always held himself aloof as if he were superior to me. He was educated in his own way. But whenever I brought up an intellectual topic during the course of a conversation, he would smile, give me a wink (I never was sure whether he did wink or not), and say, "Now Rembrandt, don't try to pick on the unwashed masses." Then he'd roll over and go to sleep.

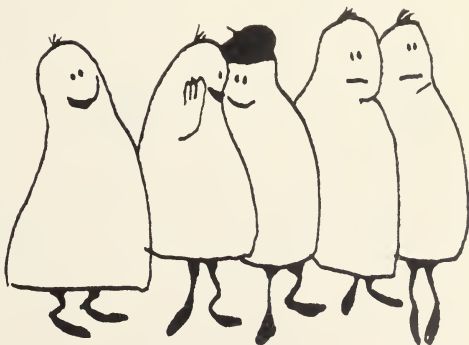
During my freshman year, I had met Jocko sitting on his trunk in a train station. I knocked him over with my bags as I rushed by. Jocko gave me that hurt, dirty look that only he can give. There he was, sprawled out on the floor, wearing an immense patched up kelly green overcoat with the collar turned up like Dick Tracy. The coat was unbuttoned, exposing a polka-dot tie with a huge knot. His red hair poked out in all directions with one amazing cowlick that almost hid

the gleam in his eyes.

Jocko was hunting for a job playing piano in a band. He was a strange roommate, but we got along all right. He worked nights and slept during the day, when I went to classes. Jocko never said much about his jobs. He called himself a chord pusher, his vernacular for an accompanist. Jocko underwent a long unproductive spell. He stayed in the musty room, and I don't think he ate anything except what he drank from that inexhaustable bottle of his.

One day when I came in after classes, the room was full of smoke and Jocko was puffing on what looked like a swollen cigarette. When I asked him what brand it was, he replied, "Muta." I must have looked puzzled because he added, slurring his words, "Doncha know muta, the mezzrow, marijauna?" He would lie there with a dreamy look in his eyes. The gleam had disappeared. He wouldn't look through you anymore when he talked — if he talked — but always beyond you. When he would disappear for a few days at a time, I knew he was working; not steadily.

(Continued on P. 32)



... AND GOD SPLIT THE ATOM

SHEPARD SPINK '58

FAUCET: INFERIORITY COMPLEX

SPINK



And God looked down upon the earth where he had with his hand formed the dry land and separated the waters from the waters and made a firmament above, and He said, "Let there be a creature made in my Image and Likeness, and let him be called Man." And it was so done; and the Lord spoke, saying, "It is good, good, good."

And the Lord observed this creature Man, which He had made and named Atom, and He noticed that Atom was lonely, and he mourned for want of company, and the Lord bludgeoned Atom and performed surgery, and out of Atom's rib He sculpted Even, and He called Even Woman. And the Lord looked down upon Atom and Even, and He spoke, saying, "It's wonderful, marvelous!"

And the days passed and the nights passed, for God had separated the darkness from the light, and Atom and Even begat Tom and Dick; and Tom begat Joe and George and John and Charles and Zipporah, and Dick begat seven sons and seven daughters who begat in their turn sons and daughters who begat while the begetting was good. And God looked down upon the earth which he had created and spake, saying, "I'd better be getting on the ball, this may get out of hand."

And God forbade Atom and Even that they eat the fruit of a certain tree which the devil had made to grow, and Atom and Even abstained from the forbidden fruit until Saten presented himself to Even and tempted her to partake of the forbidden fruit, and Even in turn tempted Atom to eat of the fruit, and Tom slew Dick, and everyone begat everyone else. And the Lord said, "What a hell of a mess I've started!"

MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN AN EMPTY BOTTLE

JOHN ROCKWELL '58

The Senior year at Andover offers many goodies, but none quite like American History. So much for the chatty-type introduction. This article will present a sampling of the answers of several of our Bright Boys to a typical essay question, so that the proper technique may be learned.

The question:

Between the end of the War of 1812 and 1850 the United States made several territorial acquisitions. Prove or disprove.

The three most important facets of technique are style, accuracy, and organization. The most important of these, by far, is style. There is the heavy style:

Almighty God had vested an unconquerable Power of expansion in His young children, the noble demi-gods of the United States of America. So be it that. . .

Have care, however, as this tends to become pompous.

The light, racy style:

Across the plains, over the peaks — what could stop the West as she broke from her bounds into the virgin paradise beyond the Mississippi? Well, first there was. . .

Chatty:

When I saw that question, I said to myself: "John, what are you doing here? Why didn't you study?" So you see, Sir, that. . . Straightforward:

I have come to tell the truth. . .

Concise:

I don't know. . .

Mellow:

Cherweep. Cheep. Cheep. Cheep. O-o-O-o-O-o-O-o-O. Boodideeboodideebo. Wump. These were the sounds of the Old West. . .

Dramatic:

The diverse sounds from the monstrous crowd gathered together into a deep, rolling, rhythmic sound. Louder and louder,

until, as the crescendo approached, we heard: "After the situation before the War of 1812. . ."

Frank:

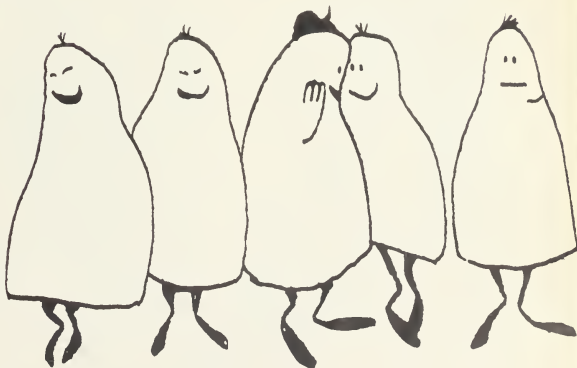
To share, Sir, is truly wonderful. You have the answer; and, in the Treasurer's Office, I. . .

Accuracy is self-explanatory, but it might be worthy to note that, if the light style is employed, accuracy may be forsaken: in fact, it is often considered cute to be wrong, as:

North of the Idunno River the clans were gathering. By the light of the flickering council fire, great Chief Whosit, his face hideously blackened, could be seen scratching himself. . .

When you see a question, you must organize and budget your time. Of course you must include in your budget the time for your budget, or complications will arise. A good, workable plan is the following:

(Continued on P. 36)





WHAT IS A PEBBLE?

DAVID LEVIN '58

A boy, his hair all tousled knots, in dungarees and red flannel shirt, gravely chooses a smooth, smooth pebble and casts it across the pond, and watches open-mouthed as it glides and skips, as it ripples and crumples the vague double-world.

Gurgling and murmuring, serpentine brook—gypsy water-dances rub the pebble perfect.

To the voices of the frogs and crickets and the whippoorwill, the pebbles and water give forth their song.

In a stream where the water is ooh-so-icy cold, the pebbles chafe under the swish-swishing of a little girl's bare feet, and tickle.

A sportsman in checkered hunter-green and black whips a pebble through the clouds like a piercing note of a whistle, to nestle warmly in some feathered breast.



ASSIGNMENT

WRITE A SKETCH INCORPORATING THE WORDS:
 " 'GET YOUR HAND OFF MY KNEE.' " SAID THE
 DUCHESS. AS SHE SPAT REFLECTIVELY INTO
 THE FIRE."

STEPHEN LARNED '58

The Duchess was through. Last night had terminated her thirty-year career at Madame LeBrun's Hotel. The Madame had certainly put on a good show. Tears streaming from her pudgy eyes, she had sobbed on the Duchess's shoulder, saying how she hated to see her go. The Duchess, however, was not fooled in the slightest. She knew, as did the Madame, that she was no good to the Hotel any more. Men do not pay to see fifty-year-old women.

The fact that she was no longer any good, however, was not the reason that she had quit. She was tired of her life at the Hotel; she was tired and her face showed it. Deep lines appeared chiseled into her bleached, chalky face. It made her appear to have a perpetual smile, something she had needed during the last thirty years. Her hair, dark near the roots, moved easily, in blonde waves, as she walked. She walked and moved slower now, and like a fighter in the tenth round, she was tired, and glad to be through. Her body appeared almost the same as it had thirty years before. The main difference was in its texture and consistency. That which at twenty had been smooth but firm was rough and soft at fifty, not fat, but soft.

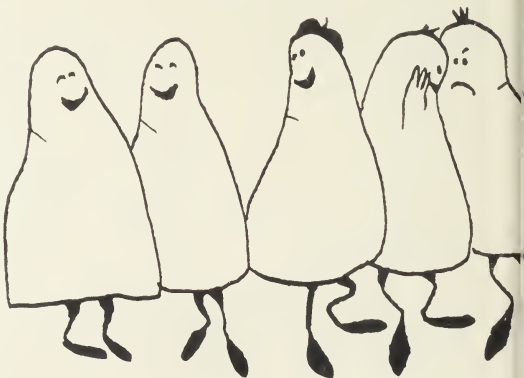
Yes, the Duchess was tired of her life at the Hotel; she was tired of pairs of three-dollar hands pawing her worn-out body. She wanted to prove to herself, in the short time left allotted to her, that she could live a decent and respectable life. She made a good start, rented a small apartment in the outskirts of the town, and set herself up as a respectable woman. She gossiped with the women next door, and baby-sat while the young couple across the hall went to the movies. The new life was fine while it lasted, but only two short months after the start of her retirement, the Duchess died.

When she came to her senses, she was sitting in a large room. It made a great impres-

sion on her, for it reminded her very much of a mousetrap. At one end of the room was a door, which, from where she sat, looked as though it was so small that it would be impossible to get through; but it also gave her the feeling that from the opposite side of it, there would be no trouble at all. At the other end of the room was a huge metal door, like that on a forging furnace, except it was larger, as large as life.

The room was sparsely furnished: a desk, two chairs and a battered couch provided all of the furniture. Sitting at the desk was a man in black suit, not charcoal grey or midnight blue, but black—as black as sin. His hair and eyes were of the same color, but his eyes were not like any the Duchess had ever seen before. They looked as deep as the ocean, and as knowing as those of a judge about to sentence, who has just heard a full confession to a murder. The man looked contented, as though he enjoyed his work.

(Continued on P. 36)





Miss Condensation
May 18



WAGER (Cont. from P. 3)

ed a certain conclusion, and that he had reached it long ago.) 'That's novel. A real man's bet. Okay, Frank, let's select the man. We'll go out on the street, and the tenth man who comes along will be the chosen one.'

"In a daze I shook his hand (Murdock was almost fanatical about living up to his obligations, both in his business dealings and in his private life), and he dragged me into the street. It was fairly late, so not too many people were out, but in about twenty-five minutes, our man came by. He was carrying a suitcase, and looked like the most ordinary of the typical businessmen; a man probably of medium importance in a small manufacturing company. When Murdock saw him, he turned to me. 'This is *au revoir*,' he said. 'Don't try to reach me until the year is out — at this time: I may need every second I can get. But I'll probably be calling you within a year to show you how I've killed him.'

"I decided I'd try once more to discourage Murdock from going through with the bet. 'All right,' I answered. 'But remember: you first have to prove to my satisfaction that that very man is dead and not someone else. Send me a picture of him within a month, and give me his name, address, and occupation in one week. If you don't do this, the bet is off. Second, you must prove that you killed him, and not some hired murderer. Otherwise, the bet is off. Third, you must describe to me every step you have taken in killing this man so that I may judge how legal your methods were. All your proof must be documented somehow, or the bet is off.' I felt quite sure of myself now that all the conditions had been made clear: Murdock would never carry the bet through.

"'Of course,' said Murdock, and walked into the darkness after his victim.

"Mr. Brown, will you please pour me a drink from that pitcher over there?" asked Frank Gulliver, pointing to a white pitcher



6.

on a table in the corner of the room. Brown got up from his chair beside the bed, poured a yellow liquid from the pitcher into a glass, and handed the glass to Gulliver, who gulped it down, grimacing with pain. "Thanks. My voice is starting to go, and I want to be sure you hear my whole story.

"Eleven months later, last night, I answered the doorbell to have Bill Murdock step into the light of the front hall. 'It's done,' was all he said. To say that I was surprised is an understatement. I was astounded. I hadn't seen hide nor hair of Murdock for months and had just assumed that he had given up the bet as a bad job soon after he sent me the details about his victim. I brought him into the livingroom, introduced him to my wife as a business associate, and then went with him to his hotel suite. We settled onto a sofa after he had mixed some drinks, and he began telling me his story.

"I hope you realize how much this bet has meant to me, Frank,' he said. 'In order to win it, I have given up my job, broken with some of my best friends, and spent a large portion of my inheritance. I expect you to

fulfill your half of the wager.' My heart dropped like a plumbline, and I could feel the jerk as the string ran out: he'd actually gone through with it!

"The whole affair was really quite elementary. After I sent you this picture and so forth, I began to work on getting our Mr. Blyth fired from his job. It was relatively easy, but it took excruciating patience. At the same time, I caused our friend to commit suspicious acts which his wife could interpret as showing his unfaithfulness, and I began to start up a secret affair with her. (She is a very attractive woman, and quite fond of me, I must say.)

"Getting him fired undoubtedly was the most important of all the steps I took. First, through my business influence, I got a job in the factory where our friend worked. He was responsible for scheduling the production of merchandise so that it would coincide with requested delivery dates and raw materials shipments: an intricate and important job, since the plant does a large business in a variety of complex mechanisms. Since I worked in a department closely co-ordinated with his, I had an opportunity to become friends with Blyth and at the same time get a hold of his work without its being obvious. I began by introducing small inaccuracies into his calculations. (After all, a man doesn't work at a job all his life, and suddenly begin to commit gross errors.) They were almost undetectable mistakes, but they caused shipping dates to coincide and to conflict, which made for confusion within the plant and dissatisfaction outside of it on the part of the customers who were affected.

"At the same time I put into operation the two plans which cost me most of my money. First, I established a false company which had a huge demand for the goods manufactured by my friend's concern. I hired people to carry out the business and everything—just like a legitimate establishment. They thought they were working for a real company, too. As I began changing Mr. Blyth's production schedules, my company began ordering from his. When I made a mistake in his calculations and my company received an order late,

or the wrong order — yes, in time I even got around to changing the order slips — it would complain, and threaten to withdraw its business. Of course no one in Blyth's firm ever suspected that I controlled the company which was their best customer.

"With the additional work that my company's orders created for him, Blyth had to stay late at the factory more and more. He began to get tired, and his wife, worried about his health, began nagging him for working himself too hard. He started taking a drink every night before supper, then a couple, then before and after supper.

"The second expensive plan was to hurt Blyth financially. By becoming a friend of his banker, and convincing him I was a friend of Blyth's (as indeed that poor soul thought me to be), and through my influence as a previous financier of sorts, I gained access to Blyth's financial records. When I did this, I had little expectation of finding anything that would be of value to me. I was lucky, though. This was the only part of my plan where luck played a hand. I found to my extreme pleasure that Blyth was a fairly large shareholder (about ten percent) in a sort of favorite company. I suppose that his



father had given him the stocks. I, too, it happened, held a good deal of stock in the company, and proceeded to buy a controlling interest in it from friends of mine who were only too glad to do me a favor and to invest their money in a larger concern at the same time. Once I had obtained a majority of the issue, I dumped it on the market. The price plummeted. Through my influence with him as a friend, and because of the respect he had for my financial judgment, I convinced Blyth to sell his stock fast, and get what he could for it. Needless to say, he took a nice little loss; one which he could ill afford.

"By now there was a potent little love affair brewing between Blyth's wife and myself. Her disgust at her husband's financial fiasco was accented by her suspicion of her mate's actions while he was "working late at the plant". I accomplished this by suggesting she telephone him at the factory. Repeatedly she found that he was "not in right now". What she did not know was that I had maneuvered Blyth and his secretary so that their respective absences and attendances would occur at strategically embarrassing times. She began dropping hints that he had better stop drinking so much, and start getting home from the "office" at a respectable hour, or he would find her "unsympathetic for once", as she diplomatically put it. Her ego

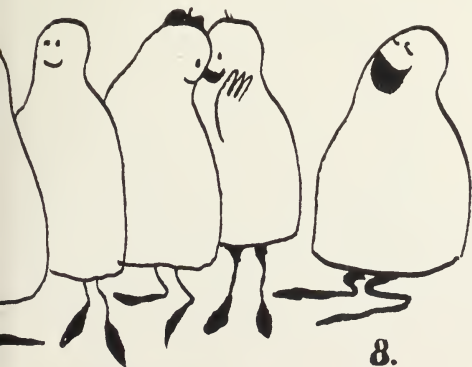
boosted by the affair between us, she added subtly that she was not yet unattractive to eligible men. That hurt Blyth because he really loved his wife, but there was nothing he could do. At that time he was trying to work out the details for a huge order my company had given him, and at the same time squeeze into production the usual small orders and rush orders which had to be processed. His boss, B.R. Gallagher, had been at him, too, for his inaccuracy and the dissatisfaction he was causing among customers.

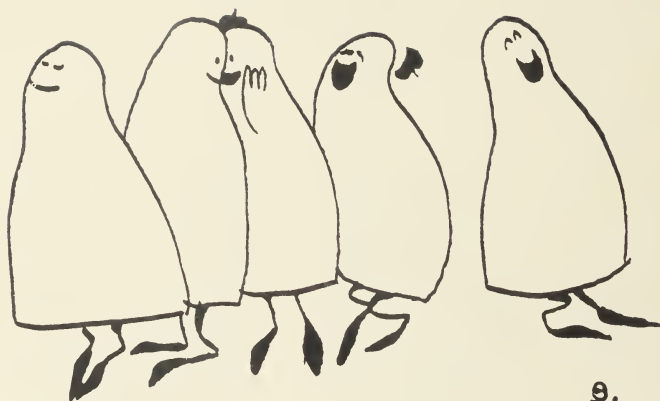
"One day, after a night during which he had drunk too much as usual, and had argued violently with his wife, I pulled out the plug and Blyth went down the drain."

"By this point in Murdock's story I had broken into a cold sweat. I felt nauseated and weak. I had never dreamed that Murdock would follow through on such an impossible bet. I'd thought he'd come crawling to me and complain that I'd taken advantage of him when he was drunk. At first I'd hold him to his word and scare the hell out of him, but in the end I'd give in. But now. . . I knew I had to find fault in his scheme.

"My fictitious company had just received a "rush order"; Murdock continued. Due to my tampering it was sent late and did not match the specifications which we had demanded on our order blank. At that time our big order had been in production for almost a week, and smaller orders had been delayed to give ours full attention. When the rush order debacle occurred, my company sent an irate letter to Blyth's boss, tearing down his concern, its product, and everything remotely connected with it. As proof of our malcontent, we cancelled the big order — the one already in production. This ruptured the whole system in Blyth's factory and finished Blyth. The huge disappointment that flooded over him when he found all his work on our order had gone for naught was only one tenth the extent of his shock when his boss, pushed beyond patience by Blyth's continuing errors, and sputtering, fired him — after fifteen years of devoted work.

"I remember that scene well. That morn-





9.

ing Blyth had been hard at work requisitioning parts for our large order. The boss's office boy came panting into our office. "Gallagher wants to see you, Mr. Blyth."

"Oh hell. Right in the middle. . . . Oh well. Tell him I'll be right there, Jimmy."

"I followed close after Blyth, and stood outside the door of Gallagher's office as he bawled out Blyth. His voice kept fading and getting louder, and I could just picture him pacing around the room, sighing deeply, and talking out the window. ". . .dammit Blyth . . . here ten years. . . fifteen? . . . fifteen years and now you. . . lousy scheduling jams up production, the customers. . . late shipments . . . I'm afraid you've just — worked too long. . . job, Blyth. . . check from the cashier." When Blyth came out of that office he was as white as bleached bones and his eyes were so blank and hollow you might have thought he had no soul. Yes, I must say I was amazed at how successful my plan had been.

"In the seven months I'd been working on him, Blyth had lost his job, impaired his health, disrupted his finances, and undermined his marriage. His only hope was to get a new job and start afresh. Three things made this difficult: first, he was over fifty; second, his previous employer, convinced

that Blyth had been worked out, would not give him a recommendation; and third, I got to prospective employers first.

"As the weeks went by, and Blyth failed time and time again to land a job, his wife began nagging him incessantly, and he took to drinking a lot during the day. This aggravated the situation. The more he drank, the more vicious the circle became. Hardly a night passed when he didn't come home reeking and reeling from liquor. His wife looked to me for help more and more, and became less and less patient with her husband. I was the only thing that kept Blyth from going under; he had long since hurt and embarrassed his friends. I kept encouraging him and instilling him with hope. I savored the moment when I, too, would desert him.

"Two weeks ago, that moment came. After a long day of job hunting, I took Blyth to a bar for a couple of drinks. In two hours he was roaring drunk; drunk enough to go home, I decided. When I helped him into the house and his wife saw us, she ran upstairs crying. I put Blyth to bed; his wife packed a suitcase and left a note — short and to the point, telling him that she was going to Reno to get a divorce and that she and I were going to get married — and we left the house together.

"I can imagine the look on Blyth's face

when he read that note. Without his wife and me, he had no one.' Murdock chuckled. 'At noon that same day, we received word that he had shot himself.

"Of course his wife dropped the divorce proceedings immediately and we rushed back home to go to the funeral and to attend to the usual details. On the pretense of letting her overcome her grief and waiting a respectable time before we were married, I came back East to see you.' He looked at me and smiled wanly.

"The proof,' I gasped. 'Give me the proof.' He handed me a folder full of pictures, letters, private papers, legal documents, newspaper articles, police reports, everything. I thumbed through them. Each one fitted in exactly: the story was true. My mind was spinning. There had to be a slip-up, a mistake somewhere. I looked at Murdock's superior grin and I had it!

"It's no good, Murdock."

"I . . . what?" He turned pale.

"Our agreement was that you must kill the man. You haven't done it. You drove Blyth to it, yes, but you yourself did not kill him as I stipulated."

Gulliver's voice began to get hoarse and he broke out in a cold sweat as he dramatized the scene.

"Oh no. That's all wrong. You don't un-

derstand how much I've put into this.'

"No, Murdock,' I said, rising.

"How much money . . ."

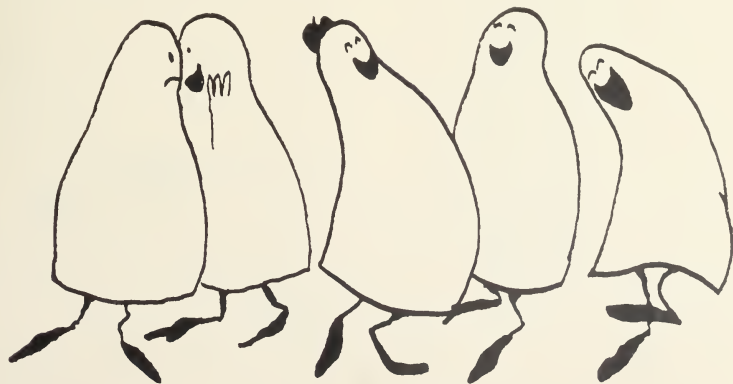
"You haven't fulfilled your part of the bet."

"You don't know how worried I was that I might be found out. How many sleepless nights I went through, fearing that the plan might fall through.' I walked to the door, the folder with his proof in it in my hand. 'I'm a ruined man, you know. Not only have I lost many of my friends and spent a great deal of my money, but if I should be found out. . . .' He was storming around the room.

"Since you didn't understand clearly the provisions of our wager,' I offered, 'I won't hold you to the agreement: I won't kill you.' I put my hand on the doorknob.

"Murdock whirled, a gun in his hand. I'd never anticipated any thing like this. 'Hold it,' he snarled. 'You don't see how hard I've worked to win this bet, how much this has meant to me. You're not going to rob me of my victory on some technicality.'

"Before I could get out the door, he shot me: in the legs, shoulders, stomach. That was about four hours ago. The doctors say it's a miracle that I've lived this long, but they only give me a few hours, so I have nothing to lose by telling you this. The folder Murdock gave me is in that chair with my clothes. It



may be a bit bloody, but it should give you Murdock's motive for shooting me. He shot me because he thought he won the wager."

Frank Gulliver's voice was barely a whisper. "Now you have Murdock's motive for killing me, Mr. Prosecutor, and this is my last wish: I won that bet, and I want to hang Bill Murdock."

PLATO (Cont. from P. 5)

Socrates: Good, now. . . .

Xexy: Socrates, he's been saying "no".

Socrates: Eh?

Xexy: "No".

Socrates: This is ridiculous. They're supposed to say "yes". Now what?

Lucidius: You lose, Socrates.

Socrates: This is impossible, impossible.

Lucidius: I happen to be a traveling Sophist, and would be willing, for a fee, to give you some logic lessons.

Socrates: Aw, you know that's against my principles.

And they passed, haggling, through the small holes between the sleeping rich men into the fresh night air of the street.

CONFESS (Cont. from P. 6)

all over."

I guess in a way that was what I had wanted him to say, but it didn't seem like enough now: it was as if he were passing the buck back to me. That was what everyone said: "Don't worry, it's all over." But did anyone ever really stop worrying just because it was all over? By telling Bill, who had a good opinion of me, I thought I would negate the shame. But I didn't. The only ones who could negate it were your parents because they caused your sense of shame. Once in the fourth grade I had asked a boy for an answer. When I got home my father was telling my mother about some kids who had cheated in his class. Afterwards I worried about it, and tried to reason that it was all over, and I'd never do it again. But every time my parents told someone how good I was, or did something for me, I was ashamed. Finally I told my father, and in time I forgot the original shame, but not the fear of the shame. Today, though, I did not have time to tell my parents. There was only one quick way to forget it, and that was to accept dishonesty.

"I don't know," I said. "I'm lost, just lost." That was what I wanted. A special kind of lostness.



HAMILTON

11.

"Don't be an ass. Nobody is ever really lost. Nobody says 'It's too late now. It will always be too late! Fortunately! You put a boy and a girl up on some hill and then you put in italics, 'Oh lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost come back again.' It just sounds good, that's all."

Bill was making a pat judgement; everyone made them about everyone else. Everyone thought about other people as it suited them to think about them. Bill didn't really understand, so I excused myself and went outside. Gradually I was losing my shame because I was lost. My own special kind of lostness, where you just looked at everything that you did, and said, "Well, that's interesting." Being my kind of lost you could take everything that happened and look at it and it wouldn't hurt, because nothing is bad or good — it just happens.

I wanted to tell Joy at the dance how I was lost. I wanted Joy to want to be with me, and go places with me, and call me up and tell me things, instead of me calling her. I wanted her to tell me how she felt about me. I wanted her to buy me little things and do little things for me. And so I would look into her eyes, and touch her hair, and tell her what I wanted, and how I was lost, and how you were when you were my kind of lost, and then perhaps Joy would like me very much.

* * *

"You know, sometimes I am serious." Joy didn't say anything, she just smiled, and her thin red lips puffed her cheeks out. It was something you said and left. Straightening his back, he stretched out his arm and spun around and around. Tonight Bob wanted to be serious, to be tragic, unfathomable; and, as the music got faster, and he twirled, he was conscious of himself, like a bullfighter, rigid, dramatic, tragic and alone. Bob's black hair, that was combed flat across his forehead, began to fall apart; but Bob liked it that way: wild and rough. Joy put up her hand and brushed it back, and in part that was what he had wanted. Then later Bill cut in with a girl he had never seen before. She had long blonde hair and a few pimples around her chin; and, when she

danced, she danced very close, so their legs moved together; and he couldn't feel her breasts because they were little, and they were pressed too close.

"And how are you this evening?" Bob said.

"Good." She leaned back with a wiggle of her arm. "I think it's a wonderful dance." Then she pressed up close again. Joy had blonde hair too, but it was pulled back in a



bun encircled by a golden fence; and her skin was white, very white: not like skin, but cold, like a naked plaster dummy in a department store. Afterwards he went back to Joy. He moved her arm down to his side and spun around, waiting for the moment when her head came against his; but she didn't dance as close as the other girl; and then only her head touched him, not her body. He wondered if saying what he had had sounded foolish to Joy.

Afterwards, when someone cut in, Bob went over to the counter where they had lemonade and punch. John Norris was sitting by the counter alone, drinking some lemonade. He was tall and muscular, and had short black hair. Bob didn't like him particularly because he was stuck up and a playboy, but in his first year he remembered Norris' roommate saying he'd never let any girl he knew go out with Norris because he knew what he'd do with a girl. Bob would have liked somebody to say that about him, so he went over and sat down.

"How you doing?" Bob asked.

"Pretty good. How are you doing? That Joy is certainly an A-1 bitch."

"How do you mean?"

"Cold, cold as a fish. I went out with her last year. Sexless, that's what she is. She tries, but she's sexless. I will say she's lowered herself a bit. Last year she wouldn't even dance cheek to cheek with a boy." He looked meditatively into the paper cup of lemonade and then out at the dancers. Bob could see Norris wanted to talk about his girl, but wasn't going to till he was asked because Norris was always casual.

"Who's your date?"

"Sandy Smith."

"How is she?"

"Pretty good." Bob drank some of his punch and watched Joy dance.

"You know for the first time I think I'm in love," said Norris.

"You've never thought you were in love before?"

"No, it was always just fun to fool around with girls." It was funny because Sandy was a plain girl, and Norris was real good look-



ing; but it seemed awfully lost just to fool around with girls.

When he was with Joy again, the band was playing something you could take for Spanish music if you wanted. "Let's dance to it."

"I can't do it," she said. But Bob pulled her out on the floor

"Now just twirl under my arm."

"I can't do it, really," she said. He had his arm around her waist now, and for a moment, as they twirled around, they almost caught the rhythm, but Joy dragged her feet.

"Stop it; Bob, stop. It doesn't look good. No one does the rumba here." Norris had

people dance.

"Are you sure?" She looked at him.

"It's o.k." He hoped she would say it now, but she didn't. She didn't tell him she loved him, all she said was, "Are you sure?" He wanted to know she didn't think he was silly. Then he could go on and create his legend.

When they went back to dance again, he could smell her hair, holding her with both arms, and he wanted to cry: not because he was in love with her, but because he did not know what love was. But Bob couldn't cry, he could only think how he wanted to cry. After the dance, waiting while she got her coat, he met Bill in the lobby.



been wrong. Joy had never been above anything; she had wanted to be like everyone else all along.

"Let's get something to drink," Bob said. Moving his right hand, waiting to touch hers, their fingers fell lightly together; and Bob wondered if that was just to be like the other couples.

"I'd like you to have my ring." They were sitting at one of the little tables watching the

"Did you see that girl Norris was with?" Bill asked.

"Yeah."

"She's sort of strange, but you know Norris said he's in love for the first time."

"Yeah, he told me."

"How'd you do for yourself?" asked Bill.

"All right, I guess. I don't know. I don't particularly care for her." Bob didn't feel right about saying that, because he was hop-



ing Bill wouldn't ask him anything else. He realized he was ashamed that nothing more had come from the ring business. And maybe it was just an excuse saying he didn't like her particularly.

* * *

When he came into his room, Bob turned on the light and hung up his overcoat, unfastened the top button of his shirt, and

pulled his tie loose, so that the knot hung a little way down from his neck. He turned the light out and sat down on the chair facing the window, with his legs stretched straight out in front of him. Sitting there in the dark, he hoped someone would come in, because then they would wonder about him, not so much about the date. And he could feel the feeling that before the dance he knew he would feel afterward. The feeling of something gone that he had looked forward to. Sitting, looking out the window, he watched some boys go by on their way to their dorms. One for them was whistling and singing.

"Wish I knew, that you knew
What I'm dreaming of. . . ."

It was the same song the woman in the Candy Cane had been singing. And he remembered what Bill had said: "Nobody is ever really lost. It just sounds good, that's all." He couldn't see the boys through the window any more, but whoever was singing was going over the same verse again.

"Wish I knew, that you knew
What I'm dreaming of. . . ."

Bill picked up a book from the table beside the chair, and gripped it with his hands, fingers spread wide apart, tight, so that the veins stood out. That was how he'd seen actors do it.

No, Bill, maybe nobody is ever really lost, but it does sound good; it is fun for a while. And looking at the window he thought of what he'd say. "I just felt like it, that's all. I just felt like it." Maybe nobody is ever lost, maybe it is all an act, but I'll be lost, I'll be lost. While he was thinking, he felt himself totter and balance inside. It was like when you were out at the end of a high diving board, and you stand there looking way down knowing you have to jump, and then you are on your way down, and for a moment it doesn't seem like you that jumped. Bob threw the book at the window then and watched, and heard the glass crack and fall in big and little pieces.

Jack, who lived in the single room next door, came in first.

"What the devil you think you're doing, anyway?"



"I just felt like it, that's all. I just felt like it." Bob got up from the chair and turned on the light. Mr. Judson, the housemaster, was standing in back of Jack.

"What'd you break the window for?"

"I don't know, it just. . ."

"He said he just felt like it," Jack said.

"Well, leave us alone." Mr. Judson came into the room and sat down on the bed. It was warm out so the hole in the window didn't matter much. Mr. Judson was just a housemaster. Somebody who sailed boats in Maine during the summer, and chain-smoked.

"Sort of foolish, wasn't it, Bob?"

"Yes." Bob felt like a grub. "I looked at another guy's answer in a math test this morning."

"Why?"

"I was worried about my math grade."

"Is that why you broke the window? So I'd feel sorry for you, and wouldn't get mad when you told me?"

"Partly. . ."

"Did you go to the dance?"

"Yes."

"You wanted to have fun?"

"Yes. I'd been looking forward to it for a long time."

"Do you think you'll feel better now that you've told me?"

"Yes, I guess so. . ."

"You mean you won't really feel better till you've told your parents?"

"Yes."

"You think that'll get you out of the shame."

"I suppose so."

"What is it you're afraid of? It isn't just dishonesty, because that's just a word to you. You're afraid of your conscience, and you're afraid of not having fun. That's why you're afraid of your conscience."

"I guess so, sir."

"You can't always get out of it, you know, by telling your parents. You can't confess to them forever."

"I know." Before the dance when he wanted to have fun, he had known it.

HANDS (Cont. from P. 13)

but on and off.

I found out he was working uptown in a cabaret called the Deuces. So Saturday night I went to hear Jocko. The Deuces was a big place: a bar the length of the hall, a dancefloor, tables, and a bandstand. I sat down by myself at a side table away from the shuffling crowd. Jocko filled in with a noisy band while the people danced. Then, this broad came out on the stand and I listened to her sing like she didn't know how to open her mouth. And there was Jocko, hunched over the scarred upright in the corner, feeding her chords. Christ, I almost felt sorry for him. No wonder he called himself a chord pusher. Anyhow, she finished and the audience applauded and whistled because she had bleached hair and a good wiggle.

"Give her another hand, ladies and gentlemen," said the M.C. with the red flower. "Give a big hand for Tina Marie, the big

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girl with the tiny voice." She must have been his wife.

At two in the morning, the place was deserted except for the M. C., who I later found out was the owner, and Jocko, along with the three other musicians on the stand.

"Stick around, Rembrandt," Jocko winked, "an' you'll hear some real music."

Jocko hunched over, screwed up his nose, and began to slice some thick chords from the piano. The drummer, chewing nervously, adjusted his traps and caressed a smooth brush pattern on the high-hats. The bassist, a huge negro, leaned over his instrument as if it was a violin. He drove a steady **thrum, thrum** with a massive forearm and wiry hand. After a few contemplative licks on his saxophone, the youngster wearing thick, horn rimmed glasses began to weave sinuous counterpoint between bass and piano.

But the most amazing part of the unit was Jocko. He was chewing his muta again and his eyes were a colorless green. His tousled head swayed from side to side as the persistent rhythm took hold. The keyboard rippled beneath his knobby fingers. The keys

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★ ★ ★

would form successive, chunky chords, hesitate, then stutter downward in a thin line dashing against unyielding fortress chords. The right hand would lag behind the left in rhythm. Then it would sneak up and fill in the left hand chords with sharp staccatoes like pins clattering into an empty plastic box. And all the time, the wistful sax ran in between the black keys, met white keys head on in dissonance, and dodged chords that tried to pounce on its skipping grace notes.

But every once in a while, Jocko would become irritated. He would frown at his hands as if they were recalcitrant. He would repeat a certain phrase trying to achieve perfection, but always failing. Once or twice he stopped playing to relight his mighty mezz. Then he would forget about his hands and would lose himself in the theme again. The sweat stood out in dark patches on his back. It rolled over the ridge of his eyebrows and into his eyes. Jocko swept his tongue over his thin, dry lips. The hands faltered and crashed to a protesting keyboard of discords. He didn't say a word to me as he put on his green overcoat. We walked back to the room in silence.

I didn't say anything. What could I say?

"Well?" He looked at me lamely. The bed creaked as he sat on the edge with his hands gripping the mattress, his elbows locked rigidly. Jocko stared at the floor.

"Dammit, why can't I play perfect? What's the matter with my hands. They never do as I say. They always make mistakes."

"I know the answer," I replied, "but you won't listen. Look, Jocko, whether you know it or not, you're no chord pusher. This way you're going to destroy yourself. You're going to end up hollow — with hollow hands crumbling when you touch a keyboard."

Jocko looked up at me strangely. "Maybe you're right, Rembrandt. So Jocko goes and gets educated. Christ, he gives up muta and liquor. He goes to music school, an' Arthur Murray, an' philosophy classes. An' he only looks at broads who wear glasses. He gets himself a shave an' a haircut. He wears a three button suit and uses a handkerchief

'stead of his sleeve. They teach him music theory and piano execution. An' he loses his music. Me and the mighty mez will cry. Only Jocko, he don't cry. Jocko is educated."

He got up and looked through the dingy window at the brick wall of the adjoining building. "No, Rembrandt," he said softly, "I prefer the hollow hands."

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MANUSCRIPT (Cont. from P. 15)

I Introduction

II Body

III Conclusion

There are many ways of going about answering our sample. One is to start from the beginning, by proving the territory exists:

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters. . . .

or

What were the ethnic roots of the Sioux? Why did they exert such an influence on the Mexican War?

or

Just what do you mean by "acquire"? Surely the rabbits and the butterflies and the birds and the warthogs, who were there before us all, own it. Man is so presumptuous

Put "Quod est demonstrandum, at the end, either for impressive efficiency or for a little pleasantry. Always tie up your work neatly in a little bow, as:

I think that I have succeeded brilliantly in showing that. . . .

or

And now we leave the West, secure in its glorious prosperity which promises many Golden Tomorrows. . . .

Don't end on an anticlimax:

. . . of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. Also, the insect control problem. . . .

ASSIGNMENT (Cont. from P. 18)

He looked at the Duchess, approached her and smiled, but his smile was not really a smile—it was more like a sneer. He said, "I guess that you know who I am"—she nodded assentingly—"and what you are in store for." She nodded again.

He then opened the door to the furnace. The heat was unbearable. He looked into the flames, and then at her, and said, "However, if. . . ." He pointed to the battered couch. Duchess, as she spat reflectively into the fire.

"Get your hand off my knee," said the

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SPRING ISSUE:

VICTOR HUGO SAYS,

"LES MISERABLES BOUGHT IT"

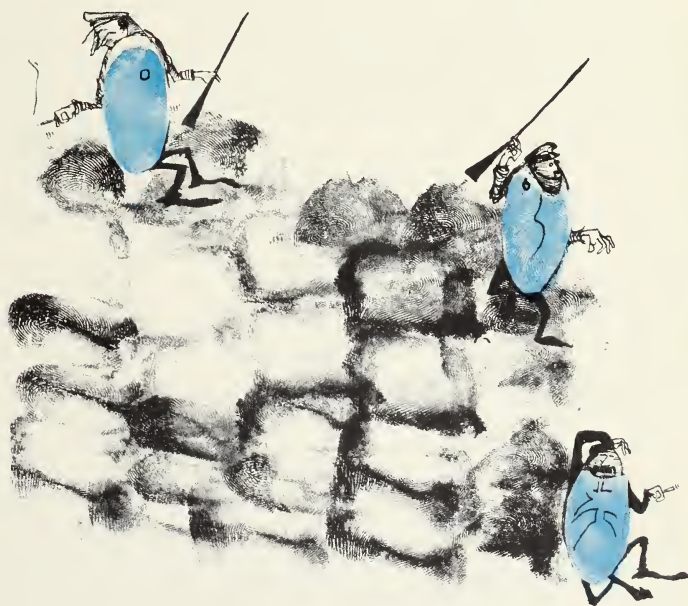
Ura?

— LAMENTATIONS





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A TELL-TALE SLIP

ROBERT NASSAU '59

Nervous — true — very nervous from the very beginning! but why do you think I'm mad? The disease has made me more keen and alert— not lethargic— not stupid. Indeed, my sense of hearing and perceiving what other people are talking and thinking about is sharpened. Listen to how calmly I can tell you the story and you will see that I am not mad.

I don't know how I first thought of the idea but once it entered my head, it haunted me day and night. I had always been honest. It wasn't that I wanted to do something wrong. I think it was because I wanted to get extra days—Yes, this was it, I wanted to have honor roll days. I had worked hard during the spring term, but didn't know if I'd made the honor roll or not. During the summer I'd built up great hope that I'd get honor roll days. When fall came and I got back to school, I slowly decided to form a plan to insure my getting honor roll days, those two extra days of vacation.

Now this is the point. You think I'm mad. Madmen don't **know** anything, but do things rashly. But you should have seen me. You wouldn't believe how wisely I proceeded—with such caution, foresight, and solidness of purpose I went to work.

I was never more polite and courteous than during the time I was working on my plan. Each day during the period before lunch, I went over to James Madison Hall (the assembly hall and administration building). I went through one of the six front doors, turned right past the information desk, and into the office. The office was a large room in which I knew the exact location of everything long before. Straight ahead was the excusing officer's office and off on the left was the Dean of Students' office. To the right of the excusing officer's door began the railing which closed off the area

in which the secretaries worked. Along the back wall was a low, long, metal file cabinet in which was kept the record of each student. Between the file cabinet and the wall was the door to the Assistant Dean of Students' office. About ten feet from the front wall a long counter went from the right wall to the railing. Inside the inclosure there were two secretaries' desks; one along the railing towards the back, the other about three feet from the railing and facing the counter. Between the front desk and the railing was a file containing the cut and demerit record of each student. On the left and front walls were a few chairs, and hanging neatly about the room were a few large pictures. Along the right wall between the counter and the front wall was a bookcase containing information on all United States colleges. Each day I went to this shelf, took a catalogue, and went over to the left wall and sat in one of the wooden arm chairs. Would a madman go to all this trouble— would he note all the details which I absorbed?

As I sat pretending to be reading the catalogue, I listened to what the people in the room were talking about. This disease, as you call it, had sharpened my hearing so that I could hear what each person in the room was saying at the same time. But the only thing that really got to my brain was information about honor roll days. Now I ask you would a madman be able to select what he wanted to hear?

I listened to what the Faculty were talking about as they walked by, but I was so careful that everyone thought I was reading intently. When I listened especially intently I could hear the Dean of Students' gruff voice coming through the wall behind me. Whenever I heard the mention of honor roll days, I looked up very cautiously— so very cautiously, so as not to be noticed and, just

peering over the top of the catalogue, watched the person intently for any more information.

At exactly eleven forty-one on November first, Mr. Sweney, Dean of Students, came out of his office and went over to the secretary in the back of the room. He told her that he would put the list of boys she was to send Honor Roll notices to on her desk one of the nights of the first part of next week so that she could get them out early the next morning.

A madman might now abandon all hope and just run away, since he didn't know when to return. But notice how wisely and calmly and with what foresight I proceeded. Since the office was not open on Sunday, Mr. Sweney could put the list on her desk Saturday night when the office closed or Monday or Tuesday night when he left.

On Saturday night I went to the movies with everyone else. At a very tense scene in the movie I got up very cautiously from my seat next to the aisle to the stairway from the balcony. Notice that I waited for a tense moment so that the people would be interested in the movie, not my departure. I walked quietly out the short aisle, then, opening the door as little as possible, slipped through and went back to my dormitory. I signed in very cautiously and then started up the stairs. I stopped part way up after I was sure my housemaster thought whoever it was had gone to his room. Would a madman have taken these precautions? I then stole quietly back down stairs and, because the big front door squeaked, went right on down the cellar stairs. I tip-toed the length of the building and came up the cellar stairs of the other side. I went back to James Madison Hall, but not to the movies. I went down in to the basement and hid behind one of the many show cases near the printing office.

I stood there listening intently to every sound. I could hear the noise of the crowd of boys in the assembly hall. At last with a great rumbling the audience poured out of the building. I waited until all the lights were

out, but I didn't start even then. I waited until eleven forty-one and then slowly started out from behind the case. Would a madman have waited there without moving a muscle for his lucky hour to do anything?

I stepped out into the hall very cautiously and walked towards the stairs. I put one foot on the first step, then very slowly the other foot onto the second step. I then put my right foot onto the third step; slowly I lifted my left foot and set it on the fourth step. When I reached the tenth step I stopped and listened for any noises. Warily I placed my right foot onto the eleventh step and then slid the left onto the twelfth. I stopped again on the nineteenth. Then cautiously—so very cautiously, I stole up the remaining stairs. Would a madman be so cautious? To the right of the stairs were the six front doors. I warily lay down on the floor and inched my way across in front of the doors. After I at last past them, I crept calculatingly into the office. Without a noise I crawled up to the gate in the railing and took out a small can of oil I'd been carrying and oiled the hinges. Would a madman have such foresight? I very warily opened the gate and slipped through. At last I reached the desk. I slowly opened my closed flashlight (flashlight with a cover that can be opened) and let a single ray of light fall on the papers. The list of Honor Roll students wasn't there! I searched the desk but couldn't find it. I stole back to my dormitory and, entering the way I left, got back to my room.

Monday night as I waited for eleven forty-one I felt that this was the night. Never before had I felt the full extent of my powers—of my sagacity. I stole to the stairs and placed my right foot on the first stair, then I cautiously put the left on the second step. I cautiously—oh, so cautiously set my right foot on the third step and then slipped the left onto the fourth. I stopped on the thirteenth step and listened carefully for any unfamiliar sounds. I then slowly slipped my foot onto the fourteenth step. Then the fifteenth—the sixteenth—cautiously—so

cautiously onto the seventeenth — the eighteenth and on warily to the top. When at last I reached the top I cautiously started to crawl across in front of the doors. Just as I reached the middle door the lights from a car flushed into the hall lighting everything around me. You may think I jumped back—but no. I froze where I was and waited until the lights swept by. I then crawled cautiously on. I finally entered the office, calculatingly creeping through the gate.

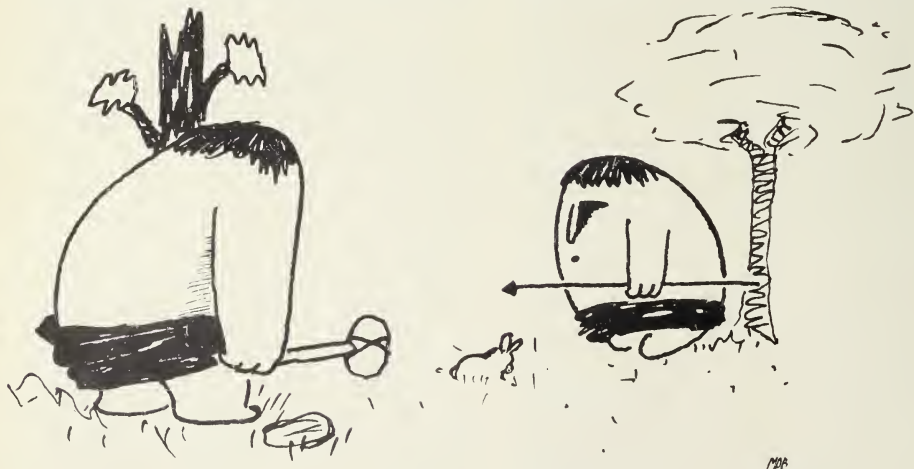
Just as I got to the desk I began to hear a faint wail. I stood very still, not moving a muscle. The wail gradually grew and grew, louder and louder. At last I slipped to the edge of the window to see how to stop the noise (for I was sure it would wake everyone around and bring someone to stop it). About twenty feet from the window was a cat sitting on its haunches, mewing for its demon lover. I didn't know what to do at first; I tried throwing something at it, but it couldn't be scared. Finally I opened the window and stepped out. I stole up behind the

cat and very, very slowly reached my hand out towards him. I jabbed down and grabbed him by the throat. But I didn't strangle him; I held him under a pile of leaves until at last I could hear his heart no more. Would a madman do this so carefully?

I got back inside and closed the window. I slipped back and slowly let a thin—so thin—beam of light fall on the desk. There it was, the list of boys to get honor roll day notices. I looked for my name but it wasn't there. My efforts would be rewarded. I very calculatingly put my name at the end of the list in Mr. Swency's best handwriting.

I got back to my dorm all right that night. Now everything was taken care of except my housemaster. I didn't know whether he had my last spring term's record or not. But I couldn't take a chance. What would he say if I went away? Would a madman have even thought that the housemaster had last year's marks?

You may think that because the hardest phase was over I would become careless.



But note how careful and persistent I was right to the end. I went to the infirmary during the last period the next morning and sat in front of the Out Patient door **reading** a magazine. I listened to what each student asked the nurse. My sense of perception had become so sharp that by the end of two days I had learned Dr. Johnston's office hours. Would a madman have gone to all this trouble just to find out the Doctor's hours?

The next afternoon I calmly walked in the front door and went straight into the Doctor's waiting room as if I had an appointment. But I knew he wouldn't be there for an hour. I listened intently to the secretary in the next room. At last she got up and went up the hall towards the nurse's office. Looking around very cautiously I slowly walked up to her desk. I took two of the "Admitted" and two of the "Discharged" slips and calmly walked out the front door. Would a madman have enough foresight to take two in case something went wrong?

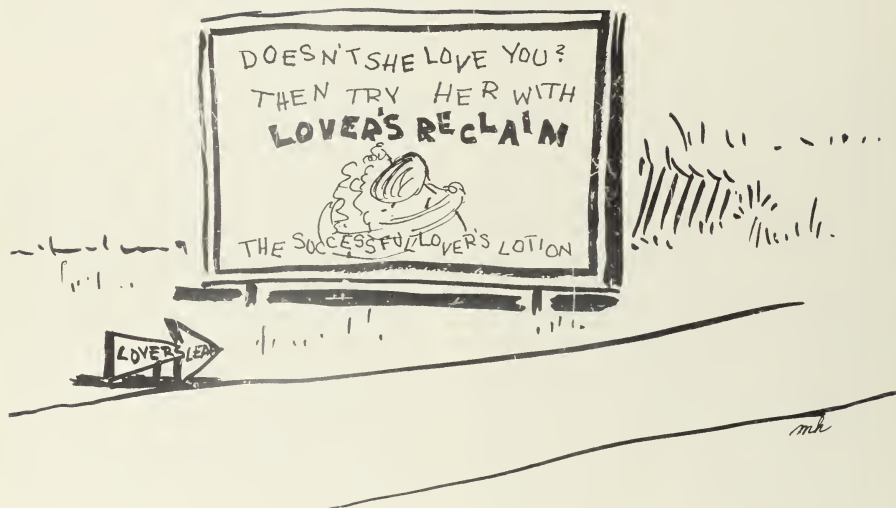
All but one thing was now done. Friday my honor roll day notice came in the mail, and on Monday I filed my excuse. I took the notice and the slips I had taken from the Infirmary and locked them in my trunk. You may think that now, since everything was taken care of, I would start to brag. But no — I was very circumspect in suppressing the feeling of victory which surged within me and in not telling a person my secret. Would a madman have been so wise?

At last Wednesday morning came. I calculatingly had had a taxi driver take my suitcase to the railroad station the day before, and had picked up the excuse. I checked my housemaster's schedule once more to make sure he had a class and then walked very quietly down the stairs and placed the "Admitted" slip in his box. I then went up to my next class which was the period before lunch. At the end of this period many people went downtown instead of to the Commons. I followed the people going downtown, acting more than normal and showing absolutely no anxiety. I walked to the far

end of town and turned down a side street on which both a common laundry and the railroad were situated. As planned, I got to the station just in time to pick up my bag and catch the train. I got on board without a mishap and sat down with a sigh in one of the cushioned seats.

Sunday night I arrived back at school and took a taxi with two of three other returning students to the dormitory. I entered at the other end of the dorm and came up the cellar stairs on my own side. The vacation had not destroyed my keen sense of hearing as I soon found out, listening to the people in the dorm and the high voices of my housemaster's children. At last I caught the low voice of my housemaster coming from his apartment. I came out the cellar door and very warily worked my way up the stairs. As soon as I got into my room, I unpacked my suitcase and hid it in my closet. The next morning I put the "Discharged" slip in my housemaster's box as I went out early. That night I returned to my dorm and went to my room as usual. About half an hour later I remembered the two extra slips I had taken from the Infirmary. I unlocked my trunk and took them from the middle of a book. Would a madman think of anything after he had succeeded in so great a plan? As I sat looking at the slips on my desk, I was aroused by the familiar knock of my housemaster. I quickly slid the slips under my blotter and answered the door.

I offered him a seat. He sat down. He asked me how I'd liked the Infirmary. I had never been in the Infirmary but, since I was sure my escape was foolproof, I started talking confidently. As I talked, my housemaster's eyes wandered around my walls glancing at my pinups and pennants. Slowly I noticed that he was staring at something. I calmly looked over my shoulder and caught a glimpse of my suitcase protruding from the closet. When I looked back at him, his eyes were casually absorbing the pictures above my desk. I was sure that he thought nothing of my suitcase being in my closet, but I did



begin to wish that he would leave. Suddenly I noticed that he was staring at my desk. The "Dis" of the "Discharge" slip was protruding from under the blotter. I talked a little louder now hoping to keep his attention. His gaze alternated between the desk and the pinups on the wall; his composure was maddening. My eyes followed his, back to the desk. The discharge slip looked larger and now the "ch" was added to the visible "dis". To call attention to myself, I walked to the opposite end of the room, but his eyes remained fixed on the desk. How

could I distract him, how could I make him leave? I paced up and down, flicked lint from my trousers, straightened an imaginary wrinkle in the bedspread, talked more rapidly. He only looked at my desk and remained infuriatingly relaxed. Notice that I was calm, too. Would a madman be so calm? I faced him, but my eyes were drawn reluctantly to the desk. The discharge slip grew larger and larger. Was this supercilious housemaster making a fool of me? Never. "Here," I shrieked, "take the discharge slip. I admit the deed."

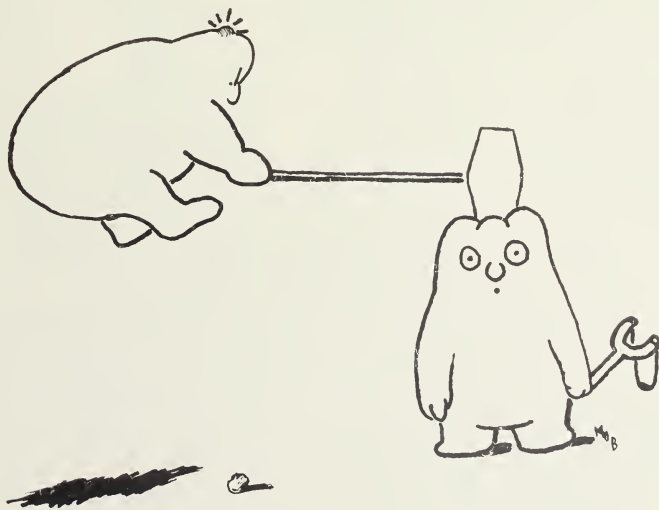
CENTRAL PARK

JOHN DARNTON '60

As I sat hunched up on one end of the park bench, I tossed pebble after pebble into the obscure depths that lurked beneath the playful waves of the pond. A pigeon approached warily, begging for a free hand-out, and I hurled a pebble at him vehemently. He stumbled backward, horrified and screaming, but was up in the air before I could get another shot. I reluctantly arose and walked along the outskirts of the pond, heavy with the burden of insecurity and restlessness. I looked up, to search the huge skyscrapers that bordered the southern edge of the park, like so many Adobe cliff dwellings, and found some comfort in realizing that behind many of those windows rested people with problems greater than my own.

I watched the path of a cold blast of air across the shuddering waves of the pond, un-

til suddenly it hit me, jarring every nerve in my body. The sun lingered over a large building, and momentarily the windows reflected shining gold. Finally it disappeared, leaving a faint red hue that would eventually be replaced by artificial light. Unconsciously I quickened my pace and walked on. I couldn't help but smile inwardly at the self-centered lady in a blue bonnet, who gazed embarrassedly in the other direction while her pampered black poodle made use of a nearby tree; at the shabby old woman who was trying desperately to coax some pigeons to eat from her hand, but she would always move too suddenly at the climactic moment. On and on, past countless bums, hoboes, and tramps, sweetly oblivious to all around them and scattered motionless over the ground, making it look like a battlefield



after a massacre. They lived in their own secure world, hemmed in by the boundaries of the park—unfortunately not a world free of vice, but at least isolated from Madison Avenue M.G.'s and flip-top boxes. And now I felt a part of that world.

I stopped for a moment on the stony bridge to observe the life around me. An Irish nurse was shouting threats that went unheeded by the small boy who stood grandly on the cliff above, a general surveying his army in battle. To my far left I noticed an unshaven and shabbily-dressed man giving peanuts by the fistfull to a little blond girl, too little to observe social classes, who would throw them at the pigeons, squealing with delight, in a gesture that would send them both into fits of laughter. Two swans floated out from under the bridge and now and then dipped their heads under water and into a new kingdom. I left the pond, making my way through archways of tree branches, to come upon a gay ice-skating rink, filled with screaming and laughing people of all sorts, whirling around in patterns much like a kalidoscope. These people crowded together hypnotized me, and I stood there for a long while just watching them — a big negro taking large and graceful strides, a teenage girl in tight shorts self-consciously spinning in circles, a tiny boy lost in the shadows of giants, grasping desperately at anyone near him.

I finally broke away and wandered on, past rocks squirming with small boys who yelled and fought on peaks and crevices. Following a pathway secluded between bushes, I came upon a long flight of stairs, extending up the side of a hill. My curiosity aroused, I climbed them and found myself on the brink of a large, open floor among the treetops, in the center of which stood a pentagon-shaped brick building. All around sat groups of men clustered at various tables. I approached the closest one, where I discovered two men playing chess, surrounded by a

group of kibitzers. One kibitzer had tucked under his arm a rule book of chess, which he consulted frequently. I heard him grumble something to the effect, "Touch the rook first and then the king, not the king first, that's no way to castle." Another kibitzer never spoke, but solemnly nodded his head in agreement or horror after each move, and a third just subtly pointed to the square or the man that should have been played. The hand of one player, undoubtedly a sophisticated Italian grocer, would circle the board like a hawk and then dive down at its prey; his opponent fingered the pieces lovingly, and after each move, his hand would linger on the chessman as if reluctant to let go. All traces of the sun had completely gone by now, and all the light that remained was a pink glow from many illuminated signs reflected on the clouds above Broadway like a distant forest fire. Thousands of clicks came from the interior of the building where furious games of checkers were being played. An argument arose from some other table and gradually died away among the other noises. There was a steady whirring of cars from the through-way below, and now and then a horse could be heard slowly plodding along. The music from the nearby carousel blended with that of the concert on the far away mall, and a new, exciting melody was formed.

I quit the chess game and started home, through the woods and into the zoo, a completely different world, one for little people, one full of red, green, blue balloons that occasionally were sucked up by the sky, and peanut venders, foreign languages, and wise, majestic lions that look at people with the air of omnipotent gods. Passing a child in the middle of the walk, who was bawling in complaint of a tragedy that no one understood, once again I had to smile. And as I crossed 5th Avenue on my way home, I waved to a truck driver that I didn't even know.



STREET RAIN WILLIAM HAMILTON '58

EPISODE ON AN UPTOWN BUS

SAMUEL ABBOT '59

Alright, alright, so ya didn't like da show.
Well pipe down and I'll tell ya a reel spicy
story 'bout some a dose old Greek cats.

Well ya see, dere wuz dis guy Agamemnon, a reel big cheese, one a da top dogs in all Greece. His brudda, Menelaus, wuz a reel square wit a swell dame, Helen, to fool around wit. Well Helen, she gets her belly full of Menny and runs off wit some Trojan named Paris. Dat did it. Menny and Aga get all fired up and go spend nine years camped around Troy, trying to dig Helen out. Meantime Clytemnestra, Aga's chick, is getting reel chummy wit dis Aigisthos, a long lost cousin or something. Also she's reel ticked off 'cause Aga slit up der daughter on de altar just so he could get some stinking wind for his lousy little sailboat. So when Aga finally comes home, Helen reely rolls out de red carpet and soaps him up but good. Den she takes him inside de palace, pulls out a knife, and gives it to him in da gut. Some dame huh?

Alright, alright, so ya didn't like it either;
well I got another one about des spicy Greek
dames. Ya see once dere was dis guy
Odysseus . . .

POEM

BY DANIEL CHVAL '58

Let's get off and wait for the next yellow
trolley.
This one makes me sleepy.
I have the feeling that I'm not seeing much
as we ride along.
The clickety-clack of the wheels reminds me
of the ticking of a clock.

THE ARTIST TAKES A BATH

JOHN ROCKWELL '58

In this last issue of this tremendous mag I tried a new form—a loose thought in which I could pour my nonsense. It appealed to me greatly, as I can now avoid work. In fact right now I am lying on my back and getting familiar with the Muse. Today's lesson, flock, will be even looser, as ah ain't had no tahn to prepare no propuh suhmun. I shall discuss the morning's mail. At home we pace nervously, chewing on napkins, as the courier battles his way past the impediments of his trade to our front door. At school the dissipated slap of the bundle of mangled letters on the floor is met by the wholesome cries of our little schoolmates as they happily tear the mail from others' clutching hands. It is twenty to eleven at night, and I am sick of trying to write coherently, and so I shall pass to the easier part. (I hope you consider yourselves properly blessed at thus being given such a privileged insight into the workings of a creative spirit.)

Letter from parents:

Dear George,

What do you mean you have only one sock? Surely. . . .

Letter from warm girl:

Oh Sugar,

Gosh oh gee, but. . . .

Letter from cool girl:

You Slob,

Go to Hell. . . .

Letter from P. A. that someone forgot to fill out:

We take great in you for your

It was truly a

Sincerely and with warmest
personal regards,

John M. Kemper

Junk mail:

Dear Sir:

You've never really experienced own-

ing a koala until you've owned a FUZZY koala. . . .

Dear Friend:

Now is your **Chance!** For **FREE** you can get the **Complete** works of Mozart on **1 (one, you understand, ONE)** ten inch **HIFI** record!!! **Superbly** performed by the Northeastern Radio Orchestra of the Bulgarian Festielpielhausenisch, conducted by Bernhard Guttenblick. All you do is. . . .

I shall now drop the mail idea, as it becomes pained, and write about music and records. I am more interested in them than in mail, but didn't think of them as a subject for writing until the last paragraph. I could drop the mail part entirely, but what the I said it was loose. For the first part of this part, see above. (Scientists tell us, when they aren't endorsing something, that our mental powers decline in the late evening hours. Can this be true?)

Dr. Weederstraum's Guide to the Mothering of Records

- 1) Remove record case from vertically stored, low pressure rack.
- 2) Bend it warmly against the body, and remove the soft-lined Inner Covering.
- 3) Repeat process, removing record from Inner Covering.
- 4) For God's Sake, **do not touch the grooves.**
- 5) Kiss the record, on the label. A kiss on the grooves will seriously damage the low frequency woofer roll-off response sequence.
- 6) Brush it delicately, using a will-o'-th'-wisp wrist action.
- 7) Break it neatly in two.
- 8) Season and serve (serves four; with Variable Groove—five).

How can we know the essential spiritual quality of Beethoven?

"We went to Stravinsky's garret, Diaghil-

ev and I," writes Pierre Monteux. "There I first heard the 'Rite'. As Stravinsky played the piano version of the score, I could only assume that he was mad. Later, however, when he ate the chrysanthemums. . ."

Lidya Ruboosvyk, as reported in Tovey, tells the story: "When the divine music had ended, Beethoven kept his back to the audience, still beating time with his right hand. We had to turn him around to face the wildly applauding audience. A hush fell over the group as they realized that this man, this genius, had failed to acknowledge their approval because he hadn't been able to hear it. The Maestro, in the meantime, was berating the conductor, saying: 'Gehertenzieh, smallisch bambino, gesundheit, achtung, mein herr,' which, translated, means 'I think you played it too fast.'

Berlioz, that consummate program annotator, sees in the *andante* a nocturnal march of opium crazed Chinese sailormen. He is generally considered by most scholars, to be absolutely mad.

When asked what he "did" with a certain symphony, Toscanini replied, "Ecco, Mama mia. Paisano. We play. We play moosic. Sally and Jane play moosic. *Simplare*. Ees simmple. Read notes play moosic. Ecco. What you think, me stoopid? I most happy fella. Ecco."

Making his orchestral debut in Paris, Mr. Russovitch began with the "1812 Overture", which he prefaced with an insane little cackle of patriotic glee.

When the child Mozart shook his rattle, everyone was amazed that an infant so young could play the rattle so well.

Dr. Furtwangler's reading of the first act of *Tristan* sounded as if he were constipated.

Does chastity fortify the mental powers? .

Floating up the broad stairway came the haunting strains of the "Idyll". Swept up by the exalted music Cosima stuffed little Siegfried's head under the pillow and smothered him, saying, "How yuh 'spect me tuh hear th' moosic wit' yuh bawlin' all time, huh?"

Why doesn't somebody tell Winthrop Sar-geant where to get off?

Words used by record reviewers with embarrassing regularity: exalted, tense, sweeping, tender, mannered, prosaic, brisk nauseating, polished, unfeeling, lustrous, energetic, wandering, loose, stupid, coarse, virile.

In line with her theories about subtle variations with Bach, Mme. Landowska was able to squeeze in a short intermission between the first and second chords of the Prelude in E.

You know, fans, I can't type worth a damn.

If I were following the classic Mozartian form, I should insert another musical comment between the irrelevant one and the unusual finish. As I don't feel like it, however, I shan't do it, but shall leap *presto* to the finale. (Along the line of one hand clapping, have you ever seen an italicized period?) I have reached a respectable length for the *Mirror*, so Farewell, Muse—go bother someone else.



THE BROTHERS

JON MIDDLEBROOK '58

Sam Jackson, the new taxi driver, watched the passengers get off the New York train at College Point. They were the usual crowd of alumni up for the football game. They all noisily clambered into the waiting buses and drove off, except one. Sam opened the rear door and asked,

"Taxi, Sir?"

"Why, yes. Thank you. Can you take me into town?"

Sam looked at his passenger through the rear view mirror as he drove toward the center of the small, Pennsylvania town. There was something rather familiar about the man in the back seat.

"This is a pretty town you have here," Sam's passenger remarked as the taxi pulled up at the crossroad which marked the center of the village. "You must have a lot of friendly people living around."

"Sure do. I only moved here a little while ago, but already I know most of the folks in town." As if to prove his knowledge, Sam pointed out a man crossing the street in front of his cab. "There goes Jimmy Hunter, the best Doc in town. He went all the way out to Patton's last night at three in the morning just to deliver Cessie's twins. As though his father hadn't died the day before."

"Say, you up here for the Hunter funeral?"

Sam's passenger nodded assent and said, "Take me to the Hunter home, will you?"

"Sure thing. Funny about old man Hunter. You know, they say he died of a broken heart. He had two sons once. Young Jimmy here, and some no good who run off to New York. Yeah, that's right. One of the old man's sons just upped and left for the city. They say he's been bleeding his father ever since. Flunked out of college or something. Got some girl in trouble, too. Boy, sure beats me how two sons can grow up so different."

The taxi pulled up in front of the Hunter



house. Peter Hunter paid the driver, got out, and walked up to the front door. He opened it softly and walked in. For the first time in six years, he stood in the front hall of his own home. The shades were drawn, and there was a respectful, mourning silence in the house. Peter's mother was sitting at the telephone stand, her back to him, speaking.

"Yes Jimmy, that's right. We're due at the church at eleven. You'll stop to get me? All right, I'll be ready. No, No, Peter hasn't come. Yes, I did send a wire, but he didn't answer it. He's really gone, Jimmy, not even to come to his own father's funeral. He killed his father, Jimmy. He nearly ruined you."

Peter's mother listened for a few moments and spoke again to Jimmy. "That's very loyal of you, dear. That's probably why you've meant so much to your father and me these last six years. Your loyalty to your brother is a wonderful thing."

Peter Hunter left his house for the second and last time.

So Jimmy hadn't told? Six years had passed and Jimmy Hunter still hadn't told his parents what had happened the weekend his brother ran from home.

It had been a wonderful evening. Jimmy

Hunter had asked Sheila to the final Pi Theta dance of the year. They had talked and danced till after four in the morning. Sheila had finally agreed she'd wait for him.

"After all," Jimmy promised his girl, "only a few years of med school, internship, and residency before we can get married." It was such a short time for two people in love to wait. And besides, perhaps Jimmy could get ahead of himself if he really tried.

James Hunter was a brilliant, if erratic, student. He had already skipped a full year of school and was assured of graduating with high honors. Peter lacked the flair of his younger brother. He was a solid worker who usually ranked his class by sheer effort and application. His ambition was to become a chemical engineer. So it happened that both brothers were taking Professor Dixon's Chemistry 152 course in their Senior years.

The afternoon following the Pi Theta dance, Professor Dixon looked at his exam papers. He didn't want to believe it, yet there, on his desk before him, was the proof. He called the Hunter home.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Hunter? Are your boys in? May I speak to Peter?"

"Yessir, Mr. Dixon, this is Pete, Jimmy too? Certainly, Sir, we'll be there this evening around eight. Good-bye, Sir."

Pete had a tolerant smile on his face as he turned to his brother. "That was old Prof. Dixon. Guess he must be having another one of his tea parties. It looks as though we've been elected. Come on, Jimmy, we might as well go and humor the old boy. After all, I'll bet he wrote a whale of a letter for you to Harvard med school."

"Yeah, sure," Jimmy replied a little distractedly. I wonder, though, is that all he had on his mind?"

"Oh, don't be so serious. You'd almost think you'd been turned down at med school to look at your face. You ought to be the happiest man in College Point right now. Your dumb ox of a brother is sure the proudest! Come on, we don't want to be late for

the gala event!"

It was a trying evening. Professor Dixon looked older and more tired than usual as he showed the brothers into his study. He was silent for a long time. He stared quietly at the fire for some time before he spoke.

"You two must know you're the best in my Chemistry section," he began. "I really enjoy teaching you. You're quick to grasp new concepts and ideas. You're fun to have in class."

Peter Hunter reddened a little at the teacher's praise. Jimmy sat rigid, staring at the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging on Dixon's vest. He didn't move a muscle at Dixon's tense, whispered question:

"Then why? Why did you do it? I wouldn't have held one test against you. Everyone has an off day. But to cheat. . .!"

Peter jumped as if he had been struck. "What! Cheat? Us? Sir, you're. . . ." He didn't say 'mistaken.' He stared at his brother, who hadn't shifted a fraction of an inch when the professor asked his question.

There was a long silence, broken only by Jimmy's choked breathing.

Finally, Peter spoke in a hushed voice. "I guess I got scared. Sir. You can understand. I'd been out late the night before. I didn't have time for studying. I panicked and looked on Jimmy's paper. He didn't even know it."

Dixon gazed again at the fire as he spoke. "You know what this means, Pete. I've been on the discipline committee here long enough to know the penalty. You'll be suspended for a term. If you're lucky, nothing will go on your record. I'll do my best, Peter, that's all I can promise."

The tired old man looked at Peter Hunter. "Why? Why did. . . ?" He stopped. "I guess that's all, boys. Good-night."

That evening, Professor Dixon called the Dean of Students. The next morning, Peter Hunter was suspended from State because he had 'violated the trust' of his teachers. He had cheated on an exam.

Peter drove home slowly after Professor Dixon was through. "He was right, you didn't **have** to copy my paper," Peter said.

Then Jimmy broke down. His whole body shook as he sobbed and blurted out disconnected phrases. "I was scared. . . what could I do. . . what about med school. . . what'll they do to me?" James Hunter's voice steadied a little as he realized that they wouldn't do anything to him.

"Pete, I don't know what to say. You were great, Pete, taking the blame and all. But I can't let you do it; you know that. I'm your brother. Just wait till I'm in med school. I'll make it up to you, you'll see. I'll tell 'em all, then."

Jimmy Hunter was grinning with relief when his brother softly replied, "You can't tell them anything, Jim, ever. If they believed you, they'd just throw you out of med school. If they didn't they'd just congratulate you for trying to save your louse of a brother. No, there's just one thing I want you to do, Jimmy."

"Sure, Pete, anything. Honest, just name it, I'll . . ."

"We have to tell the truth to Mom and Dad, Jimmy. That's what I ask. I guess you've always been their favorite, Jimmy. You skipped a year of school, ranked your class, and now you've been accepted to Harvard Medical School. That's something really important, Jimmy. Too important to lose just because of one little mistake. All I want is for Mom and Dad to understand. Just let us explain to Mom and Dad, Jimmy; that's what I ask."

"Why, I can't do. . . Sure, Pete, anything you say", Jimmy quickly corrected himself. "And you just wait, I'll make it up to you. Just wait till I'm in med school. You'll see."

"Do you want me to talk to Dad, Jimmy?" Pete asked. "It's kind of a sticky affair, you know. You can be out of the house until I've explained it all. There's no point in having Dad blow his stack at you. And I know he'll

understand when I'm through."

Jimmy shook his head. He almost whispered, "No, Pete. You've given up so much already, the least I can do is face Mom and Dad. This is my mess. I'll handle it my own way. Only please," Jimmy added, "let me do it alone. I don't want an audience when Dad first hears about it."

Pete turned the car into the Hunter driveway. Jimmy grasped his brother's shoulder as he started to leave the car. "Don't worry, fella, it'll turn out all right. Just give me a few minutes alone with them."

Pete sat down on the front steps for a while. His brother went inside to speak with his parents. "Just one slip," Pete thought. "It could happen to anyone. And med school is so important to him. . . and Dad. I'll only miss one term. It'd break Dad's heart if Jimmy weren't a doctor." Pete crushed his cigarette on the steps, waited another few minutes, and opened the front door. He stood for several moments in the front hall. He could hear his brother's voice from the kitchen:

"Just don't be hard on him, Dad. I know it seems tough to believe, but Pete's still the best brother in the world. I just can't see why he did it. But go easy on him, Dad, for my sake."

Pete looked in his wallet as he climbed the stairs to his room. He still had most of the month's allowance left, and besides, a one-way ticket to New York didn't cost too much.

And now, six years later, Peter Hunter was back at College Point, Pennsylvania. He stood in the shadows at his father's funeral and watched his mother and Doctor James Hunter, his brother.

As Sam Jackson drove his passenger back to the station, he asked, "Are you a friend of Dr. Hunter, Sir?"

Peter looked out the window as the taxi passed his house. "No. No, I never even knew him."

HE AIN'T MAH HAWG

SHEPARD SPINK '58

"Maw, there's a hawg in the carriage, and I can't budge'm."

"What's he doin' in the carriage, son?"

"Ah dunno. He ain't mah hawg."

"Izzy branded, son?"

"How shud ah know, he ain't mah hawg?"

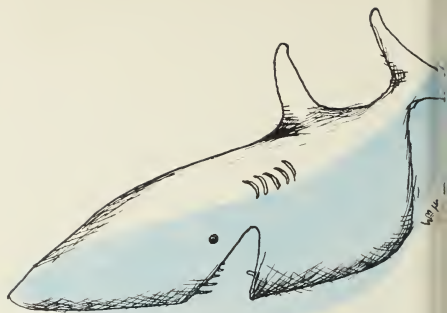
"Ah fergot. Say, caint cha look?"

"Ah reckon ah could."

"Well, izzy branded?"

"Ah haint looked yet."

"Wul whyncha looked?"



"Ah'm settin' to do it right soon's ah git up."

"Where'ya settin'?"

"In the carriage."

"Say maw!"

"Yes son?"

"There aint no brand on 'm."

"You sure?"

"Wul there's none on this side."

"Wul look on the other side, you danged fool."

"Ah caint."

"An' wah caintcha?"

"He haint moved yet."

"Aych."

"Say maw!"

"Yeh?"

"He jest moved."

"Izzy branded on thet side?"

"Yup."

"Say, paw!"

"Yeh, maw?"

"Abe jest found a hawg."

"Damned smart kid, eh maw?"

THROUGH FOREIGN EYES

JOCK McBAINE '58

The Pacific Ocean rolls in with determination; the waves, seething with salt, crash into the base of the old brick fort. Far out on the horizon a chain of islands stands guard, watching through the haze. The guns of the fort are silent now, and the Spaniards no longer patrol the walls. The cannon openings have been boarded up and the ever-present gulls have made nests there. The walls, of old red clay and mortar, rise fifty feet above the ocean and rocks. Several huge holes in the seaward side of the battlements are the only signs of the fury of the past.

A lonely Negro sits on the lower wall, his leather jacket turned up to keep out the spray, a ragged cigarette hanging from chapped lips. Dangling his booted feet in the air, he sits holding a long steel rod. He is fishing for the trout that enter the bay each evening as the sun sets. Above, the gulls circle, sometimes darting down in search of food, daring the man to find fish before them.

A boat makes its way in from the ocean after a long day's work. As it catches the crest of each wave it slides forward at a terrific pace, rests, and begins again. The horizon splits the sun in half and the air becomes cooler. Nature's beauty rises to new heights; the world around is temporarily shut out and a strange peace prevails.

Overhead, up towards the clouds, hovers the twentieth century. A huge bridge spans the bay where the lonely fort used to stand alone. From below, one can see the painters' scaffolding hanging precariously over the water and hear the sound of cars and trucks banging over the suspended metal. The world, and with it, reality, returns.

I have lived my entire life in the large city by the bay, and I, along with millions of others, have crossed the bridge above, hurrying nowhere; yet, this is the first time I have been to the fort which lies dormant in its shadows. So much of my time has been de-

voted to fun and work, to trouble, success, family, and friends that I have rarely stopped and looked behind these activities to what lay hidden.

The atmosphere of the zoo is one of gaiety and pleasure. There are hundreds of people wandering about, enjoying the sun and the air. The crowd moves slowly; unlike those on the bridge, no one is in a hurry. As we move along the line of wild animal grottos, the crowd parts for a miniature red train, driven by an attendant in an old engineer's cap. The train stops as the children begin to throw peanuts to the grizzly bears. The furry clowns, sitting up on their hind feet, paw uselessly at the flying peanuts. The train moves on.

We wander until we reach the seal show, which is already in progress. A small boy sits watching, cotton candy hanging from his lower lip like a small beard. The seals climb ladders, play drums, and jump for pieces of fish while the lion roars his approval from another grotto.

With a bag of peanuts, we run for the ferris wheel in the small park adjoining the zoo. An old man closes the door of the car and we lurch forward. As we reach the top, we can see the long white beach where people lie in the hot sand; we can see the grey highway and the cars moving along it in dangerous patterns; and we can see the people below us, transformed from separateness into a swirling mass.

The wheel goes around and around, slowly. I wait eagerly to reach the top, for each time we see a little more, gain a new perspective on what is below and around us. It is as though we had discovered a new dimension, had reached a point where no one else had ventured. I want the ride to go slowly, carefully on — to last much longer. How wonderfully complex life becomes when viewed from this bird-like wheel, swooping

down to earth and then up to new heights.

The sun has gone down now and the negro is slowly drawing in his line, preparing to leave. I wonder what the fort and the bridge above mean to him. I wonder if he has ever been to the zoo, or high above the crowds in a ferris wheel.

The awesome, powerful beauty of the fort,

the perspective one gains by looking at life from the top of a ferris wheel, are new. The awareness of what surrounds me is something that I am only beginning to acquire. When one has been away a long time, he looks at things differently. Through foreign eyes, a person becomes acutely aware of the beauty around him; and through this awareness, life becomes richer and fuller.



They won't sell. The Sheik says Continentals look better, and the migrant consumer says he get more mileage on the gallon from a camel.

YES

RICARDO BOEHM '58

The other day, maybe a week ago, not more, we got tired of sitting around the house. Of course we'd been having a hell of a good time up till then — you know, riding around and seeing what was going on. We'd had such a good time, that sitting around for one morning was just too much. I mean, man, what're you gonna do? Ping-pong can get pretty damn boring. See, I was staying at this fellow's house for the spring vacation. The father's a lawyer, successful and all, so it's a really nice place. The guy's name's John, and we go to school together in the East. One of those very fine-type preparatory schools. Some of the guys hate it, but I figure it's one way to get into college. Anyway, John and I are both seniors, which helps. Well, I was lying on the floor of the living room, and John was playing this damn twelve-tone opera he'd bought. John's a regular fiend for music. I figure music's alright up to a point, but twelve-tone just makes me jumpy. So these horns are going blat, blat, and the drummer's going wild, and I figure it's about time to start moving before I do something unpleasant.

"Hey, friend, true companion of my school-days," I say, "How's about getting in the car and digging the people?" I'd read my Kerouac, and what the hell are you going to do in San Francisco if you aren't going to dig the place.

John acquiesces?like. Why shouldn't he, his mother's paying for the gas. So we listen to a couple more minutes of grunting and groaning — I swear the record sounds like a regular orgy — and then move for the vehicle. We didn't have much of an idea of what we were gonna do, but I said we might drop by some of the other guys' houses and see what was coming off. We'd been doing that the whole vacation, anyway, and as I say, we'd had a ball.

John's got this great monster Buick, and



he's a pretty bad driver, but he really moves, and we hadn't gotten killed yet. Once, trying to cross Geary he'd stuck his nose out a little too far and almost gotten us rammed; but this woman in a Chevy stopped in time. She wasn't particularly happy about the whole thing, so I smiled at her, and we pulled out of there fast.

We really tore around the corner and got on Lake. We'd probably gone on Lake a million times already. Most of the people we bombed around with lived on Pacific Heights, and to get there from Sea Cliff you had to take Lake. John started swearing that he was pretty damn tired of Lake—he gets in these moods. But what're you gonna do? Sure, you can take another street, but why waste the precious seconds, minutes, hours? So we moved, seeing the same houses and people — by the time I got back to school I had the whole street memorized — all the non-descript houses which somehow don't depress you in San Francisco because of their lightness. Brick gets pretty bad after a while. Stucco for me, even pink.

"Looky here, Frank's probably sleeping last night off. Why don't we go see the girls at the art school? I sort of remember them asking us to come by." Frank had given the best party I'd been at in a long time the night before. Really marvelous music, food, good bunch of kids. Great souls. I'd gotten a blind date with one of the art school kids. The girls go over there to take painting lessons on Saturdays.

John thought that was a pretty good idea, so we headed in the general direction. After a while, and flipping a lot of U's, we got on what must be the greatest street in the world — just a narrow little brick lane that serpentine its way down a hill through a bunch of beautiful gardens. I'll have to ask John what the name is. I could drive down it the rest

of my life, it's so great. Sometimes you find a place that you really like a hell of a lot, and this was one of them for me. What a beat street!

Somehow we ended up in front of the art school. We walked into the court, and there were all these boheme types standing around talking or painting or just there. All this with weird statues made out of scrap and birds' nests and orange crates. A wild place. We wandered around till we stumbled into Ann's classroom. Frank's girl Pat was there. She's a really great kid — the best. She was wearing these tight jeans and a man's shirt and these really mad Swiss suspenders. Different, and good looking. John and I really fitted in too. We both looked like we'd had a terrific time the night before; sort of bleary-eyed, and just generally grubby.

Pat gives us a great smile, and bounds over to the door, energetic girl that she is. "And a good morning to you! My, you both look cheery." I guess you know we didn't. Boy, is she a great kid! The kind to romp with. "Tsk, ts, ts, Ricky, you haven't shaved." Boy, I love that girl. I don't even mind her calling me Ricky, even if it does remind me of a dog or something.

John was really tired, so he flopped on the floor. It was really a riot when he got up. Paint all over him. You could have hung his sweat shirt on the wall like a damn painting. But at the time it seemed like the casual thing to do, and like the great place it was nobody seemed to care that some unkempt bastard walked in and flopped on the floor and scratched his belly.

Pat kicked him a couple of times, sort of absent-mindedly. "Frank's here," and there he was eyeing the model. One of the bearded demi-gods came in and said that was it for the day, so the kids stopped flinging the paint at the canvases and started putting

their stuff away. They looked like a really great bunch. Ann came over looking soft and touchable and good. Greetings were exchanged, yes, and it was a good morning.

Salute the land of the tanned athlete knowing the compassion of Buddha in the city of the bay with the cat-footed fog and the bridge that's a glory-covered monument, yes. And the Filipino, and the Japanese, and the Chinese, and just everybody digging to the whirl of the cables. So to the Kens and Jack and Alan, yes, yes, yes, yes, YES

SOCRATIC VOICES, I DOUBT

DAVID LEVIN '58

Whisper nightingale to me
Who seeks the holy delights.
On! where washes shoreless sea,

Beyond dog-tempest bites,
And twisted sea-weed's hold,
Tolls of wakings, of nights.

Alone with beauty cold,
Naked whiteness, I and ice;
Soul flees from judge to mould.

UNIVAC THE GREAT

DONALD SCHWARTZ '58

Camp was broken early that final day in Sweden. Sweden was an ideal place to hold the Fair, not so much because of her invigorating climate as because, being a neutral country, hard feelings among the big powers were avoided before they could start. Stretched across the entire width of the meadowland was the Great Banner. Its great, luminous letters spelled out, "First International Fair for the Advancement of Science and Culture".

This final day of the Fair there was, for the first time, apprehension in the air. Britain's extraordinary nuclear reactor had been an awesome thing, but there had not been any of the tension that now could be felt. Especially in this recent year had the world been making analytical comparisons between Russia and the United States. The satellite business, of course, had speeded up the unfortunate comparison tremendously, but it had been coming for a long time anyway. The highlight of the Fair, unfortunately but inevitably, had boiled down to a comparison of the exhibits of these two great powers. On this final day of the Fair, Russia was to give



her exhibit in the morning, and the United States of America hers in the afternoon.

The Great Auditorium was filled earlier than usual. The hundreds present were quite a select multitude, the cream of the world's intellectual crop. Here were anthropologists, chemists, physicists, astronomers, archaeologists, philosophers — leading scientists and thinkers from all fields, especially chosen because of their brilliant contributions to science and culture. Here were men whose lives

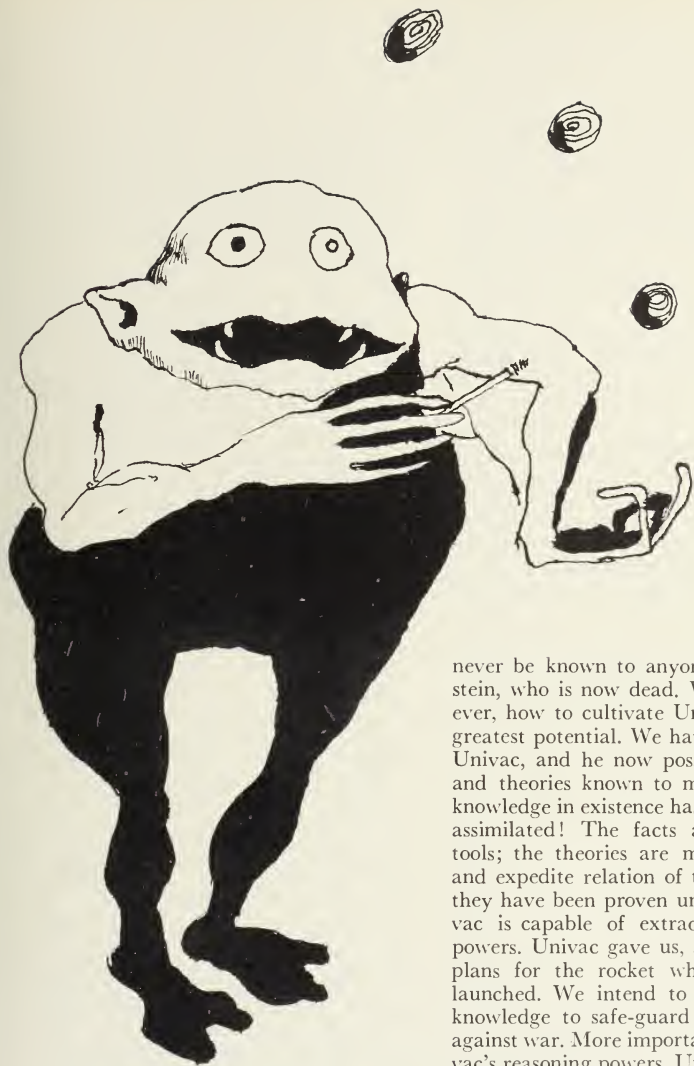
were dedicated to but one thing—search for the truth, whether a chemical truth, or an abstract truth.

The Russian spokesman grinned and addressed the Assembly. He stated that the Soviet Union had made some remarkable strides in science. Then he paused, so that everyone would get the full impact of what he was going to say. "At the count of ten I will push this button, marking the launching of a manned rocket to the Moon, which will reach the Moon in 38 hours and later return to the Soviet Union". The dome of the Great Auditorium was retracted, exposing the rocket on the launching field. He pushed the button, and the rocket spewed forth its power and took off. The rocket was of a tremendous length, but the most spectacular thing was its smooth ascent, for it rose without a quiver, with a roar and a zip as it soared heavenward. In seconds it was out of sight.

The assembly was spellbound, and many stared with gaping mouths and low-slung jaws. Then they left the Great Auditorium stiffly, seemingly paralyzed. For these men were thinking, and they were wondering what the United States was going to exhibit.

It was afternoon and it was time for the United States exhibit. The US spokesman, number one scientist Baun Vraum, addressed the assembly. "I will now reveal the minor portion of our exhibit, a very minor portion. The dome was retracted and a great rocket took off. "We are also sending a manned rocket to the Moon, which will reach the Moon in only 20 hours". Everyone gasped as they watched, for this rocket was far larger and its ascent was more spectacular than that of the Russian rocket.

"But we have something of infinitely greater significance", Baun Vraum continued. The wall behind the platform was withdrawn, and it was clear that the mass of



shining metal facing the assembly was a mechanical brain of some sort. "Behold the greatest mechanical brain the world has ever known or ever will know, Univac the Great!"

"The key to Univac's nerve center will

never be known to anyone but Albert Einstein, who is now dead. We do know, however, how to cultivate Univac to realize his greatest potential. We have been cultivating Univac, and he now possesses all the facts and theories known to man—every iota of knowledge in existence has been digested and assimilated! The facts are basic working tools; the theories are merely to facilitate and expedite relation of the facts, although they have been proven unnecessary, as Univac is capable of extraordinary reasoning powers. Univac gave us, at our request, the plans for the rocket which we have just launched. We intend to use such scientific knowledge to safe-guard the world forever against war. More important, I speak of Univac's reasoning powers. Univac solved, in only two minutes, the Riddle of the Sphinx, the acid test of reasoning power!"

This statement hit with incredible impact, for it seemed to all that only something living could reason. Thus it was that all felt that this must be more than just a machine.

"All of us here are thinkers. Think, then—

think of the greatest question in the world, and we will ask Univac to give us the answer!"

In a very few minutes the question was agreed upon unanimously. As soon as it was suggested, everyone knew at once that this was the question everyone wanted the answer to, a question that had been plaguing mankind for many centuries. The cave men wondered about it, and today men still wondered about it, and no one was sure of the answer. The question? what is the origin of the Earth!

Braun Vraum explained that, if Univac could answer the question, the answer would be received on a sheet of paper which would drop down past the glass door of the answer box. If any answer appeared, it would be the correct one, for Univac functioned infallibly and without vacillation. Then, when the nervous system relaxed, the answer box would open and the answer would be read to the assembly.

The faces of the assembly bore that expression which one finds on the face of a man who is experiencing ecstatic joy, the expression which one finds on the face of a man whose aching and longing for something has suddenly been fulfilled. They were comprehending the full significance of the question that was to be put to Univac the Great, knowing that it symbolized an end to all the questions that had ever plagued mankind. As Braun Vraum walked towards Univac's question box, one wise sage in the assembly suddenly realized, and his face became contorted. He jumped from his seat and rushed to the platform and seized Braun Vraum by the arm, and said solemnly, "You must not go through with this. As surely as you may save the world from war, you will destroy civilization". He was dragged back to his seat.

Braun Vraum then turned on Univac's question speaker and said, "Tell us, Univac, what is the origin of the Earth?" And Univac began to function with a fluid hum.

And now there were some few whose faces no longer bore the look of ecstasy, for they, in sudden terror, realized. The rest were still struck dumb by selfish desire to know the answer to the question, "What is the origin of the Earth?"

There was the faint sound of blowing air in Univac's ventilating tubes. Everything seemed to be going smoothly. But then five minutes had gone by and no answer had appeared, yet Univac was continuing to function. Fifteen minutes had then gone by and a jittery United States delegation had broken out in cold sweat, wondering what was wrong with Univac, for never had any problem taken Univac nearly this long. Then, at the end of nearly one hour, a single sheet of paper was seen by all to drift down in orderly fashion, past the glass window and into the answer box. At this the terror-stricken sage rushed once again to the platform, turned on Univac's question box, and screamed, "You must not answer. Surely you can see beyond the narrow scope of those who created you. The search for truth must not be brought so suddenly to an end or the minds of men will decay and rot and civilization itself will become stagnant and. . . ." He was at this point seized and dragged away for the final time. But he was not the only one who now understood, for about a quarter of the assembly had slumped back in their seats and their eyes rolled up in their sockets in abject terror. And still Univac continued to function.

Then a unified gasp arose as another sheet of paper was seen to drift down—and then another. . . . and then another. And as they drifted down, like lazy snowflakes, the air ventilators began to blow louder and louder, and the humming rose to ear-splitting intensity. Steam began to billow out of Univac, and the great mechanical brain gave vent to a blowing and moaning sound, like that of a dying man, that chilled the backbones of all present. Even the old sage had forgotten his original terror and all his at-

tention was seized, almost hypnotically, by this new and awesome display of violence.

Then the sheets stopped drifting down, but all could see that they had almost filled the entire height of the answer box. . . yet the answer box remained closed.

Amidst the billows of steam Vaun Braum rushed to the quaking monster, crying like a baby, and began to pound on the answer box, seeing the huge pile of papers so near, and yet so far, from him. He began to scream, but his screams were drowned out by the wailing and moaning of the machine itself, which was heaving as if about to collapse.

Suddenly the answer door shot open, and Vaun Braum reached in and seized the pile of papers and rushed away. . . . and there

was an explosion in the bowels of Univac as it slumped in a molten heap to the floor.

The assembly was frozen as if in a trauma of terror and all the blood seemed to have drained from the sage's face as he slumped to the floor. And as he remembered, so everyone came suddenly to their senses and to all minds sprang the question. "What is the origin of the earth!" There was a horrible sensation in the pit of their stomachs as they pondered what the answer would surely foreshadow, yet they could do nothing, so badly did they yearn for the answer to this particular question.

Deathly silence brooded over the Auditorium as Vaun Braum read from the top sheet on the pile, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and. . ."



A NEW ART FORM

PETER BIENSTOCK '58

Any afternoon when you have a few spare moments, take a stroll down to a place in town which has become in the last few years the combination library-museum of America: the Record Shop.

Open the door and step into a dazzling New World. Everywhere about you is prominently displayed the Great New American Art Form, the long-playing record jacket. It seems that the finest artists, most brilliant layout men and canniest photographers that the record companies can salvage from the toothpaste and tummy-ache pill-covered paws of Madison Avenue are being thrown into a feverish effort to present jazz, rock 'n roll, opera and mood music in a glorious blaze of splendidous cellophonic color.

Let's take mood music, for example. Here is Julie London, photographed through a roll of gauze, her head sensuously tilted.

From the face, your eyes are drawn inexorably down, down, down, down—until bitterly frustrated by a Maginot Line of blouse or bikini-job. But you know, deep inside, that she wants only you, that the "Make Love To Me" title daubed in mauve across the side of the jacket is addressed only to you. You know by the softness of those moist, almost-parted lips, the longing in those misty, blue, blue eyes.

But the full flush of the new medium's artistic creativeness isn't confined to mood music. What about the jazz records, up from the depths of whose card-board jackets bursts a frenzied pack of sweating savages in shiny suits, their golden and silver instruments sparkling wildly? Or perhaps we are dazzled instead by a great open mouth, full of shining teeth, with tightly closed eyes above and two hands agonizingly clutching a mike beneath. The titles are devastating: "Jazz at La Scala," or "Brubeck at the Harvard Archaeological School," inferring the

missionary heights to which Twentieth Century America's own music form has attained.

Or classical—Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture," with a hugh howitzer on the jacket. The gun is actually used in the parts where the composer intended to substitute musical "boom-boom's." God save our cardrums if the bright young gray flannel men of Decca, Victor, et al ever apply their super-duper realistic sound effects to a "Nagasaki Nocturne," or a "Cape Canaveral Concerto."

But most fun of all are the jackets on new rock'n roll records. Here we see "The J.D.'s," a bright pack of harmonizing young red-bloods. The picture is invariably a close-up, so we may note the fine make-up job on their pock-marks and their astounding hair-do's, in which each hair is treated separately, as if it had an immortal soul. There are splashes of color everywhere on the jacket, resembling the sidewalk back home under police floodlights after an hour-long rumble.

Of course, if you ever do venture into the Record Shop with an eye for aesthetics, you will not fail to notice a fifth delightful type of record jacket, the one on the travel record. "Albania Calls," calls the jacket, and allows a little peek at a little port in sun-drenched, olive tree-covered, quaint old Albania. We see the deep blue sea lapping lazily on the barnacle-covered posts of the jetty, to which is tied a brightly-painted fishing jib. And of course, the fisherman's daughter, with a basket of lasagna on her head, clothed in sunshine and little else, is swinging gently down the jetty. Or "Echoes of Dutch Guiana," with the lush tropical palms presiding over the contented banana-picking of a bunch of native belles who look like dusky sisters of the Albanian fisherman's daughter.

Yes, record jackets are a new Art Form.

with their lurid blotches of color, sensuous
 Flamenco dancers, sweat-shiny faces, lush
 tropical vales, bubbling glasses of cham-
 pagne, and blonds sprawled on fields of
 mink. Along with chrome on cars, medical-
 looking people on boxes of pills, or any other
 great American innovation, they are this na-
 tion's answer to the "Mona Lisa" and the
 "Blue Boy."

God help us.

POEM

DANIEL CHVAL '58

Two inches round of brass with sad eyes
 carrying a gigantic candleholder
 is what can become of an elephant
 caught off second with his ears hanging
 too far from the jungle.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT?

JOHN EWELL '61

I sometimes get the feeling that Christmas and the "Christmas spirit" are becoming greatly overworked in this country. In the first place, business concerns use Christmas to enhance the size of their money bags. The first indication that "Christmas is coming" usually takes place in May or June, or in extreme cases even as early as April, in the form of an eager ten year old, who, attracted by promises of easy money in magazine advertisements, has turned part-time traveling salesman. He bicycles from house to house asking busy mothers if they would like to



cash in on some real bargains on these lovely Christmas cards. (They are usually very ugly, with garish designs outside and corny messages inside.) "Furthermore," they explain, "if you buy early you can avoid the Christmas rush." It's amazing how many people stock up fully eight or nine months ahead of time. Obviously these cards are not bought out of joyous good will or brotherly love, but rather as a good way to get a slightly disagreeable task out of the way.

The next thing that bothers me about Christmas is that, sponsored by the local merchants, gaudy decorations are hung over

the streets of almost every town and city in the United States in early—or mid-November. Obviously the sole intent of these ornaments is to get people into the "Christmas spirit"—that is to say, loosen the strings of their purses. Then in late November, to increase the flow of customers, a cresh with recorded Christmas carols issuing from it and Santa Claus driving his sleigh overhead appears in the central square. Also at this time, stores begin to fix up elaborate windows with mechanical Santa Clauses filling their packs with brightly colored presents (just like those on sale inside, of course), all the time repeating in a hearty voice, "Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, ho, ho, ho!" One store that I know pays four men to dress up in green tail coats and top hats and sing "Olde English Christmas Carols."

And, of course, there is always the store Santa Claus with long lines of little children waiting their turn to taken into his lap so they can tell him what they want for Christmas. In one of the December, 1957, issues of the *NEW YORKER* was printed the story of a "Brooklyn mother who braved the snow, struck subways, and holiday traffic to take her son to see the Macy Santa Claus. She left him there in line, and, coming back an hour later, asked him what Santa had said. The boy replied without a moment's hesitation, 'Buy toys at Macy's.' "

Finally, a day or so before Christmas, the crowds in the streets become thinner as more and more people complete their Christmas shopping. Packages have been sent off to all the grandmothers, aunts, uncles, in-laws, cousins, friends, and acquaintances imaginable; and elaborate gifts have been purchased for each member of the immediate family.

But, of course, Christmas shopping is only part of what has to be done. Not only is there the traditional indoor Christmas tree



to be set up. Many families construct their own Nativity scene, place an image of Santa on the roof guiding his reindeer, string multi-colored lights under the eaves until the house looks like a roadside restaurant, and, in fact, do anything to keep themselves one step ahead of their neighbors.

Finally the big night arrives. The children hang up their stockings by the fireplace, and go to their beds with "visions of sugarplums that dance through their heads." Meanwhile Mother and Father settle down with their friends over a few bottles of pink champagne both to celebrate the occasion, and, more important, to drown out the thought of all the astronomical bills that will arrive at the first of next month. They wake up the next morning with splitting headaches, but there is nothing to do but take aspirin and bear it, for, after all, it is Christmas. The children rush to their stockings and tear them open with shrieks of joy, littering the house with bits of torn paper and tattered ribbons. But this is only the beginning, for no sooner have the children finished with the stockings than they charge upon the gaudily wrapped presents under the Christmas tree. Gone now is

all hope of maintaining any semblance of order and regularity. Each person grabs all the gifts with his name on them and tears them open impatiently. In fifteen minutes it is all over. Every present has been opened, and the house is in such a state of chaos that doubt arises whether it can ever be put to rights. But cleaned up it must be, for Aunt Mirabel, Uncle Egbert, and Cousin Fauntleroy will soon be arriving for Christmas dinner. And then comes the inevitable squabble over toys: "That's mine! Give it to me." "No, I won't 'cause it's mine." "Come on, give it to me, you big bully!" "Shut up, you little brat!" Of course, there is no way to prove who is right, for all the tags have either been lost or torn up in the confusion.

At long last the hectic day draws to a close. The children are put in bed; the relatives leave. The mother and father take one look at the disorderly heap of dirty dishes and decide to leave them until tomorrow. Then, dog-tired, they crawl into bed to dream of their peaceful childhood Christmases when a few simple handmade gifts sufficed to make everyone happy, and emphasis was placed upon the religious aspect of the holiday.

THE SOUTH STREET CHURCH-GOERS

MIKE FREEDBERG '58

The sea and its livelihoods are the center of this town's life. In the olden days the fishermen would flock to the churches when the fleet was ready to sail to pray for divine guidance, and family lives were deeply rooted in humble religious tradition. Today, though, things have reversed themselves; we pray to the compass, the weather, and the golden dollar, and let the divine beware! The fisherman, too, is gone, having been replaced by the free-lance pleasure sailor.

Just such a family lives on South Street, the Newsoms, who are very popular with the townspeople. And why not? Stuart Newsom Junior is a successful inventor who has had the good fortune to possess a full patent in his field. His two sons, Loring and John, have had the best of advantages all their lives. No millionaires, this family, mind you, but for the town, wealthy.

Mrs. Newsom is a gracious and smartly dressed lady of forty-five. All of our parents admire her and are always discussing fashions with her and whatever women discuss with each other. She is a friendly person, too; she always waves to her friends while driving her shiny red station wagon. When you contemplate Mrs. Newsom's graciousness, position, and dignity, it doesn't surprise you that she's vice-president of our Vincent Club branch.

For these four people Sunday is the special day on which they dress in their finest, in preparation for the hour of church; Mr. Newsom never forgets his carnation or barpin; Mrs. Newsom can be recognized in church by her thick mink stole and eye-turning hats; and the two sons fall into line occasionally and actually look respectable.

Mr. and Mrs. Newsom, and Loring and John, whenever they consent to come, always walk to church. It is about three blocks from their South Street home to the venerable old

New England church, and it means plenty of time for the family to be noticed. How do you do, Mrs. Chapin? What do you think the sermon will be, Mrs. Pettit? I hope the reverend doesn't expound too long, today, do you Mrs. Hurlbut? So goes their chatter on Sunday morning as the other churchgoers greet the Newsoms. They love to compare notes with their well-picked friends and discuss the next week's business in a carefree way. Other people go to church for guidance and inspiration, but the Newsoms and their friends go to discuss gossip and be discussed about. To them a church is a committee-room.

I know Reverend Frank Rogers well, for his family and mine are lifelong friends. He is a thoroughly honest, unpretentious, and devoted man who believes in the basic goodness of people. But he can also be a realist, and no one I know can judge character and pick out a distorted motive better than he. Beyond this he is an extremely charitable, generous, and sympathetic person who lives by helping others. It is only a result of twisted fate that such a man has such an undeserving or unsuspecting parish.

On this Sunday in June I was in church with two friends before the grand procession arrived. There were no blaring trumpets, no fanfares; but all of us in church knew it when the Newsoms, Hurlbuts, Pettits, and Chapins arrived. They nodded and walked stately to their chosen places in the middle of the congregation. After sitting, the Newsoms and their friends picked up an order of worship and chatted to each other about the service. One isn't supposed to talk in church, but rules don't apply to the Newsom's and their friends; they are too right-uous for common rules.

"Short service", Mr. Newsom said. "And the sermon is good, too. It's about a worthy charity in Boston."

"Yes, Stuart, dear", Mrs. Newsom replied. "Frank is going to be pleasant today".

The church filled rapidly then, and as the clock struck ten, Reverend Rogers walked up to the pulpit to say the opening prayer. "I am so glad to see all my regular churchgoers here today," he said with a tint of brusque. After the prayer came a beautiful hymn traditional in New England, "God of Our Fathers". The Newsoms aren't singers, but I watched them put on the greatest show of singing seen off Broadway. No one in our congregation enjoys the hymns more, for it gives them a chance to announce their enthusiasm for the services. I don't come to church often, but when I do I always expect hymn singing as only the South Streeters make. Everyone knows South Street for its singers.

I have also said the South Street families are generous, and in church they live up to their reputation as the offering plate is passed around. If you receive the plate after them, you can't miss eight neat bills resting amongst the change, just waiting to be donated.

The sermon that morning was more or less "ad lib." Mr. Rogers said that he had planned to talk about charities but had changed his mind.

"Today I've decided to talk about a more pressing problem, one that involves all of us. What was it Jesus said about the money-changers and camels going through a needle's eye? Think his words over a while. And then look around you. Look at your neighbor and look at yourself. Look closely at yourself, for it might be that these words were meant for you.

"And do all of you feel happy with yourselves? Are you honest with yourselves? I can see insecurity everywhere in my listeners today—yes everywhere. So examine and evaluate yourselves this day, and you may be enlightened."

That was the whole sermon. In one min-

ute of oratory Mr. Rogers had expounded a basic mistake of human nature, and the repercussions were sure to be felt. Ed Farrell and I talked about it all the way home, for it was a unique sermon in its directness and emotion.

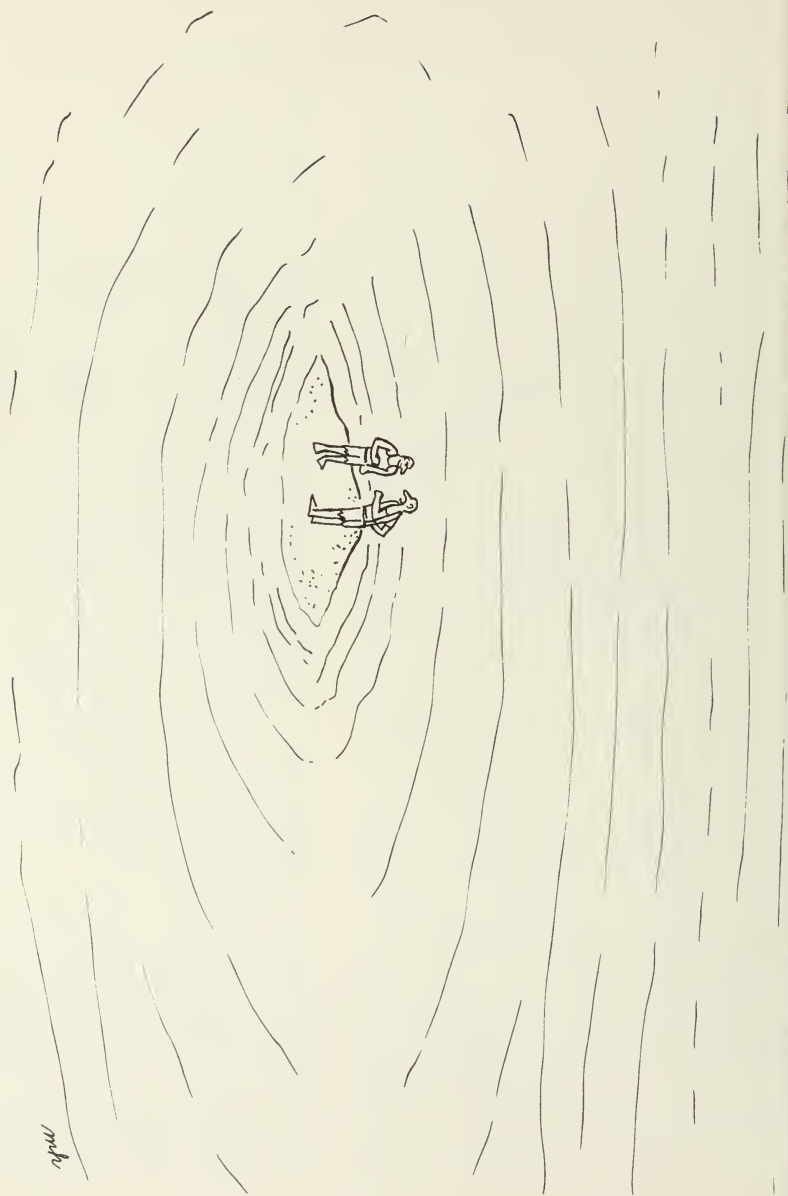
We hadn't long to wait for the consequences. About three days later the South Street group selected a committee of Mr. Newsom, Mr. Pettit, Mrs. Hurlbut, and Mrs. Chapin to request some penalty for the lantern-weilder. Stuart Newsom presented the petition to the church's trustees, who listened sympathetically to the contents. All Mr. Newsom demanded was a reduction in salary and censorship of sermons by the trustees. "After all", he persuaded, "we can't have our minister behaving like a radical up on the pulpit, making a travesty of his profession." How kind of Mr. Newsom! That was all he asked—censorship! He said he would forgive Mr. Rogers publically and affirm his continuance at the Mason Street Church. Of course Mr. Rogers would say he regretted any offense and would thank Mr. Newsom for his usual generosity.

The trustees quickly agreed to the proposal, for they too enjoyed seeing money in the offering-plate. Next day the proposal was read to Mr. Rogers, who sat facing the group with his legs crossed rigidly. He puffed slowly on his pipe as the worthy gentleman forgave him and expressed his hope that the minister would remain.

The minister replied calmly and congenially. "I do not know what you are forgiving me for", he said, "but obviously I have succeeded. You have evaluated yourself and found an undesirable quality. Rather than feel dejected, I feel overjoyed at your action, for it proves that my sermon had a basis. All you have done is taken up where I have left off."

Mr. Newsom and Mr. Rogers left each other, both with a new feeling about life.

Oh, go jump in the Lake!



GIMMEL

RICHARD SHIRLEY '58

Gimmel was bleeking. It was the last time anyone on the planet would bleek, for there were no more beings to bleek. One certainly couldn't bleek without someone to bleek; unless one were perverted, that is. Anyway, Gimmel was having the honor of bleeking the last bleekable being on the planet, and was thoroughly enjoying it. He had better enjoy it, for the satisfaction would have to last him ten long years until he arrived at the new planet. There. He was finished now.

As Gimmel turned toward the spaceship, he took one long, last look at himself in the mirror. He was beautiful. His long, slender trunk was supple and graceful. It was the exact shade of green that was so pleasing to the eye. He was a pleasure to look upon. His short, thick, dark-blue walking-feet were well-muscled and firm. His tendrils were bright red, and measured exactly 36-24-36-24-36, going counter-clockwise. All were perfectly formed, with none of the slight swellings so common to many of the race of bleekers in those later days. He should be good-looking, for hadn't he been elected the most beautiful bleeker? Wasn't he the one chosen to spread the race of bleekers?

With this last thought Gimmel turned from the mirror, waved to the crowds with one tendril, and opened the door of his spaceship with two others. Slowly he shuffled into the ship and closed the door behind him. Ten minutes later the ship blasted off. Within it lay the destiny of the race of bleekers.

* * *

It was ten years later when he arrived at the planet Earth. It was the year 1958, as planned. Quite by accident he landed in the middle of the campus of a typical New England prep school. Of course Gimmel didn't know what a prep school was, and so this

fact didn't bother him at all. What did bother him was the lack of all life. Suddenly he sensed a life-form rapidly approaching, and thrilled with exultation as he realized that it was a perfect specimen for bleeking. He followed it with difficulty as it traveled so rapidly, but soon its movements stopped, and Gimmel sensed a large group of similar creatures gathered all around it. A premonition of the fantastic bleeking possibilities inside the structure before him struck him all at once, and the prospect staggered him.

Recovering himself, he opened the doors and started forward. Inside he noticed an elevated platform at the other end of the room, a perfect place for bleeking, and started forward with his usual shuffling gait.

* * *

The last boy into assembly noticed a large, spherical object on the quadrangle as he ran into assembly, and the word was soon all over the room. Suddenly there was a scream from the back of the room, and all eyes turned around to encounter a large red, blue, and green object swaying down the aisle. Several boys screamed, and many almost passed out, barely holding on to the edges of consciousness so that they wouldn't fall out of their seats and be marked absent. Everyone riveted his eyes on the monster as it turned to the right, and then mounted the platform. Everyone stared as they felt a wierd inward stirring within them, as they felt the great awakening. Then everyone stood transfixed, and looked with horror as his neighbor turned all shades of green, red, and blue; as their bodies lengthened and slendered, and their legs grew short, and blue, and stumpy; as their arms divided and lengthened to 36-24-36-24-36.

Gimmel was bleeking.

LANARE

CHRISTOPHER COSTANZO '59

I was a young man, just graduated from college, and greatly in need of a job. My greatest desire was to be a schoolteacher, for I had always loved children and wanted to make them part of my life's work. I also believed that the success of even the greatest men depends mostly on their childhood training, not innate ability. Thus I looked upon schoolteaching as molding not only the intellect, but also the character. I thought that doing some of this molding would give me much satisfaction.

But much as I searched, I could not find a teaching position; my savings dwindled, as well as my hope. Then one day I received an offer in the mail to teach at a certain Lanare Academy. I had never heard of that school before, but I was so desperate that I accepted their offer at once. It struck me as strange that they had heard about me and knew that I needed work. The letter stated that Lanare Academy was an elementary boarding school for boys, with the highest academic standing in the region and very exclusive. Yes neither I nor any of my friends had ever heard of it before. This was even more mysterious, since it was located only a day's journey from where I lived.

Finally the day came when I set out, eager with curiosity, for Lanare. By nightfall I was already at the village. Although it was well-lighted, I did not see a soul in sight. The town had a strange stillness about it, a sort of tingling stillness which was so quiet that it seemed loud and oppressive. I approached the seemingly deserted school, and brought my carriage to the door of the large main house.

The first sign of life I saw in Lanare was a kindly looking old man who met me at the door of the main house, took my things, and led me to the drawing room. It was a large room and well furnished. The furniture was heavy and solid-looking. On one wall there were old paintings, and the three opposite

walls were lined with bookcases which reached all the way up to the very high ceiling. There was a large blaze in the huge fireplace, which gave the whole room a feeling of warmth and security.

There was a group of elderly men in the room, my future colleagues. One especially old and distinguished-looking gentleman arose, and, extending his hand, introduced himself as Dr. Charletone, the headmaster. He and the other men, all of whom I met during the course of the evening, welcomed me to Lanare and wished me a happy stay. It seemed odd to me that the faculty consisted of only old men. I seemed to be the only young one of the lot, but, being excited at the prospect of starting my new work, I did not give this much thought. I was introduced to the old man who had met me at the door. His name was Pierce; he had served the school for a lifetime; and, as I learned later, was greatly loved by the children. He led me to my quarters, which were in the main house.

The next day was bleak and cold, and I spent most of my time acquainting myself with Lanare and its surroundings. The academy was small, with only a few houses and some playing fields nearby. The houses were very old, so old that they seemed strangely contorted and ready to fall down at any moment. On the second floor of each house was one large room where the pupils slept. The classrooms were all the same, dark and gloomy, with rows of hard benches and a raised desk for the master. The dining hall was in the main house. In it were several long tables; at the head of each one a master would sit every evening and carve the roast. All in all, Lanare was quite an old-fashioned school; if it had been transplanted one hundred years into the past it would probably have caused little commotion. Lanare Academy was obviously cut off from the modern world. Its inhabitants lived in the past, ob-

livious of the present.

I met several children on the first day, and as the weeks went by I came to know most of them by name. I had the feeling that the children of Lanare were different from most children; they never laughed or played together, but instead sat around silent and sullen. I tried hard to be popular among them. I spoke to them about what I thought their interests might be and about what I thought they liked, but I was greeted with indifference. At first I thought that they were cool because I was still a new teacher, and unfamiliar to them. But as the weeks went by their manner remained the same. Often I was forced to be strict with them, and whip naughty children; yet there was never any resentment on their part, only silent indifference.

One day I had occasion to punish a child for a slight misdemeanor. I must have punished him more severely than I should have, because instead of reacting with a blank stare as the children usually did, he looked up at me with tears swelling in his eyes and terror in his face. He ran crying from the room before I could stop him. To add to my surprise, the other children were quite moved by this, and many gazed at me with a great deal of fear.

This incident bothered me more than it should have because it was such a contrast to the pupils' previous attitude. I spent a rather uncomfortable afternoon in my room trying to erase that terror-filled face from my mind. I was unable to sleep soundly that night. I felt that I had started off my teaching career on the wrong foot. Finally I managed to fall asleep after promising myself that the next day I would have a talk with the boy to clear up the hard feelings between us.

The next morning old Pierce, sobbing, woke me with the news that the poor boy had died of an ailment in his sleep. Of course I was grief stricken, more so by the know-



ledge that my last word to him was one of reprimand. Because the child had died before I was able to clear up our misunderstanding, I felt frustrated and guilty. My conscience would give me no peace.

That evening I met with Dr. Charlton and my colleagues, and we discussed the unfortunate incident. I learned that the child was to lie in state in the living room of the main house. In some mysterious way the other teachers had all heard that I had punished the child only a few hours before his death. They must have known somehow of the guilt I felt, for they all seemed quite sympathetic toward me. Nevertheless, I had the feeling that my colleagues were not sincere. As they spoke, their sympathy gradually took on the form of sarcasm in a very frightening manner. Their whole attitude toward me changed completely. I constantly felt their eyes upon me. I would turn my head toward some part of the room and find a teacher staring at me; he would lower his head the minute our glances met. I became more and more conscious that they were trying to avoid my eyes; yet, as the evening wore on, I would catch them staring at me when they thought I was not looking. By midnight I knew that every mind and eye in the room was on me. I happened to glance out into the dark hall and saw Pierce, with his lips pressed tightly together, glaring boldly at me with contempt and hatred. Feeling uncomfortable and afraid, I took my leave and rushed to my quarters.

I did not sleep well, and awoke weary and depressed. I tried to free my conscience from the events which had been troubling it, but I tried in vain. In class I tried to joke with the children, but as usual my feeble attempts drew no laughter from them. I caught the gaze of a boy who was staring at me, half out of curiosity and half out of dislike. I looked at him, and, unlike my colleagues the night before, he stared right back at me with that unabashed fearlessness of childhood. I looked away. As the day passed on, I noticed that their whole attitude had changed toward

me, in a much higher degree than that of my colleagues; for a while they at least made an attempt to hide their attitude, the children did not. I began to catch more and more their fearless stares, and by nightfall I had only to look up from my desk to see a countless number of eyes looking at me. All I saw before me were eyes, eyes, and eyes, staring with innocence at my guilty face. They looked at me and into me; they entered my heart and pierced my soul; they kept on staring, gazing, looking, glaring. I ran to my room, bolted the door, and fell into a deep and tortured sleep.

In the middle of the night I awoke and found myself in a heavy sweat. A storm had arisen outside, and a strong wind whistled through the cracks of the old mansion, crying and shrieking. I kept on seeing eyes before me, and began perspiring more heavily than ever. I jumped out from under my covers, and ran into the living room in my nightgown. I went to the poor child's coffin, and in the dim light looked down at the poor, frail, innocent face. I sobbed as I looked down upon him. An immense wave of guilt spread over me. Then suddenly I felt a pang of fear. The monster stiffened, and for an instant opened his eyes and glared at me with such violent hatred that a great, paralyzing terror, spread over every muscle of my body.

I heard a noise behind me, and the lights went on. I turned quickly, and saw Pierce standing in the doorway with Dr. Charlton. In their faces was the same deep hatred I had seen in the child's. They came toward me; their eyes glared, but their mouths laughed fiendishly. I ran from them, from the accursed body, from the house, and far, far away from Lanare.

The storm subsided and the morning came. I crawled back to the mansion and went to my room. As I entered, I happened to see myself reflected in the mirror. I had aged considerably; my frame was bent, and my hair white; my face was wrinkled, and my legs cramped. I was an old man.



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THE MIRROR



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THE MIRROR

ESTABLISHED

1854

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Ars Pathetica

The Mirror has undergone many changes, both in format and content for the coming year, and I feel it only right that this space be used to set forth our objectives and explain the reasons for the changes. The Editors of this year's *Mirror* have tried to correct three basic weaknesses in the *Mirrors* of the past; no doubt we have created new ones, but a change for the better is certainly needed. First of all, the past few years have seen only two or three issues of the *Mirror*. We feel that a magazine of our type can not hope to do justice to the tremendous Literary and Artistic potential of a school of 790 boys if it appears but once or twice a year. Neither can such a magazine maintain student interest and backing if three or four months elapse between each issue. This year we will try to put out six issues, two each term for the three terms in the school year.

Another great weakness of past *Mirrors* has been their lack of personality. Naturally any student magazine with a continual turnover among its editors can not expect to establish the kind of individuality which a national magazine or newspaper can under the thirty year tenure of a dynamic editor. We must remember that a different individual is behind *The Mirror* each school year, and its change in attitudes and objects will be greater than one might wish. However *The Mirrors* of the past, no matter how good or bad they may have been, were still nothing more than anthologies of student writing and art without any element unifying them or giving them a character all their own. With this weakness in mind, we have established the first five pages of the magazine as so-called featured articles. The first of these, "Through The Looking Glass", is a commentary on campus events of unusual note in an effort to bring to the readers eye little known and preferably amusing incidents of life at Andover (in this issue the little known and preferably amusing element on the Campus is the magazine itself). "Parody, Inc." comes next, and parodies and simplifies standard and overworked forms of Literature to bring them up or down (depending on how you look at it) to the student level. Third of the

four is "O. W. H.: Current And Choice, which is a book review of the recent acquisitions of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Library, and is designed to promote student interest in current Literature. The last of the four Featured articles is "Nostalgia, Inc." which draws fascinating tidbits from the school archives about P.A.'s murky past.

The last weakness and perhaps the least serious of the three has been the subjugation of serious Artistic endeavors to the level of page breaks sandwiched in between bouts of literary brawling. This year we are establishing a separate Pictorial section following the Literary section which will contain painting, drawing, photography, and sculpture by P.A. students. For this issue, several of our selections were done by members of last year's senior class for the student show, and we hope that they will spur those who remained behind to even greater artistic triumphs.



We are setting out bravely this year, as do all reformers, with high ideals and even higher goals. Our ultimate success depends on our ability to gather good writing and Art work for each issue. Next June, six issues and several hundreds of thousands of written words later, we may have a little to look back on in terms of achievement. Let us make sure however that we can at least say "we have tried."

— S. B. Abbott



Modern Poetry

Our first concern in the series of six lectures on the subject of standard and overworked Literary forms will be Modern Poetry. Modern Poetry is so called because it effectively combines the principles of Modern Living, i.e. Togetherness, sterility, profanity, and sacrilege. Conceivably any piece of Poetry written in the past 50 years could be called Modern Poetry, but we usually reserve that title for the juicier pieces extant and anything written by someone still living. With that gratifying generalization to copy into your note books, let us proceed to specifics and a consideration of the poem selected to represent all modern Poetry. As you read the selection below, you will discover many important principles of Modern Poetry. First of all the Poet is unbearably direct, giving vent to the point of his poem almost immediately. Why he couldn't end right there is a much debated topic, but the price for each additional line and the need for inner meaning seem to compel the Poet to continue (more about inner meaning later). In any event this poet does continue and immediately throws a flashback at us. This device, common in Modern Literature of any sort, helps to confuse the reader who isn't paying close enough attention and results in horribly low marks on English quizzes. The best way to handle flashbacks is to skip over them and patiently await the writer's return to the present. If one is reading a novel like *Wuthering Heights* which is principally flashback, this trick will speed up the reading of the book considerably. The third principle immediately evident is the adversity of nature. No longer do poets and writers glorify nature with the sweet and tasteful ballads of Robert Burns et al. The trend today is to vilify our environment and to attribute the evils of man to nature. This twisting of tradition is mainly the result of the migration of poets to cities where their picture of the outside world becomes distorted with subway fumes and elevated trestles; their subsequent bitterness is understandable and we must be patient with those of less fortunate environment. Of interesting note is the quatrain of German in the middle of the poem. This has no bearing on the meaning of the poem, but introduces an element of erudition into the poet's work and makes the poem salable in Germany as well as in English speaking nations.

The fact that no German could translate this particular quatrain proves that the poet's erudition is as manufactured as his German. Of note in the closing lines of the poem is the swift and callous characterization of the hapless Mr. Botnotnik, the lack of any transition from either the German or lust preceding it, and the clumsy and ill-disguised attempt to smear the faculty: all of them being inherent among the angry young men of modern Poetry. Last and of general note is the subtlety with which the inner meaning of the Poem—and all poetry, children, has inner meaning or no one would publish it—is woven in. At first, second, and even fourth reading the Poem would seem to have nothing below the surface but hot air. Take warning, however; like the iceberg, it's what you don't see that gets you on those class themes. Never let a poem go until you have found at least two possible interpretations for each line of verse. To aid you in the analysis of this one, let me raise several questions of the type asked in final exams: What is the meaning of the word tubers? Could this be a typing error, or is the Poet careless about his choice of words? Does this add to the poem or detract? Does the poet really believe that there is shadow under a pair of goalposts worth bothering about? Would his inaccuracy have something to do with his city environment? Why is it significant that Mr. Botnotnik suffers from asthma? Do you suffer from asthma? If so can you excuse his failing to mark one paper on that ground? What is the meter of the poem? Why doesn't it have a meter? Do you feel that the lack of meter adds or detracts from the Poem's effectiveness? Do you add or detract from your English Classes' effectiveness?



(*The Mirror* is indebted to a Mr. T. S. Eliot for the meat from which these maggot thoughts sprang, and apologizes for choosing a much pummeled figure in the Literary world to pummel again. The original may be found in *The Wasteland* and could not be reproduced here without a law suit from Mr. Eliot's publishers.)

The Waste Basket

to

F. A. Peterson
il miglior fabbro

Andover is the cruellest school,
Breeding hatred with insanity,
Stirring dull minds with false hopes.
High School kept us safe, covering
Stupidity in a tolerant cloak, feeding
A little I.Q. with dried tubers.
I remember as a child staying at the Inn,
My brother, a senior, he took me down town.
I was frightened. He said Anton,
Anton, hold on tight, and down we went.
In the sanctuary, there you feel free.
I drink, much of the night, and urinate often.

What is the grass that grows? What life can
come

Out of this trampled gridiron? Sorotason
You can but say or guess, for you know only
A heap of tackling dummies where the sun
beats

And the field house gives no shelter, the faucet
no relief

And the barren stands no sound of cheering.
Only

There is shadow under these goalposts
(Come in under the shadow of these goalposts)
And I will show you something different from
either

Your roommate at morning trailing behind you,
Or your proctor at evening waiting to trap you.
I will show you fear in a faceful of lust.

Achtung mein herr
Dast einer schmit
Mein haben gerr
Wo trobenitt?

Mr. Botnotnik, famous pedantic,
Suffered from asthma, nevertheless
Is known to be the hardest marker in Pearson
With a wicked box of crayons. Here said he
Is your mark, the gentleman C
(Those are swirls that form his tail. Look!)
Here is Beaupuer's the pride of Latin three,
The boy of inspirations.
Here is Ringer's, who hasn't time, and here the
Slob's,

And here the ene-eyed grind's, and this paper
Which is blank, is one I forgot to mark.

I do not see the Dunce's.
Fear expulsion by lottery,
I see crowds of faculty drawing numbers.
Dismissed. If you see Reginald,
Tell him I give him that cut myself:
One must be so careful these days.



CURRENT & CHOICE

For those with a spirit of adventure, I recommend two new books. One is *Aku-Aku*, by Thor Heyerdahl (of *Kon-Tiki* fame). This book is an interesting analysis of the origin of the giant statues on Easter Island, and although Mr. Heyerdahl comes up with some pretty drastic theories concerning the monoliths, his account and description of the island itself makes for fascinating reading. Warning: *Aku-Aku* is l-o-o-o-ng.

The second book, shorter and illustrated with photographs, is *The Lost World of the Caucasus*, by Negley Farson. Don't be scared off by the title—this book is not a guide to Caucasian archaeological lore. Instead, it is an American tourist's account of his visit to the Caucasus region several years ago. Blessed with a keen eye for detail, Mr. Farson exhibits great depth and perception in his writing and turns what could be a dull and scholarly account of the region into literature. Somehow one can sense and understand his feeling for the Caucasus: the people, rugged and proud, and the land, wild and virginally beautiful. There is a sense of timelessness here, and, in a more powerful way, an appreciation of the history of the area.

* * *

Robert Nathan's *So Love Returns* is by far the best new release in the Library. Echoing the praises of more distinguished critics, I can say only that this novel is extraordinary, and easily surpasses any of Nathan's previous works (including *Portrait of Jennie*, 1940).

Briefly put, *So Love Returns* is a love story. In fact, that is all it could be, for there are no questions raised as to our society, our morals, our past or future—Nathan prefers revelation to exposure. The book is written in the first person and centers about a man named Lenny, whose wife, Trina, has died. He lives by the sea on the California coast with his two children, and supports them by writing children's stories. Suddenly, in the midst of his lonely yearning for his wife, a lovely girl who strangely resembles Trina appears; in this manner, Nathan begins to unwind his tale of love and sorrow.

There is a general air of fantasy throughout the book which one finds unusual in a novel about love, but the mystery adds to rather than detracts from the novel. You will find *So Love Returns* the type of book you would want for your personal collection.

T. A. Cushman

NOSTALGIA INC.

This Was Your Life

It is among the stacks of the newly opened school archives that the nostalgic alumnus, the curious student, or the determined researcher can immerse himself in the dust and ribbons of the past. Here is where to find the dignified correspondences of former headmasters concerning college admissions, or the amount of money spent by the school on manure for the Vista. Here, among the mildewed documents and hand-engraved Victorian letterheads is buried the many-sided past of Sigil, Phillipus Academus.

What about student life of the last centuries, for example? What of the young Andover man who, finding life here unduly strenuous, wishes to ferret out records of more luxurious days upon the Hill? Alas, certainly if he were to delve into the days of "Uncle Sam" Taylor he would find nothing to show our regulations more strict or our faculty more ready to enforce than those of days gone by. Edward Martin, of the class of 1872, recalls, "The rules held that every boy should be in his room at night unless he had a valid excuse for being out of it. If he was at a prayer meeting or Philo or otherwise improving himself spiritually or mentally, that was lawful, but 'Uncle Sam' Taylor to the schoolboy mind was an ogre, reputed to be very fast on his feet chasing boys, especially in the dark, in defiance of regulations." This 'Uncle Sam' Taylor, by way of keeping track of his boys, was known to sit in hiding behind a tree at night for long periods of time, waiting for the chance to pounce on unwary students passing by, or to overhear a conversation.

Keeping in mind the situations of former years, today's discontented Andover man can have little cause for complaint against the unannounced or unreasonable actions of his housemaster. In the 1800's the infringements of the owners of the boardinghouses upon the freedom and the privacy of the boys was far more severe than today. Sometimes the strained relations between boys and owners seeped home to indignant parental ears. One irate father sent this information to the administration of the time: "I have to call your attention to the foul as well as profane language which Mr. B..... has used and to Mrs. B.....'s conduct in entering boys' rooms unannounced and at a time when they were not in attire proper for her reception."

Nor did they eat better or in larger portions than we; boys even then were occupied with our same overworked complaint. The food, they felt, was cold, soft, and colorless. The contemporary Benner House was an establishment downtown called Pike's Oyster Saloon, where boys were wont to regale themselves with oyster stews at lawful or unlawful hours, in preference to their proper eating places. Even the school catalogue of the 1880's was straightforward in its evaluation: "The accommodations provided in the Commons are very plain, and intended expressly for those who wish to make their expenses small."

The dormitory facilities of the times were far more barren and tough than anything we know of. The old Latin Commons consisted of a row of wooden, poor-looking buildings, the only lavatory accommodations being a pump down the street. Students were expected to pump their own water, buy their own wood, and build their own fires. Concerning these buildings, Dr. Fuess, in his book, tells of Dr. Bancroft guiding through the Commons a man who was debating between Andover and Exeter as the school for his son. The man walked cautiously through the chilly, narrow halls, smelling the foul odors, and abruptly decided that P.A. was the school for his boy. "Good," said Dr. Bancroft. "Yes," continued the man, "any institution which can keep the fine reputation which Andover has, and yet lodge its students in such disreputable barracks, must have about it some miraculous quality I want my son to learn to know."

The working day of the oldtime schoolboy was exacting to extremes, particularly for those on scholarship. A letter written by John Smith of the class of 1850 gives some idea of the stiffness of the schedule. "... rise in the morning at about 5:30 o'clock, build two fires, work around the barn, such as milk one cow, take care of the horses, and saw wood until 7:30, when I eat my breakfast. . . I prepare for school and look over my lesson, if I have time, till 8:30, when I attend prayers in the Academy. My recitations commence at 9:00, continue till 10:30, then go to my room and study till 12 o'clock, chore around till about 1 o'clock. Afternoon recitations, 1:30 to 3, study till 4:30, prayers at the Academy till 5, work till dark, supper. . . ." But doing the horses was not the only, or even the most onerous, of the chores.

Another youngster writes with complaint of his situation: "But the greatest trouble is, we have to earn our bread and then pay for it. Yesterday they started about twenty of us out in the field after dinner to pulling weeds among the potatoes. They made us work there about an hour, when it was time for me to recite, and I had no lesson in consequence. But that wasn't all; this afternoon I, with about half a dozen others, was told to go to work pulling weeds again. . . ."

Often, too, all of these trials, hardships, and frustrations of life on the Hill did not fail to have their effects on the boys themselves. It is found that the school was not unaccustomed to receive ornate letters from young people's rest homes and sanitoriums requesting the addresses of boys who had been recently afflicted with breakdowns of any sort. In addition to these, the following letter was found describing the condition of a boy who was not long returned from the academy: "So far all appears well. Charles now walks in dry places. His hand has become steady and his countenance is much improved."

Despite all of these difficulties and breakdowns the boys themselves seemed to register little active complaint. Rebellions were few and small. The alumni of this period, in fact, generally looked back upon the stiff classical curriculum and occasional knuckle-bashings to which they had been submitted with a great deal of tolerance and even fondness. One letter from an alumnus at Princeton reflects this feeling well: "I look back with much pleasure upon my Andover residence and since leaving Old Phillips I have seen nothing that goes to lower her in my opinion, then formed, that she is a model preparatory school."



*The Friendly Stores
where you get
Low Prices
and
Top Value Stamps*

Perhaps one of the reasons that Andover alumni often looked backwards with a rosy glow to their old alma mater was the very pranks they had pulled in disobedience and parody of her. There being no such diversions as athletics, movies, and model railroad clubs, the boys in knickerbockers were obliged to find a vent for their energies in the form of satirical capers. The mock programs which students published in parody of the spring graduation exercises were endeavors of intellect and wit which must have afforded them many hours of clandestine glee. The authors of these programs would take advantage of the shortcomings as well of the first initials of chosen men on campus. The trick was to make the initials correspond with a witty statement of the individual's fault, as well as to give him a humorously characteristic speech. An English Oration of "It's a long lane that never ends" was given to Continually Everlasting Lane, or C. E. Lane, who must have been something of a blowhard. In the English play, Wildly Conceited Howard was announced as playing the part of swell-head, while Jonah Kastaway Tiffany portrayed "a Fejee savage in the disguise of an ape." Horrible Rascal McLane told "How I went home with my cousin," while Screech Owl Allen gave the Greek Dissertation (Gas.)

Once they got the cows milked, I'd say they had as much fun as we do.

— N. F. Jessup

Literary & Logoaedic

Pickett's Charge

"Move out," he said,
"Move out across the field."

They moved with feet of lead,
Their bodies steeled
Against the threat of still, dark death,
Which permeated every mind and soul.

They did not want to gasp their final breath
In Gettysburg, that stinking Yankee hole
Which they had reached the first day of July
In the summer of Eighteen-hundred and sixty-
three,

Under a cloud-flecked, bright-blue Yankee sky.

Small Gettysburg had now become the key
To all the North. If they could win this hill
The slave would sleep in chains forevermore;
They could go home and hear the whipporwill
And do the things which they had done before.

The Yankee guns blasted into the lines,
Smashed bloody swathes through the long
ranks of men.



"Some Hill, Huh?"

"Not much further," I thought as I approached the hill. My sweat clothes clung tight, and I began the long climb. The sun beat down. What th' heck was I doing? I liked Cross-country, but not when my throat was dry and hot, not when my head pounded and bushes blurred by. My legs burned deep inside. This damn hill was steep and long. I struggled to the curve, hoping the job was done; but the final wearing section was still there. Up, up, and—the sandy road bed pulled at my feet—over! I was free again. "It was easy," I convinced myself as I untangled straining muscles and bubbled down the long returning slope. It had been a good workout, and the shower felt great.

I closed my eyes as the warm water washed down. Had I taken a good pace? Did my feet feel good? Yes, it was a good workout, and I'll be ready for Saturday. I'd show 'em what I had. You've got to be a little tougher than the next guy. "You've got to be competitive, you've got to have drive." That's what my swimming coach had told me. At the time I was swimming for my little high school. The first seventy-five yards was easy. As I hit the last lap, my throat and chest burned. I wanted to quit, but I found myself leading. "Give me all you've got on the last one," the coach had said. Then I had heard the man in back. His rough and powerful butterfly splashed nearer. I took one, two, three hard strokes and went limp. He crashed on by. "You've got to get tough and compete," I told myself. A cold spray jarred me back to the shower room. I weighed out.

The next several days were much the same. Into those stinking sweat clothes, through the lousy exercises, over the hill, and back to the shower. Everyone talked less after workouts. They were all getting ready for Saturday's meet.

Friday's workout was very light. On the way to the gym, Charlie Sawman asked me, "Are you ready for Heartbreak tomorrow?" Seeing I was somewhat confused, he continued. "The hill, Heartbreak Hill, are you ready for it? They say it's tough in a race. Half th' guys won't make it."

"You bet I'm ready," I answered. An excited emptiness passed through my stomach.

I was in bed early Friday night. I shifted away from the glaring light and began thinking about the coming race. I saw myself gliding over the course. My chest expanded as I burst the tape and smiled at the cheering crowd. Then Charlie's words sifted through my mind. "It's tough in a race. Half th' guys won't make old Heartbreak." I knew he was wrong.

I had run that hill twenty times before. It was easy. Let's see—the hill starts after about one and three-fourths miles of running. I might be a little tired by then, but I'm in pretty good shape. The hill will be steep, and long, and full of rocks. Watch out for those rocks and the turn. Take the first 280 yards slow and steady. Then, after you hit the turn, pour it into those last seventy-five yards. You've got to watch out for that lousy sand though. Don't let it drag you down. I'd sure like to get one more look at old Heartbreak before the race. Shouldn't be too tough. Heartbreak is quite a hill though. You've just got to get in and drive. Yes, you can lick Heartbreak with a little luck and guts. Watch out for old Heartbreak cause it's a mighty tough hill in a race and . . . Heartbreak Hill eh. . .

Chuck rudely awakened me in time for breakfast. I rolled out of bed and into Commons. It was good to eat a big breakfast before an afternoon meet. Take it easy on lunch though. No milk. I'd had cramps before, and they're hell. Every breath is a stab, and every step a jerk at your guts. No milk at lunch for me. You've just got to relax in this sport. You've got all morning before the race. It's only a race.

Charlie dropped into the chair beside me. After he had tied his tie, he quietly inquired, "How do you feel?"

I managed a smile and said, "Great. Just great, thanks."

Race time approached, and I was glad. As we worked through the warm-up exercises, I settled down. I was warm and calm. Then I felt the twinge. It was just a little pulling in my right side, but I knew I'd better watch out. I did several sit-ups, and the twinge appeared to be gone.

I drifted toward the starting line, and we were off. Should I try to lead or pace myself more carefully? I felt good. My legs were springing as I moved up to the front pack. The cool air lifted me. It was great. I breathed deeply. Everything smelled sweet. The flowers, the sweat. . . exotic perfumes. There was that damn twinge. I straightened up and pushed out my belly. I gritted my teeth, but the twinge was gone. Now just relax, don't get tight. Just go smooth; it's all right now. This is just a nice steady grind. Go. Go. I hit the three quarters mile mark in about five minutes. No sweat clothes today. It was easy.

My shoulders tightened up a little. I began to shake them. Good, gone. The path pounded my feet, and I moved on. I was doing well, but it was getting a little tougher. No! It was

easy. Look far ahead. See the tall trees and the sky. See the trees wave gently in the cool air. But nearby, the bushes began to blur. My breath was coming a little faster, a little jerkier, but there was no twinge. Just look far ahead. Now the flowers smelled metallic; my sweat was acrid. Just look ahead. See the waving trees and move on.

I began to push. I edged to the front of the pack and steamed over the bridge. There was the hill! I saw the deceptive first section. It was coaxing me. Cunning, the way that section tried to sap my strength. But I was too smart. I sucked the burning air through my clenching teeth. I moved steadily on, but the damn gravel started roiling under my feet. My skin was ice-cold, but my legs burned hot inside. Up, up, and still there was the hill. I leaned in and pressed harder. The turn lay just ahead. My head throbbed. Only a little more after the turn. Then came the twinge, or maybe it was the tightness before the twinge. I rounded the turn and straightened up. I forced down the burning air. Scritch, scritch, scritch. Footsteps? Did someone follow? Who? The sand sucked at my shoes. Not far to go. That's funny. Only half make it, and I'm over half done. There is that twinge. Charlie was right. Heartbreak is harder in a race. Damned cramp. No! Only a twinge. Scritch, scritch, scritch. I was dying on the hill. Scritch, scritch, scritch. He came closer. Show him. Show him now. This is it. Now, now! I glanced at the top. It was far. . . too far. He charged close by me. Was there anything left but hill? My legs ached, my throat burned, my belly racked with pain. I ran. Ten steps further, twenty steps, thirty. I dragged to a stop. Several minutes later, Charlie came up to me. He breathed out at me, "Some hill, huh?" I managed a slow jog on up.

— M. H. Gail



Andover Inn

A Treadway Inn

On the Campus of
Phillips Academy

ROBERT N. FRASER, *Innkeeper*

Compliments of . . .

A Friend

Dakotalands

A thick sky hung over old grey soil
As through the flatland sea we sped;
The nameless sod, not sown, uncut,
Lifeless lay, yet still undead.

Gullies dry and lone-speared trees,
Or dead on the concrete a battered crow;
These were the earmarks of the land—
No churing creek or grazing cow.

No wind ruffled the ancient weeds;
The uncracked sky hung dark as lead.
Roadside sage, thorny and stiff,
Whispered hoarsely at our speed.

There it lies, a hairy crust,
Tortured by the mounting sun—
Never green nor ever dead,
Lies forever moribund.

— N. F. Jessup

* * *

The Ballad Of A-Hundred-Sixth St.

The Buzzards' turf was a-hundred-third:
The Hawks' was a-hundred-tenth.
The Buzzards' chief was Jimmy O'Rouke,
And the Hawks' was Freddy Kent.

Jimmy O'Rouke was a mountain
Six feet high and four wide;
His hair was red like fire,
And his heart was fire inside.

Freddy Kent was a wiseguy,
Tough and proud and sly.
His hate was a hate like murder,
And Freddy wasn't scared to die.

Mary O'Keefe was pretty,
But she was cruel and clever and bad:
She knew no love or kindness,
But a love for blood she had.

Both Jimmy and Freddy loved Mary,
And Mary loved Jimmy O'Rouke.
That was the cause of the downfall,
Of the two toughest clubs in New York.

Now Mary went up to Freddy's;
She said "Here's what you can do:
If you fight and knock over the Buzzards,
Jimmy and me are through."

Then Mary O'Keefe said to Jimmy,
"Do you love me enough to fight?
If you go and challenge the Hawk club,
You'll get my love that night."

Jimmy's soul was desire;
"I ain't no chicken," he said;
"Tomorrow on a-hundred-sixth street,
Freddy or me'll be dead."

A-hundred-sixth street was quiet;
Buzzards and Hawks were set;
But Freddy Kent was no sucker,
He was out for Jimmy's head.

Zip! went a-hundred-ten switchblades;
The battle went tough and fast,
When, Crack! came a shot from a rooftop—
Freddy was even at last.

Jimmy fell down in the gutter;
He was down but his boys weren't out.
Fifteen Buzzards caught Freddy Kent,
And stabbed him with a shout.

Nineteen hearts had stopped beating,
And thirty bodies got hurt;
Many were smeared with blood that night,
And Mary O'Keefe with dirt.

That was the end of the Buzzards;
That was the end of the Hawks;
Their story tells how a woman
Licked the two toughest clubs in New York.

D. G. Epstein



The New Era

At long last, a new era has begun in the field of foreign travel. No longer does one have to own oil wells in Texas or be president of a department store chain to be able to enjoy the cultural advantages and social prestige which a trip abroad entails. No longer is it necessary to waste long months agonizing over the details of itineraries. No longer must the less well off endure the dirt and discomfort of European trains and low-class hotels or expose themselves to the dangers of impure water and uninspected meat. Never before has it been possible to travel so inexpensively, effortlessly, and safely.

Every year the steamship lines are offering faster, more economical service. The concept of a ship as a mere means of transportation, however, is fast becoming a thing of the past. Once on board, the voyager's every whim is pampered. At every meal he is treated to expert Continental cuisine, and afterward he may retire to his spacious and airy cabin with a book, go up on deck to enjoy the superb ocean scenery, or even engage in a spirited game of tennis or shuffleboard with some of his athletically-minded companions. If he feels inclined, he may take a refreshing plunge in one of the ship's indoor swimming pools, or indulge in a turkish bath. In the afternoon he could take an elevator down to the barber shop for a

As soon as the ship comes into port, the voyagers are met by experienced representatives of the motor coach lines who advise them as to the best ways to conceal things in their luggage so as to avoid embarrassment at customs, and who generally make themselves useful. Within hours of the debarkation, the traveller is comfortably seated in an air-conditioned coach with large, anti-glare windows in the sides and roof. Soon the bus starts to move, and the tour of Europe, formerly the exclusive privilege of the American millionaire, has commenced. Soon the passengers become acquainted with each other, and heart-warming conversation is struck up. "You come from Wichita, Kansas! Well *isn't* that a coincidence. Why my aunt. . ." Thus the hours of the day pass quickly. Every so often one is herded out of the bus to join a guided tour of some ancient ruin, and periodically their own guides asks for attention to point some scenic landscape, but fortunately these interruptions are infrequent. And as for worries, they are the farthest notion from the traveller's mind. Every night the bus is sure to unload its cargo of tired humanity in front of some first class hotel where they can order an American-style dinner in English, take a hot bath, and sleep peacefully in a comfortable bed. Those New York travel agents are so efficient.

When at last the time comes to return, the bus passengers part sorrowfully, promising to look each other up as soon as they get back to the States. It is sad to be leaving Europe, the land of culture and our ancient heritage behind, but then, there's no place like home.

— J. W. Ewell



Johnny's Supermarket

43 PARK STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

Gautama And The Beggars

The world is a treasure ball, when you're seven. Tear at the crepe paper ribbon and you find little plastic elephants and bells and candy and anything that's little so it can fit inside. Life is reading everything and going to school by yourself and singing, and howling when your mother takes out splinters, and bike-riding and going rowing on Sunday in the park.

When you're seven maybe you listen to Big Jon and Sparkie on the radio, and if you're brave you keep the radio under the covers and listen when your mother thinks you're asleep. You listen to the same station at night that Big Jon and Sparkie is on in the daytime. If it has *them* on it, it must be good. Anyway every Saturday night there's this guy on who talks very fast. Its a news program. If you're seven you listen.

Because you're seven and you're lucky you don't know too much about dying. You know people die but so what. You don't think about dying yourself. But you're curious about everything and so when this guy says the Russians want to take over the world and they have the A-bomb and they can blow up New York and kill everybody. . . well, then you might think about the floor breaking and you falling and the ceiling falling on you. You begin to get scared of the Russians. You're only a little scared, but you're scared.

But then say one day you and Mom and Dad go for a ride in the car and you're in the back seat between noisy generators and coal towers and the river, and you're going under tunnels and the man on the radio talks about war and you wonder if the bridge from the coal towers to the generator building breaks and the tower falls on you and the generators blow up and make a big noise. Then you sit very still and close your eyes tight and think about the Russians and being dead.

And in school they have take-cover drills where the teacher closes the shades and everyone gets under his desk and hides his eyes with his back to the window and gets out from under the hanging ceiling lights. Now you're scared and you wish all the Russians would die and when you walk home you walk far out on the curb so the falling buildings won't hit you when the bomb falls on the Empire State Building.

Then maybe if you're sick at home you hear a siren at ten o'clock in the morning. You know they have tests at noon so you think this is the real thing so you jump with your sister under the blankets and the bed and turn off the radio. You're very scared but you are ready to die and hope it won't hurt and you put your little sister under you so she won't get hurt and you hold her very tight to protect her from the ceiling when it falls and then you hear what you know is the all clear siren. You're still scared but you're more curious to know what happened so you go downstairs to the fat brown maid with the big loud voice and tell her what happened and she laughs and laughs and shows her teeth, and her fat bosoms and her rear end waggles and bounces and you feel stupid, but you're not afraid of the Russians or the bomb or anything any more.

The sun is shining, and you take your bike out and ride it to the awning but no further because that big kid from Third Avenue said he'd hit you if you ride past the awning, and the world is a treasure ball, and you're seven, and school is tomorrow.

— D. G. Epstein

Three Ring Circus

They thronged through the doors. John with a caricaturist's eye scanned faces, as he was thrust along amid the crowd. He watched little groups form from the bubbling mass of high spirits. Some tried to get taxis, which were scarce. Standing in the middle of the crowd, John placed his hands in his pockets, casually but a bit self-consciously, and turned a cynical eye upon the people around him. He glanced with amusement from a creasing grin and a mole-nose to an intent black eye or a pleasant female smile. A thousand "terrifics" spurted back and forth in the overflow of meaningless babbling, topped with the choking mist of cigarette smoke. John thought he derived immense satisfaction from this sort of observation from within. The evening should have been satisfying; one had merely to look around to see that. He coughed and felt a pang of regret. He wanted so much to be an artist, to create. But of course that was impossible; he hadn't the ability. He heard "Oh, and this is Doctor. . . ." "A doctor, a leach autrefois," he mused. Soon he perceived that the conversation around him was becoming less animated. The theater, having hustled any stray persons from the lobby, shut its doors, then rubbed out and brushed off all stain and trace of the crowd. People said graceful "goodbyes" and parted.

John found himself walking west, a djinn wrapped in a yellow cloud of sophistication. He remembered involuntarily his experience of two nights before, when he had gone to see a play on its last night at a theater in the village. He had taken the subway. The stop was five blocks from the theater. He had passed along the edge of a park and caught sight of a sailor staggering to a bench, following a woman, it seemed. They had reached the bench, and the woman had pressed down next to the sailor and had begun to caress him expertly. John had turned his head away and quickened his steps. He had been uneasy during the play and had just gaped when his neighbor commented, smiling, "Beautiful job. You could call this entertainment—none of that cheap Broadway musical stuff."

The Academy Barber Shop

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John had now passed out of the great blaze into darker, more squalid streets. He wondered, embarrassed and annoyed, "Why did I have to gape?" Then he remembered again, with a bit of relief. He had hesitated about taking the same way back to the subway, but he had thought he might get lost on a different street and therefore had been brave. Finally, he had even crossed to the park and had peered in, vainly, impotently; of course the sailor had not been there—three hours—what stupidity.

John now felt for the first time the cool night air which smelled of garbage and garlic and cooked cabbage. The yellow cloud left him awakening to the little world of three-storied houses of filthy brownstone. Perhaps this had been a "good" neighborhood once. Now cheap yellow-lighted shades seemed pasted to the windows. It was so grubby and romantically lonely at the same time. "Like the mayor's wife who inspects the slums and thinks they're horrible—mysterious, too—since I've never lived there," thought John. The basements of some of the buildings were taken up by cabarets, lighted pale green, where men were leaning at the bar or sleeping at tables. A green hell. All of a sudden John caught sight of a man lying huddled in a darkened doorway. Two great sheets of cardboard were wrapped and tied about him. John stared for a moment. When he was about to turn away, the man's eyes opened and blinking, focused on John, very quietly. "Heah you see lyin' a po' brothah." John wanted to give something to the man but somehow he was not able—neither money nor stranger kindness. So he left the man.

At 10th Ave. John saw a cab, that luckily had no passenger, waiting for the light. He tried to adopt a callous attitude—in the city a man lying in a doorway was not uncommon. Then John was immersed in self-pity—he could not create, sad, sad. "Selfish—wana be an artist? hah! You miserable J. Alfred!" he jeered at himself. From inside the cab John watched the blur of lights go by. He reached home and climbed the steps of his fashionable brownstone apartment house. He immediately turned on the radio, when he entered the flat, and half-listened to an Italian baroque concerto. There was no comfort in anything. "God," he said to himself, "I've just got to get out of this damned flea circus. Everyone takes what they can—fleas on a bitch."

"Best thing, to go into the country and have a farm or at least a garden," John thought. But then, he thought so many things.

— S. M. Dingilian

Duncan Hines Recommends—

This affair has had me pretty worried for some time now, and I haven't quite decided what to do about it. But if I remember correctly, it all started about two weeks ago. Spring had just arrived. The buds were starting to come out on the big oak tree by my window, and I began to be awakened by bird songs early in the morning. And that is when the strange actions of my housemaster, which are the cause of my fears, began. And they have not yet stopped, nor will they stop, until he reaches the climax of his diabolical scheme.

It seemed an innocuous thing when I first saw it—a shiny new barbecue in the garden. The whole building vibrated with activity for days, until, after much hard labor, my housemaster got it installed over a shallow brick pit near the rose bed. At the time I did not realize its particular significance in his plan.

Then last week I was awakened from an afternoon nap by noises which would have made a boiler factory look sick by comparison. It seems that a brand-new deep freeze was being moved into the kitchen under the supervision of my housemaster's wife. It looked as though she was planning to lay in a large supply of food. I have a vague recollection of wondering if her husband had done some hunting or fishing before I turned over and went back to sleep.

I noticed another strange thing recently—unlike most gardens, the one at our dorm contains mostly vegetables and herbs, rather than the pretty flowers found in others. I figured that our housemaster and family were planning on a real feast!

Then two days ago the packages began to arrive. One after another they streamed in. Berberia Cutlery Co., Aunt Virginia's Barbecue Sauce, Inc.—it read like a roll-call of the Immortals. I deduced that possibly a faculty banquet was in the offing, but of course I could not come right out and ask what was going on.

It was only this morning, then, that it hit me. It was so simple, so obvious, and yet so horrifying, that I was struck dumb—what could I do? to whom could I turn? I did not know. You see, I realized his plan when I saw the note this afternoon—the note on my housemaster's door.

BOYS—YOU ARE INVITED TO A
BARBECUE IN OUR GARDEN
TOMORROW AT TWO O'CLOCK.

....

Your Housemaster

I can see how naive I had been in wondering why their son had suddenly been allowed to partake of candy, cookies, soda, and other goodies, which he had formerly been forbidden to touch. How foolish I had been not to see why the poor innocent lad was never allowed to take exercise! Those grisly, macabre devils!!

But I've got to be careful. I can't let them know I've found them out. You see.....I may be next!

— H. A. Fennerty

* * * *

The Huckle Is A Happy Beast

The huckle is a happy beast,
It roams from frome to frome,
And dwinkles when the dindly sets
Below the fundry gnome.

Confronted with an angry snab,
It often snarps its wrath,
But soon mininkles into smiles,
And happily skips amath.

— E. R. Shapiro

* * *

*title suggested by a science fiction story

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Initiation

That day, the sky which roofed the playground seemed to reflect the motley of emotions which crossed the face of the boy who watched the game. The sky hung low over the playground and prepared to frown cold water on his already huddled shoulders.

There were large patches of dirty grey water on the surface of the court; after bouncing through these, the basketball left only a few ridges of white skin on the hands of the four boys in the game. The watching boy could see that their shirt cuffs were dark and wet.

As he tried to summon the force to shove him into the blind pattern of action which would put him beyond the barrier of the fence, he stared intently at the players. Physically, at least, they were not so different from him. But their pants were tight blue jeans with turned up cuffs, and his were grey flannel. He bitterly regretted those pants and he wished he could run home and change them, but he could not break the spell the nervous, wheeling game had on him.

He imagined himself walking forward toward the players, who were waiting for him with friendly smiling faces. He saw them suddenly notice his grey flannels which had grown larger and now engulfed his whole body in their betraying greyness. With overpowering deliberation the players turned their backs on him. Suddenly the boy started and began to climb the fence which separated him from the court. The hard metal held the boy anchored securely for a moment amid the welter of his apprehensions. He stood balanced on the top of the fence, a swimmer on the edge of an enormous swimming pool. Then, with a smile at his own hesitation, he dropped into the playground.

The playground was filled ten feet deep with fear, fear and dread of failure, and as he dropped from the fence, he felt it swallow first his legs, then his stomach, and finally his throat. He wanted to claw himself back over the fence before his feet hit the ground and he was completely submerged.

He fell to his knees and did not dare to look up. The purple gravel by the edge of the fence smelled cool and earthy; so he scooped up a few of the hard pebbles in his hand. Almost immediately he slammed them back on the ground and said to himself, "God damn it to hell."

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He suddenly realized the ridiculousness of the agony he was putting himself through. He realized that there was no reason why he shouldn't turn around, re-climb the fence, and leave this little exploit for another day. He rose to go, but before he could turn away he was stopped by a new idea. The players might notice him as he was climbing the fence and laugh at his flight. This was far more terrible to him than that they might laugh at his approach.

He stood, and knew that because he had considered giving up he was trapped now; and must go on. He now examined the game in detail. The four players were playing a two-on-two game, using only the basket farthest away from him because the other backboard was split. Behind the good backboard was a low cement wall. From the wall hung four brown leather jackets, creased and softened by wear. Looking from these jackets to the game, the boy was slightly terrified by the uncontrolled, good-natured savagery of the players. The most intimidating of these was the biggest boy, who was probably seventeen. He was arrogantly conscious of his superior strength and height; he pushed his opponents to and fro under the basket as he rebounded, and rarely designed to pass the ball to his teammate, the smallest of the boys. As he watched them, the boy could discover no pattern in the movement of the three bigger boys, but the smallest boy moved in an undeviating orbit round the outer edge of the game. He dashed from one corner, around the players, to the corner on the other side of the basket, shouting to the biggest boy, "Here, here!" He would stand fidgeting in the far corner for a second, and then go dashing back, still calling, "Here, here!"

All this the boy absorbed, and finally he began advancing along the wall of one of the stucco houses which bordered the playground. He kept his eyes on the game in front of him, guiding himself by keeping one hand against the wall. Every time the game slowed down or stopped he would shrink back against the house. The game went on: shot, missed, rebound, dribble, ball stolen, shot, basket. The silent on-looker shrank back until the game started up again. Never letting his eyes off the game, the boy advanced again, stopped again, advanced again, and suddenly there was no wall under his hand. He was beyond the house and on the court itself. Realizing that he was out on the stage, he tried to relax his shoulders, straighten out his slightly crouched position and look like a casual spectator. He felt as though he had been cast adrift in a bottle enclosed with glass through which a million eyes were staring at him. He was suddenly quite calm.

The game was right in front of him now and he wanted to ask if he could play. He couldn't force his voice through his throat. He tried harder and said hoarsely, "Can I play?" There was no reaction from the players. The boy wondered whether they had heard. He tried again, louder this time. "Can I play?" Not daring to ask a third time he stood and waited, his face slowly flushing with embarrassment. The players still did not seem to notice him, but the game was slowing down. Like a top, the action spun crazily for a second, then ceased altogether. "Sure," said the biggest boy matter-of-factly, "You three against him and me."

— D. M. Kennedy



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Let's Go

"Hey man, you want to go someplace?"

"Yeah. You goin' someplace?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

So we go, out of town, and when we get on Ninety-Six old Tony opens her up. About half-way to Millton I notice he's doin' ninety. Tony drives like a madman and doesn't care. Highway Ninety-Six is one of these real twisty woodsy roads, you know, and you can't see around the next curve for more than about five hundred feet anywhere on her, but Tony goes bombin' along like he was on the Freeway.

"Hey, let's not take off."

"I'm in a hurry, man."

"You're in a hurry to crack up. Waddya mean, 'you're in a hurry'? You know we ain't gonna do nothin' when we get to Millton, except turn around and come back. Every damn' time you drive over to Millton you go like a bat out of Purgatory, and what does it get you? Nothin'! I just don't want to be around when you smash this buggy up, 'cause when you do it's gonna be a doozer."

"Quit worryin'. I don't worry."

"But what you gotta be in such a hurry for?"

Compliments of . . .

A Friend

"I want to get to Millton, that's all, man. Just relax. Nothin's gonna happen."

We pull out to pass and swerve onto the shoulder. The back end swings around into the ditch, but Tony pulls her out and keeps goin'.

"Take it easy. We coulda rolled over then. Judas priest!"

"Big deal. We coulda took a little roll."

"'Little roll.' A little roll can just a little kill you."

"Oh man, don't worry so much. I've rolled over before and it wasn't nothin'. Hadda go to the hospital for a while, and it banged up the heap some, that's all. Got outta school for a month."

"Yeah, that's all. In the hospital a month or maybe the morgue, just 'cause you were in a rush to get to big Millton, the Paris of the Middle West."

"Well, what do you come along for, if you don't like Millton? You know that's where I'm goin'. You could stay home."

"Maybe I like to get outta Johntown once in a while."

"So maybe I do too."

"Yeah, but you can get out at forty just as easy as eighty."

"Maybe I'm in a hurry to get out. There's nothin' wrong with bein' in a hurry. Everybody in the country's in a hurry. Everybody in the world's in a hurry. Look at the new high-power cars. Look at the new jet airliners. Everybody's in a hurry to get goin' someplace, even if they don't know where they're goin'. I'm no different."

We get into Millton and Tony slows down.

"Lemme off at Mike's."

Tony pulls over in front of the pool hall and I get out.

"I'm goin' around to see if the guys are doin' anything. I'll pick you up here if I don't see you before. About five-thirty."

"Ok."

Tony spins out in the gravel and screeches around the corner. I start into the pool hall but just then I hear brakes squeal and then one hell of a crash. I get around the corner just in time to see Tony's gas tank go, and scatter car parts and Tony all over the street. The guy he swerved to miss didn't get nothin'. He's just standin' there with his mouth open.

I knew Tony pretty good, and the whole thing kinda breaks me up. I try to think philosophic thoughts, like you know, did Tony finally get where he was goin', things like that. But by the time it's all over the police arrive and tell me to shove off, it's gettin' pretty late and I got to worry about gettin' a ride back to Johntown. Even with somethin' like that, there's nothin' much to do in Millton. Millton's another good place to get away from.

World War III

The old man followed the trail that was cleared by the invaders and by their guns and cannons dragging behind in the dirt. While they were marching they stirred up clouds of dust, but now that they were gone, it had settled back on the leaves, drooping them to the ground. He half-looked for dead bodies along the way, but he knew he would find none; for there had been no resistance. It had all happened too fast. He stopped to lean against a tree whose bark had been scraped off close to the roots. He wiped his forehead and neck with a soiled handkerchief and shoved it deep into his back pocket. Down the hill behind him there was more dust, rising in billowing clouds. Somewhere in the dust were more tanks and guns and soon they would crawl over the hill like caterpillars. What a rotten mess tanks make, he thought, as he shifted his rifle with a jerk of the shoulder and started up the path again. What a rotten mess the whole goddamned war is. He punctuated his words with a spit of warm saliva that landed in a glob in the dust. Ahead of him on the very top of the hill he could see the burnt-black framework of the farmhouse naked against the sky. Parts of the wreckage were still smoldering and one large timber burned brightly in the center. The smoke from the cinders around made it seem like mist and even darker than it was. In back he could see the barn still standing and bits of hay out through the boards which were red and peeling. There was an enemy soldier lying near the fire. The old man searched him, found a pistol, 3 grenades, and 12 cartridges, and entered the barn.

"They are coming," he shouted wearily as he climbed the wooden ladder to the hayloft.

"We know," the big one said, helping him up with a large hand that fitted completely around his arm. "We have been watching the dust through the cracks."

"It should not be long now," the old man said.

"No, but the hill will slow them up some."

The old man leaned his rifle against the wall and put the grenades on a bale of hay nearby. He nodded a greeting to the others. "Where is Rudy?" he asked.

"He died in the fire," the big one said.

"He was lucky," the towhead said, grinning weakly.

"Did you see tanks?" asked a young boy who was sitting with his back against the wall. His face was very hard but there was a dampness in his eyes.

"No, I could not see through the dust," the old man said. "I heard them though."

"Tanks?"

"I think so—tanks or trucks."

The old man took off his coat which was red checked only the cheeks were dirty so you couldn't see them, spread it on the hay and sat down.

"What I don't like is the waiting," the towhead said. "We just sit and watch them come."

"Maybe we should retreat," the young boy asked.

"Retreat? Where?" demanded the big one.

"Anywhere. There must be a better place than this."

"There is no other place. They have bombed everything big enough to be seen from an airplane."

"What about the defensive?" the towhead asked.

"Besides we might meet the first troops."

"Do you know what happened to the defensive, Eric?" The old man shook his head.

"They hit the Capital with three hydrogen bombs," the big one said, making no effort to hide the hatred in his voice. "And without warning."

"This is a good place," the old man said to the boy. "We are better here."

The old man laid back resting his head on his arms and looked at the inside of the barn. In the rear of the loft there were bundles of hay neatly stacked. In one corner it was in a mound that had been packed smooth by leaking rain water, but over the rest of the floor it was loose and spread evenly. He hoped it was too wet to burn. The little light that there was came from an opening in the western side probably, he thought, for loading and unloading the bales of hay. He noticed that holes big enough for a rifle barrel had been kicked through the wall nearby. The walls themselves were straight and high and rose a good distance before disappearing into darkness. But they were rotten. He could smell their moldy-black rottenness. The wind and the rain had decayed them as easily as the fire had destroyed the farmhouse, and time too had helped.

A sudden feeling swept him and then was gone. It was the strange but not uncommon feeling that he had been there before and that everything was happening now just as it did then. It left him uneasy because of its very vagueness and he tried to recapture it but it would not come. He closed his eyes. The image of the beams above was imprinted in dark outline on red and yellow flashes against the background. It slowly faded and brought the memory of another barn.

They had a fort deep under the hay and they could burrow down and hide if anyone came. And there was a beam with a rope. They would go swinging out into a world of blinding light, clinging to the rope like grapes on a stem. Then they would slide back, laughing and screaming, into drunken darkness. Sliding all the way, almost to death itself then slowing and motionless and slipping back into daylight once more.

It was dark when he awoke and raining. Drops of water fell through holes in the roof noiselessly into the hay around him. He lept to his feet and the towhead who had been kneeling by the opening came over grinning.

"They stopped for the night," he explained. "The night and the rain stopped them."

"Where are the others?"

"Outside."

They went down the ladder into the rain, helped build the tank barricades. They cut the trees to fall along the crest of the hill and locked the branches together. Over them they threw bushes with thorns and barbs, and in front they dug a wide trench that turned to mud as they worked. Finally, they cleared the area between the barn and the blockade, laid trip wires, and set up foot traps. The old man and the towhead dragged the soldier under a tree. Then these two and the big one drew lots for his uniform. The big one won, but he said he would give it to the boy. Meanwhile, in the barn the boy had found a cow eating hay out of the feeder. He tied her to the stall and milked her before the big one cut her throat. A big fire was soon blazing and the towhead

"There are always empty bottles. This world is full of them. Do you believe in the empty bottle, Nick?"

"I can think of more exciting things," the big one said.

"But yours is a blind faith," the towhead said. "You put all your belief up in the clouds and don't save any for down here."

"You're an atheist," the big one said bluntly.

"You're a fool, which is worse. You say your faith gives you comfort, I'll take vodka, thanks."

"Mine is lasting and there is no hangover," the big one said pleasantly.

"You say your faith gives you courage. It is the courage of a coward."

Now the big one lost the smile and he stared sharply at the towhead who continued, undaunted.

"Your god is protection against the worms."

The big one started to speak but he was cut short.

"My God! How can you believe? Where were you when Rudy was in the fire? He believed too, just like you, but you heard the noises he made. What happened to your lord of mercy then?"

"Stop it! For God's sake," cried the boy.

"What happened to your lord of justice when you are up in the tree and watch the jingoists run below and see the smiles on their faces? Or did you climb up to the next branch?"

The big one lept up, flailing the hay around him, and groped for his revolver. When he finally got it out he stared at it stupidly and then threw it weakly in the corner. The towhead whose fingers had pierced the bale he was sitting on, relaxed.

"You are too stupid to ask questions," he said.

But this time the big one avoided his eyes and went down the ladder and out into the rain.

When the fire fell to a dim glow and then faded out, all talking stopped, for their words sounded hollow in the darkness. Each was left alone with his own thoughts until physical or mental exhaustion or both would bring on sleep. The old man was lying on his side near the opening with his jacket pulled tight around his shoulders. He stared out into the night and thought about how sweet it was and how many thousands of other nights he had seen. He was old, though, and he thought about that too. It brought him comfort, so he thought about it for a long while.

The boy thought about death and wondered what position he would die in and if his body would be buried or left somewhere until a dog or some other animal would come along and sniff his feet before it ate them. He thought about the jingoists also and tried to hate them. The towhead thought about many things and felt better now that Nick was wandering around outside in the dark.

In the morning the old man was the first one awake. The rain had stopped sometime during the night and he saw wet leaves glisten in the sunlight. But there was something else—the sound of metal treads grinding on rocks and trees crashing to the ground. The tanks were coming and already near. The thought stung him. He turned over. The others were still sleeping and Nick had not returned during the night. His revolver was still lying in the corner. The old man rose, shook the bits of straw off his jacket, and went outside to check the foot traps. It was then that he saw the other troops. At first he thought it was the sun playing with the shadows, but then he realized that they were soldiers. There were no tanks or large guns, but there were many men, he could see that. He went back into the barn, woke the towhead, and showed him through the cracks.

"They could be ours," the towhead said. "But they might be the first troops coming back."

"What should we do?" asked the old man.

"Wait," the towhead replied simply. He stared kindly into the old man's eyes and there was a hint of hope in his look that was not there before.

When Nick awoke he laid without moving on the bed of pine needles where he had fallen the night before. He wondered what to do, but his mind was still thick with sleep and he could not think straight. He turned his head to look up at the branches waving in the breeze and the sky behind. Some pine needles stuck to the side of his face. He brushed them off impatiently and decided to climb the tree because he couldn't think of anything else. The branches were still wet and slippery. At the top, he saw the barn, closer than he had expected, and he felt the self-contempt that is shame. It was quite a while until he heard the voices behind him that came from the other troops. He pulled a branch down from above to hide him while he watched the soldiers. There was one man, an American colonel, who was obviously the leader. He walked humbly, yet with pride and carried a torn U.S. flag under his arm. The men, though tired and battleworn, shared some of his strength and all of his pride. They were proud of their nation and to be fighting for its

cause.

Their pride, the most unyielding of all their emotions, showed itself in the way they carried their guns, high on the shoulder, and in their long, graceful strides. And together these men became as one, united to form a giant, powerful and unconquerable.

Nick slipped half-way down the tree and fell the rest of the way. As soon as he touched the ground, he was running toward the barn, the weeds slapping against his legs. He side-stepped trees, splashed through mud puddles, and ploughed into briar bushes. Crossing a stream, he slipped on a rock and fell into the cold water. But he was up again, angry and swearing, and ran on. He ran out into the clearing straight at the barn, without more than a sideward glance at the tanks that had almost reached the barricade. He climbed the ladder to the loft.

"I have come back," he said breathing heavily.

"To die?" asked the towhead who came over and handed him a rifle.

"Yes."

"You have seen the other troops?"

"Yes. They are the jingoists." Nick went over to the wall and looked out through the cracks. The tanks had reached the barricade and stopped. The tops were opening and men were getting out.

"You are sure they are the enemy?" asked the boy.

"Yes," he answered. "Americans."

— J. T. Darnton



Roger

Roger was a great guy. I thought so, at any rate, when I was seventeen. Roger was starting his second year at Stanford that fall. I was going to a place called Menlo Junior College, a sort of back door to Stanford.

I used to wake up in the mornings and look over to see if Rog's Jaguar was in his driveway. If it was, I'd go over and honk the horn. Rog would saunter out of his house with his hands in his pockets. Sometimes we played tennis in the mornings, before it got hot. Rog was too good for me, but he taught me a lot.

"Stanford's a party school," Rog said one morning. We were lying on the deck of the pool at the country club. "And you'll flunk out if you're not careful."

"If I get in."

"You'll make it. They teach you a lot at Menlo. A lot of my friends at school went there, and they got into Stanford."

"I hope so."

"Hey. Do you want to come up to the mountains with me today? I'm going up with this terrific girl, and she's got a sister. I'll bet I could fix you up with the sister if you want to. We'll have to take your car though; mine doesn't have any gas in it."

Rog called up his girl and made the date while I drove down to get some gas put in the car. I took the car in to a three-minute car-wash too. If the sister was neat as Rog said she was, I wanted to impress her. Those coats of lacquer I'd put on the car really made it look nice. I went downtown and bought some food. I'd borrowed Rog's I.D., so the guy in the liquor store didn't give me any trouble when I went in to buy some beer. I was glad I was going to be eighteen soon, so I wouldn't have to borrow an I.D. to buy my liquor.

Rog introduced me to his girl, Kay, and to her sister, Elaine. Elaine's hair was brown, but in the sunlight it looked like copper. It fell in gleaming waves nearly half-way down her back.

"Darn it," I said, "what's the word for the color of your hair? There used to be a car that had the same name; and a college down south that has a terrific football team."

"You mean Auburn, don't you?"

Rog was right.

"Well I don't know if I like being compared to a car and a football team."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"I'm just teasing. Isn't auburn a beautiful word?"

Elaine didn't wear lipstick, and her hair was blowing in the wind. When I said something that she thought was funny, her eyes sparkled, and the corners of her mouth turned up in a funny little grin. She looked small and fragile and wonderful.

We stopped on a side road near a small creek. I got the blankets out of the trunk and spread them on the grass. Rog sat down and reached for a can of beer.

"Oh no!", I said, "I forgot the opener."

"Christ, you're stupid! Have you got one in the glove compartment? Well, that brings this party to a screeching halt. We may as well go home."

"Oh, let's eat first anyway. It's pretty up here."

I was glad Elaine wanted to stay.

After we ate, we prepared to go home. Elaine said she wanted to climb before we left. Rog and Kay decided they'd rather stay where they were, so we left them there. We climbed up to the hill-top and stood there looking at the expanse before us. We thought we could see San Francisco Bay, but it's a hundred miles, so it must have been our imaginations.

As I was leaving her down from the hill, Elaine said, "Your friend Roger is sure bad-tempered."

"Sure! But he's a great guy."

"I've noticed you seem to think so."

When we got back to the car Kay was sitting in it, ignoring Rog. During the trip back she sat in the front seat with Elaine and me. We let them off at their house, and I told Elaine I'd call her when I got home.

I asked Rog what had happened while we were gone that afternoon. He told me to go to hell.



I let him off in front of his house and parked my car in the driveway. It was a funny thing—now I liked my car better than Rog's. That lacquer looked great, and it had run like a dream that afternoon. Rog's Jaguar looked neat, but when you looked at it closely, you saw that it was really dirty inside and that there were rust holes under the doors.

Pictorial





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MARTIN HENKES '58



DRAWING
WILLIAM HAMILTON '58



CONSTRUCTION
PHILLIP J. MAKANNA '58



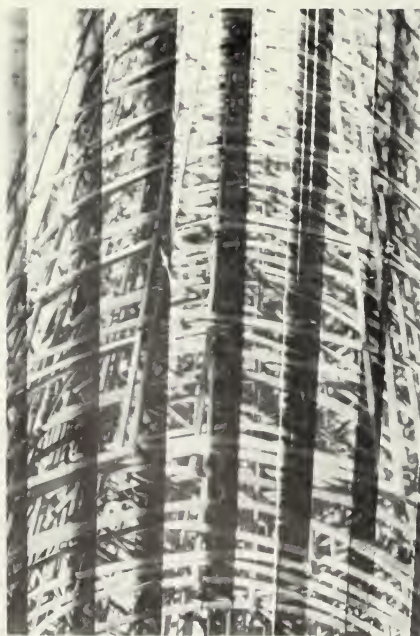
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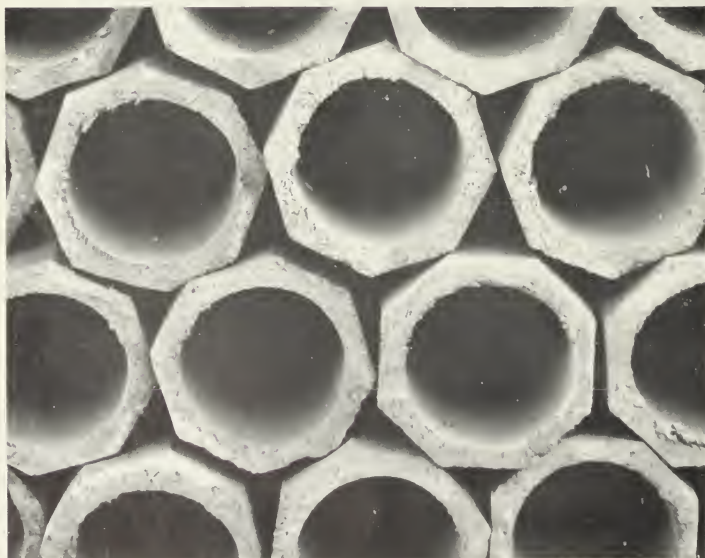
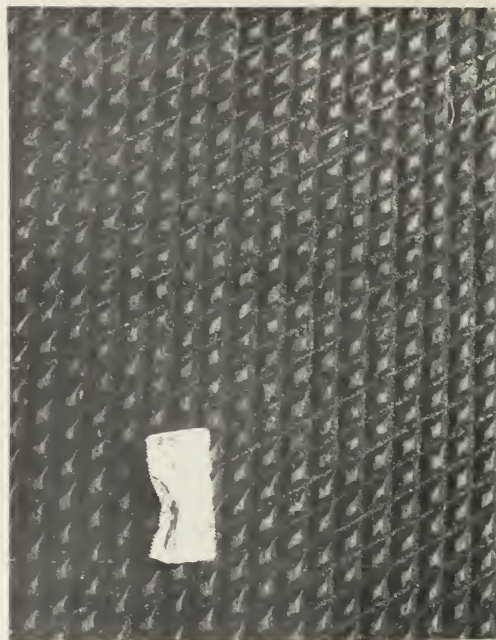


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THE MIRROR

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1854

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Omnimalism

The greatest mystery about the human being that has perplexed man since the dawn of creation is not his reaction to praise or power, or his timidity toward sex, but the eternal crusade of reformation now being carried on in the New England Preparatory school. We have, for example, a sister publication appearing occasionally every week that devotes 40 errorless column inches to raising a new banner with the same old cry to modify. Cynicism, materialism, hypocrisy, narrow mindedness, conformity, negative attitude, cliques, poor school spirit, lack of religion, lack of culture, lack of manners, lack of money—they've all been there. It is with this in mind that the *Mirror*, backed by the fearless support of the Town Printing Company, has decided to remain no longer neutral, uncontroversial, and in debt. We too will become angry young men and rebel, although most of the best causes, like the diseases, have already been utilized.

First, let us analyze some alarming incidents that have occurred recently and illustrate what we mean by *omnimalism*. Why, for example, were Andover's teen commandments that had been sent in to Norm Prescott rejected and sent back with depreciating remarks. What could have been the inner turmoil that last Monday compelled eight Andover students to undrape the busts of Kemper in the marketplace. Was this the same inner turmoil that caused the vandals, a day later, to deface the sign on Route 28, crossing out "Phillips Academy" and substituting the words "Animal Farm". Why was there such violent reaction on the part of the student body against the school's suppression of Pasternak's latest book *Doctor Rizzo*? What emotional perversion caused Cecile Thacker to steal four knives from the commons last Wednesday. And, after skinning Skipper Sides and running him up the flagpole, why was this silverware not returned? Was it bitter spite that caused the coaches to pull out the first string in the Exeter game? What reason did the seniors have for tying a junior named Foster to a bridge and blowing it up on November 5th? Why does the church collection come to a grand total of \$7.80 every Sunday?

Are not the band uniforms a manifestation of conformity? Who put the candelabrum on the organ last Friday? What hairy hand compelled by an equally hairy and twisted psyche scrawled the words "Why paint wall?" on the bathroom wall of the library? What do parents think when they visit the school and see the corners of every pathway worn beyond repair? Is this not an indication of the attitude that is poisoning and rotting the minds of all who walk those paths—the attitude of "So anyway I mean like what does it matter to me". The attitude of trying to get away with as little as possible. The attitude of trying to get away. What will happen when, after the four longest years of our lives, we are finally thrust into the swirling cesspool of life, to choose between Madison Avenue or the poorhouse. What will happen when we reach the famous crossroads of life? Will we take a shortcut then?



DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT VULGARITY

Lavatory Inscription Division

Do you fold or crumple?

The Mirror Goes On Tour

We have often wondered about those nervous looking students carrying a huge metal hoop with two or three dozen keys hanging from it like baby possums from their Mama, who skulk about the Campus towing several puzzled parents and a smallish boy or two. We managed to trace this phenomenon to the Admissions Office on the second floor of G.W., and on a rainy Tuesday in November, we went on tour.

The gracious Student Guide, tall, sleek, and Ivy-leaguish, greeted us at the door, nervously carrying his metal hoop. We, he informed us, were to be the silent observers on a tour of the school for a wealthy Tennessean alumni type and son. How do you do, intoned the Student Guide, on sighting his victims. Have you come far? Too bad it's such beastly weather? You'll have your interview later. Here's a school catalogue. Glad to know you're interested, and step this way please.

The father with sublime brevity answered only thank you, the son got a drink of water, and we were off.

Descending the steps daintily, the guide turned on some hidden switch inside, and out gushed the dialogue to sooth and simplify our confused and frightening impression of Phillips Academy. "I hope you'll ask any questions that occur to you as we go along," said the guide. "I'll try to hit all the high spots. This is George Washington Hall, the Administration building, it contains the. . ." "I know" said the parent. "Oh you do?," ventured the Student Guide crestfallen. "Yes", replied Papa, "I went here for four years, graduated in 1938, and scratched my initials on the back number three stall in the Library bathroom." We chuckled politely until I caught the withering stare of the Student Guide. Such things are not now, never have been, and never will be condoned. We returned to seriousness hastily.

Well then, said the student guide, we must be sure to see all the new additions since your graduation. "Nonsense," said Papa, "saw all them at my 20th reunion last June. Just want to show my son the initials in the Library, and this new dorm they're talking about." "I see, said the Student Guide coolly, "then we will do just that."

By this time we had reached the front door of the building, and could dimly make out Morse Hall through the sheet of rain falling.

"Haven't you got an umbrella? This is a brand new suit."

"Certainly", and back up the stairs dashed the Student guide.

"Who are you?" said the papa bear. "Do you go here?" said the baby bear.

"Call me Goldilocks and ask no questions," I said.

Back down the stairs swept the student guide with a secretarial parasol, and into the out of doors we plunged.

"Where is your car?" screamed the guide through the driving wind.

"What car? Came by train; the only way."

"We'll have to make a dash for the Library or be soaked."

"Well give me that umbrella, you've got a raincoat.

Yes we thought pounding down a slippery pathway after the fleetest Student Guide, "... stalwart souls of other days".

* * * * *

DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT INTELLECT
DIVISION OF FACULTY ESTIMATION THEREOF
(sign of the bulletin board of the Bulfinch
Faculty Room)
Bulletin Notice

Please place both sheets on hooks provided.
Put page 1 on top, page 2 underneath.

* * * * *

DEPARTMENT OF PHILLIPIAN OMISSIONS
(Scottish Branch)
FLUSHING

"Flushing the Ewes prior to mating stimulates the ovaries to shed additional eggs and so leads to a bigger lamb crop.

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— John O'Groat Journal and Weekly
Advertiser Wick Scotland

* * * * *

DEPARTMENT OF PERSONAL GRUDGES
The Mirror heartily endorses The Phillipian's stand for the establishment of an Andover-in-Europe, and suggests that they go with it.

DEPARTMENT OF PERSONNEL
(Welcoming Division)

The Mirror hails the appointment of Herbert E. Petzold as Office Manager of The Commons, and suggests that he purchase a good set of ear plugs, a permanent cold, and a judo manual.



Auncient Poetrie

Now, dear children, that you have had a taste of Modern Poetry, we shall leap centuries into the past and present a creation of some vintage. It is perhaps insulting your intelligence to present the modern English translation with the original, but certain scholars of note who regard the *Mirror* seemed frightened by our poetic efforts of the last issue. We have felt in mercy to him and his breed that middle English poetry would have to be soothed by an accompanying modern translation least terror become too widespread.

Aunciente Poëtrie may be differentiated from Modern Poetry a) by the lack of Togetherness, sterility, profanity, and sacrilege, b) by a rhyme scheme of sorts c) by unbelievably bad spelling. The first difference may be attributed to (in that order) the recent arrival of *McCall's*, x-rays, Grace Metalious, and Martin Luther. The second to the foibles of idle monks, and the third to the only recent introduction of an English Department in the better schools. With this in mind, then, let us proceed with an examination of the selected masterpiece.

The penetrating character of the poem reveals a clear familiarity with the subject, a commendable trait, rare in modern literature. We see a man fighting against insurmountable odds, holding high the banner of truth and virtue. Like a pilgrim's progress he meets each problem and overcomes it invariably. His variety of talents become evident, mixing stern justice with wilted lettuce. Truly the author of his piece, writing so long ago, has captured the very essence of a martyr. The life and times of the 12th century gentleman swim into clear perspective with this engaging portrait. It is historical delicacy of no mean accomplishment; whether or not it is good poetry has NO bearing whatsoever; it is old, children, and that's why we must enjoy it. But far more important than this aspect of perceptive antiquity, a poem (and this one does) should so inspire the reader that he needs leap from his chair and cry, "I can see it now" or "this is true today" or "I know so many people like that". Self-identification is essential, and the greatness of this classic is its reality in a world several centuries older.



The Refector

- Y was a Refector, a kindly manne
 Rotund of visage yet y-lacken tanne.
 An auncient weedé dangleyd from his
 lippé
 Een though too shorte he nevere lett it
 slippé.
- 5 Efficiency was al his aym and care:
 Dreaden his frown, as deadly was his stare
 The hurried hungry lines of boys to scare.
 In busynesse none excelled his thriftnesse
 For onlye he coulede purchase more for
 lesse
- 10 Than any manne, and maken itt loke goode.
 Ne coulede another sporte the waye he
 coulede
 Of mony a subject full of ghoulish tainte
 And loudé laugh at allé sans restraynte.
 A wordé on his clothes: ne make mistayke
- 15 He niver wore but Ivye Ligue in mayke;
 Thus much he didde: conforme as he was
 able
 To allen teachers at the festive table.
 Stricten his rule to any takynge more
 Than fayré portionne; standen atte doore
- 20 He wooldé y-crusten curseful,
 An anyon dared leven with a purseful.
 Al bee his mien didde somdel affrite them,
 His worthe to studentés was like a bright
 gem.
 This attitude they al kann onderstanden,
- 25 For discipline a-gone, ye may abandon
 Justys, ordre, semely dispositione—
 And taken meles a-sitten in ye kytchen!
 Discourage any ryghte to pick and stele
 Was thys Refectores certayne sure counsele;
- 30 For stele without reprofe or jost dessert
 Allé wyll follow and the whole be hurt.
 Thys gentil manne enforcéd to be vile
 By straungest Fate, ne lette ne more to
 smyle.
 Fixed his visage like to hym whose herte
- 35 Is carved in stone and lost in hindre parte:
 However lerge thys bee and fullen *****.
 Al thys regrette he, yette a-hadde to mete
 The needés that alle haddé for eat.
 Saddé he was, ne fered that fewe menn
- 40 Appreciated hys grete talents theenn;
 A father, syre of mony budden sonnes,
 He patronised them, ye, and everyones!
 By Sunday, turkeye, stoffing, corne he sent
 To strengthen them, though he were over-
 spent.
- 45 Three meles a daye, and sevenne dayes a
 weeke
 He cooked, and carved, and cleared nyce and
 sleeke.

A Portrait Of A Gentleman

TRANSLATION

- 1 There was a Common's Chief, a kindly man
 Of rotund face and bald pate lacking tan.
 An ancient butt he dangled from his lip,
 And though too short, he never let it slip.
- 5 Efficiency his every aim and care;
 He wore a dreadful frown and deadly stare
 To scare and hurry lines of hungry boys,
 To vacate toasters, dampen boyish noise.
 In business, none excelled his thriftiness,
- 10 For only he could buy more food for less
 Than any man, and make it look so good.
 Nor could another joke the way he could
 On many subjects of a ghoulis taint,
 And loudly laugh at them without restraint.
- 15 A word about his clothes: make no mistake,
 He never wore but Ivy League in make.
 This he did: conform as he was able
 To all teachers at the dining table.
 Now boys attempting to make off with more
- 20 Cake or food, he stopped, and scolded at the
 door
 With words of justice harsh enough to
 scare them;
 Though, truly, among good men he was a
 gem.
 This attitude is understandable,
 For if a person to steal is able
- 25 Without due compensation and dessert,
 The rest will follow suit, and all be hurt.
 Thus a man of vicious, judging nature
 The Common's Chief was forced to be. I'm
 sure
 That he regretted, but he had to meet
- 30 His need: efficiency, that all might eat.
 Yet he was sad, for not enough did men
 Appreciate his goodness right then:
 He was a patron of the laméd ones;
 A father, sire of many budding sons;
 And training meals for varsity teams
 meant;
- 35 On Sundays, turkeys, stuffing, corn he sent;
 And three meals a day, seven days a week;
 And two new wash machines, quite long
 and sleek.
 Though an athlete, his home from work so
 far,
- 40 From there he drove to Commons in a car.
 A football coach there was no better
 To pick an end who could win his letter
 And catch passes, and run a broken field.
 But in a game, his mouth was always
 sealed,
- 45 He paced back and forth, and many a dark
 glance
 Towards erring, unsure players he would
 lance.

A fomose athlete, feirce as ony draggone,
Yet drove he to hys werk in payntéd wag-gone.

A fote-ye-ballé coache, né was there nat one better

- 50 To picken end who alwey wonne hys lettere
And catchen passes, ronne a brokenne field,
Bot in a gayme, hys mouthe was evere seled

Save whan the blackened weed made litte hole

And puffen smoke was wafted overe goale.

- 55 Hee paced backe and forthe wyth darké glance

Atte erring softén playérs piddling prance.

Oure Reféctor was verséd depe in lore

Of basen balen judgén even more

Thanne other sporte. He was fayre and square

- 60 In everything he didde, ne matre wher:
Hee evrè calléd as he myghte have felte
On basen diamonde, though spectatores pelt!
Onruly playérs, ony blynd-mann calls
He cuicklè stopped, a-grabben of the balls.

- 65 Hys fooden-werkeres, often in ther cups
Befunkled were with overdoing sups—
Which hee didde evere stopp; Yea, further-
more
He flamed in wrath, gave vent to boomen
roar

Sich: 'Moven on!' or 'Wher bee silverware?'

- 70 He served—né was it home-cooked stuff,
Butt souren jus, limp lettys, pastrys tough.
Calmen despitè al complaynts and gripes—
Cann mann expecten mor from gutter
snypes?

- 75 Full-fedde he was, from ducken-fete to dome

With choycé food—he was fedde atte home!

Sicken of hatred, slandre and be-fered

Hight Robert was thys worthy it appeared.

— A. Albright

This Common's Chief was also versed in
lore
Of baseball umpiring, even more
Than football coaching. He was fair and
square

- 50 In everything he did, no matter where,
If either coaching on the football field,
Or forcing student thieves of food to yield,
Or even calling as he might have seen them
On baseball diamonds where the troubles
stem

- 55 From unruly players and "blind-man" calls,
Or Common's Duty workers' drunken
brawls,
Which he most justly stopped. And further-
more,
He checked his wrath, though not his boom-
ing roar
Of "Come on, move!" and "Where's the
silverware!"

- 60 He took a lot of guff about the fare
He served. It's not like Deerfield nor home
stuff,
But sour juice, limpid lettuce, and meat:
tough.
He was calm despite these complaints and
gripes,
"What do you want for six-fifty boys,
cripes!"

- 65 He'd answer. But he always ate at home.
He was eager to join our group and roam:
Sick of being hated, slandered, and feared.
This worthy's name was Robert, it ap-
peared.



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OWEN. CURRENT & CHOICE

Once again, the new books in the Library represent a variety of subjects and interests; this fact, to my mind, pertains to the students here at Andover, who also represent a variety of backgrounds, characters, and, more specifically, reading interests.

Two of the new acquisitions are somewhat biographical. The first, *Owen Wister Out West*, is a collection of the journals and letters written by Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian* (when you call me that—smile!), during the years of his travels throughout the West of the late nineteenth century. Those of you from the East will find this book to be an interesting, humorous introduction to life on the frontier; Westerners will find it slightly reminiscent and sentimental, awakening the perhaps-dormant feelings of attachment to a land that is far beyond the understanding of urban minds. *Owen Wister Out West* is edited by Wister's daughter, F. Kemble Wister, who also has written a colorful, if somewhat mercenary introduction.

The second book, *Stalin's Correspondence With Churchill, Attlee, Roosevelt, and Truman*, sounds and looks rather frightening; it runs well over seven hundred pages, and, to the casual reader, will probably be as dull as a tea at The Victorian Mother's Club of West Roxbury. The book contains the letters and other documents, many of which are published here for the first time, of the late Joseph Stalin. One can tell by reading just a few of these papers that he was a clever writer and an exceptional diplomat, capable of both pleasing and fooling the great Allied leaders. I would not attempt to read the entire book; if interested, you might concentrate on one specific topic or period.

Nevil Shute, author of *On The Beach*, has written a new novel, his thirteenth, entitled, *The Rainbow and The Rose*. Briefly, the plot is as follows: Johnny Pascoe, a seasoned stunt flyer, runs out of luck and is forced to crash-land somewhere on the Tasmanian coast. More a victim of Shute's attempted realism than of the crash itself, Pascoe is seriously injured. Ronnie Clark, a man whom Pascoe himself has taught to fly, volunteers for the mission of flying in a doctor to the injured man through rough weather and along an unmapped coast. The "ending" I will leave to your own discovery, but the whole operation is quite exciting.

The author, perhaps unadmittingly attempting to capitalize on the huge success of *On The Beach*, has produced a very uneven novel. His writing is extremely sloppy in scenes which, in my mind, are merely Shuting the bull; on the other hand, there are some sections which are carefully written for effect and scenes which are highly moving—to any reader. In short, I recommend *The Rainbow and The Rose* with some reservations to those who are unfamiliar with Shute's writings; for those enthusiastic readers of *On The Beach*, this new novel will be both more and less of the same.

The Library has just acquired *The Ugly American*, written by William Lederer in collaboration with Eugene Burdick. Practically, the book, a collection of certain incidents in the Far East, is a handy guide to those interested in the foreign service on how NOT to be a diplomat; yet these incidents are not amusing, nor are they to be examined, acknowledged, and then forgotten. You may dislike this book because it is generally repugnant to the American mind—but read it anyway.

There are several plots in *The Ugly American*; one concerns a Democratic incumbent who has recently lost his bid for re-election, and is appointed, out of political gratification, ambassador to Sarkhan (in the Far East). Upon hearing of his appointment, his first remark is: "Where the hell is Sarkhan?" Shocking? Then prepare yourself, for Messrs. Lederer and Burdick do not spare the word to spoil the reader. Their "point" is simple: Despite the apparent political importance of Sputniks and H-Bombs, a great nation may lose its power and integrity slowly, in minute particles, through minute incidents.

New books which have arrived too late for review this term include C. Y. Lee's novel, *Flower Drum Song*, now on B'way as a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. . . Joseph Wood Krutch's new book, *Grand Canyon*, has arrived; look for some fascinating reading. . . If you are interested in recent additions to the Library, drop in yourself and look them over; the new arrivals are placed on the shelf to the left of the main desk.

NOSTALGIA INC.

HEATHEN SOULS

In 1812, in Boston, was founded one of the first American charity organizations, known as the "Fragment Society," whose objective it was to "assist in clothing the destitute, more especially children." Dressed in their very best Sunday clothes, ladies would meet at 11:00 a.m. to sew upon "art squares", which was the genteel term for diapers, following up with a luncheon party. Until 25 years ago, orange flannel petticoats were the chief product of the organization; even when the original fabric became impossible to obtain, and the petticoats had to be dyed orange, it was felt that the tradition should go on. The Fragment Society continues to this day, membership being hereditary from mother to daughter.

This Fragment Society epitomizes the character of the charity groups of the 1800's, small organizations whose attention centered around such classifications as "care-worn, aged, and needy women." About this time the first Christian benevolent institution at Phillips Academy was formed. In 1833 the constitution of the Missionary Fraternity was drawn up, showing from the first a sure purpose: "A few of the pious members of Phillips Academy met October 7, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of forming an association the objective of which shall be, to enquire into the moral state of the world and to effect a mission to the heathen in the person of its members." The Fraternity met approximately once a week, each meeting being opened by several minutes of prayer led by the president or vice-president. During the meetings would be heard the reports of the various groupings which the Fraternity included, and an occasional declamation on such topics as "Self Sacrifice", but a good hour every meeting was spent in prayer interspersed among the several reports. Days were often set aside for fasting and prayer by members of the Fraternity. And yet they were a practical and determined group; the earliest minutes show an organization full of purpose, and their accomplishments in the form of men sent to uncivilized lands cannot be depreciated. An original hymn by one of the members shows clearly their earnest belief in the need for missionary work:

"So far and wide o'er heathen lands—
On India's shore, o'er Afric's sands—
Dark superstition holds her sway,
Unlit by truth's enkindling ray.
And darker, darker grow the minds
Which Satan unmolested binds."

In 1839 the Fraternity's name was changed to the Society of Inquiry, which remained until 1950 when it became the Phillips Society. The new constitution of the S of I stated the organization's purpose a little differently than had the Missionary Fraternity: "To study the world's wants and supply them in its own sphere. . . ." In other words, the emphasis had shifted slightly from the missionary goal towards that of giving the local area a moral boost.

During the years from 1833 to 1850 the Society kept what it called its "Catalogue", which was a list of the "names, date of membership, date of removal, whither removed, and remarks" concerning each of its members. By far the largest percentage either went to the theological seminary on the Hill or to missionary work in the East, but some few left for less honorable reasons. One, for example, became a sea captain, and two were dismissed from the Academy in the year of 1835 for being abolitionists. But of all the ex-members whose departure was recorded in the old ledger, none had his fate scrawled in such sweepingly indignant script as he who had been "sent away to house of correction, having absconded with \$600 belonging to the Dietetic Association." How the quality of afternoon tea and muffins must have dropped after that dreadful deed!

In the 1860's the Society's tendency grew strongly towards declamation and discussion. At their annual anniversary meetings at this time the members would hear, besides several hymns and prayers, three orations on such topics as "Moral Heroism", "The True Object of Life" or "Inducements to Earningsness." Debates were held on religious topics in the late sixties at each regular meeting. They decided "that intercollegiate boat racing is detrimental to good morals," "that the theatre is detrimental to good morals," but defeated the resolution "that women should preach."

But over the years this tendency towards debate became so strong and sure that the Society began treading on that territory supposedly covered by the Philomathean Society, so much so in fact that in 1882 the Society of Inquiry underwent drastic revision and reorganization, turning sharply back to affairs of religion and piety.

During the next half century Inquiry remained the representative religious group of the Academy. Their meetings centered around lectures and discussions, while they continued in their role as the school's charity institution. In the first part of this century students set up language schools in Lawrence to teach English to the immigrants, doing the teaching and financing themselves. Through Inquiry the school choir came to sing once a month at the Lawrence jail. The Charities Drive was initiated, and from this money and that collected at Sunday chapel worthy institutions received aid. The mission in Cameroun was only one of a list of beneficiaries ranging in size from the American Red Cross to the New England Home for Little Wanderers. The donations of this time showed a great deal of thought and wisdom, and covered a wide variety of locales; the Society gave not only to the Circle A, which was another charity organization within the school, but also to such distant projects as a mission in Labrador.

It is interesting to note that directly after the Second World War the two nations which had been battling each other with hatred as vigorous as any in history, France and Germany, were both being helped by the school's charity in the same way, namely the sponsorship of colleges. The destruction of Abbeville, where the French Collège Courbet was located, is described in a letter from its principal, M. Svire: "Abbeville was burnt May 20, 1940, by the Germans who rained on the city an enormous number of bombs and shells. All the center of the town was prey to the flames for 8 day and 8 nights." To this Collège Courbet and to the Arndt Gymnasium in Germany, Phillips Academy sent tons of clothing, food, and school supplies. Dr. Karl Thüre, of the Arndt Gymnasium, in a letter to Mr. Baldwin, expresses the kind of gratitude that they felt: "Owing to the kind help of the U.S.A. Germany is recovering slowly from the great misery into which it was thrown by the terrible war." There was a great deal of student interest on both sides of the Atlantic in carrying on international correspondence.

Consequently letters were exchanged between continents for many months, despite the barriers of censorship and slow travel that the letters were forced to overcome going in and out of Germany and France. Another problem that arose in correspondence was one which gives some idea of the degree to which the European students had been robbed of their most basic comforts.



This was that American students, in making casual references to their most everyday activities, seemed to be offering florid descriptions of ease and luxury which, when contrasted to the mean conditions of European schooling, caused undesirable resentment among the students there. Despite the bombs and shells, however, the Collège Courbet had continued to hold classes through the war. In fact, what must have brought a wry smile to the lips of many an Andover man, M. Svire writes: "As in America, modern languages are taught by the direct method."

In 1950 the Society of Inquiry was merged with the Circle A to form the Phillips Society, as the two organizations had come to overlap. The constitution was likewise rewritten, stating the Society's purpose to be serving the community "through broadcasting and maturing the outlook of the students at Andover; by stimulating in them a greater awareness of the social problems that face them today." The institution of formidable size, organized into committees of Social Functions, Charities Drive, Infirmary, Community Service, and so on. Students have taught Sunday school, arranged chapel talks and religious conferences, and made possible hot coffee after chapel for anyone interested in friendly conversation, besides supporting missions and medical institutions all over the world. It is a great distance that the Phillips Society, the society of open doors, school affiliations, and surging charity drives, has advanced from the few pious members of Phillips Academy who made it their goal to free the heathen souls "which satan goal to free the heathen souls "which Satan unmolested binds."

— N. F. Jessup

Literary & Logaoedic

Lamb

Little lamb
Sleeps in flock;
Gentle shepherd
Sits on rock.
Burning star,
Beaming bright;
Shepherd leaves
At the sight,
Off to see
A lovely baby;
Might come back
Sometime, maybe.
Big bad wolf
In sheepskin sham
Eats up little
Woolly lamb.
Moral of this
Tale appalling:
Man with sheep should
Not go calling.

— W. R. Ferguson



Look In My Face

Look in my face, as I sweep
Across the lands and through men's souls.
My name is War. I bring Man with me;
His true ideals, great hopes. . . false goals.
I share his strength and show
His courage. But I am forever staining
His name with black, Bringing fear,
And death; scorning love, God disdaining.
I make men fight for great causes, but leave
Behind a path of charred corpses, broken,
mangled life.
My father was an ideal, but my sons
Are screaming hatred, burning fury; ruthless:
death, my wife.
"Cause or effect?" asks history again. . .
Am I made by selfish Man, or do I make men
evil?

— W. A. Bell

Jailbreak

BEN

I opened my eyes and suddenly, dreadfully, the glaring light of morning enters and passes through me. I did not sleep well. I was running and finally the dogs treed me and I looked at them and said "Dogs, go away, you have nothing against me," but they stayed under the tree all night anyway. I look at Cash sleeping still on the moss. I remember how I once had a teacher who said "If you're calm when everyone else is upset maybe it's because you don't understand what's going on." I was only in fourth grade then, but I remember because Cash always reminded me of it.

I said No, I said to Cash No, we've only got two months left. He wouldn't listen; he told me to shut up. I learned young that someone's always got to be the listener and someone the talker, and so I came.

BUCK

We broke at sunset, when the clouds just begin to pinken, and we would have made it, excepting Rufe saw us, and we had to run. If I had done it we would be safe, but I couldn't. It was bad luck he saw us, but I'm no murderer. I was raised on the Good Book, though it seems like it don't make much difference. The Quicks stole our horses, and so we burned their barn. What's fair is fair, I says to the judge, but Ben, Cash, and me got a year in jail and the Quicks went free. The Lord moves in mysterious ways, but we obeyed the sentence. I ain't no troublemaker, and when Cash said we're breaking, I argued with him. He just looked at me woodenly and said, "Goddam you, stay here then. Me 'n Ben are going". Cash is older'n me, and I always looked up to him, he being the best horseman in the county and all. It was about three miles from Lincoln where I fell. . .

BEN

He just woke up. He hasn't seen me yet. I don't want him to. It is cause of him we're in such a tight, and why we won't get out of it. Cash had no business going first. He should of known someone would see us, and that Buck's too young. Ain't no kid wants to kill. We made it anyway, but we sure are stuck now. It was already past dark, and the moon was sneaking up like a jaundiced eye when it happened. He caught his foot in the half-light, and when he did not get up I knew it was over. I only once saw eyes like his, and that was when my horse broke his leg. His face had gone gray, and his eyes bulged in their bony cages. Cash looked at him and said "Two less footprints for them to follow" and we hoisted him up. I misliked it. He didn't say nothing, but he shouldn't of been moved. I saw his leg.

It was at the ankle. It was already purple and swelled, I placed my hand on it, and tried to push the foot back in place, but it was no use. It was throbbing, just like divorced from the body, it had set up its own pulse, and that stronger than his own. We carried him about a mile more, stepping carefully between the tangled undergrowth. It took us about an hour. And then we hit that ere road. I looked at Cash, but I didn't say nothing. He just stared at me and at the road, and without words he says they'll be watching it and we turned back into the forest.

BUCK

Get up, Cash, I say. My foot is purple and blue all over. I am not willing it but it shakes slowly. I do not feel it any more, it is no longer me. It was I until I stumbled on that durn root, and now it is an is by itself. Cash I say. Cash. Why don't you get up?

CASH

They don't know it, but I am up. I know it because I feel the hot sun through my flannel shirt like pinpricks on my white back I don't get up because if I get up I will have to say why and what, and they will see I don't know. I can't say it to them.

I said I will not do it, but if I do it, it is because I cannot help myself, because I cannot live unfree, because I am not yet was like my brothers. And so I did it.

When I knew I had to, I planned it well. It is better not to trust wholly. I picked sunset. The orange-pink light turns the air opaque and tangible, and the myriad reflections off of the windows make it hard to see. There is less chance of getting shot at sunset, and the sudden appearance of night confuses the guards later on. We would have made it, except for Buck. I should of left him behind, but I could not help that either. The sun hurts on me and slips past my arm to my closed eyes. We were three miles clear, almost to the Tull place when he fell. I open my eyes and see Ben leaned up against a tree, thinking what to do. I don't want to get up but I will. It ain't no use sitting here.

— P. J. Mandelbaum

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Scollay Square

Many people visualize Boston as a busy, fast-moving city. They are able to see only the new, giant super-structures, modern department stores, and intricate traffic systems. If they were able to see Scollay Square, they would realize that Boston has its unchanged areas too.

One would never expect to find such a quaint locality in Boston. "The Square" is a place entirely separated from the confusion of the big city. The narrow, winding, brick-paved streets are closely bordered by picturesque old buildings. The atmosphere seems to be one of years gone by. One marvels how this area in the middle of the city has been fortunate enough to be spared the changes which would have destroyed its atmosphere. While other parts of town are being torn down and rebuilt, "the Square" is able to remain unchanged. Certainly the people who have prevented any improvements in this area deserve great praise for preserving its quaintness.

The stores and buildings along the streets greatly enhance the charm of this place. Among several of the older buildings is an impressive, dome-covered theatre. The name of this theatre is the "Casino," a name that rings with mystery and romance. The billboards outside picture exotic dancers in the costumes of their native lands. My curiosity having been aroused once, I decided to see what went on inside this attractive old theatre. However, when I went to purchase a ticket, the man in the booth seemed reluctant to sell me one. I imagine that this was because he thought I might not be old enough to appreciate the more refined entertainment of the show. Nevertheless, he finally decided to let me in. After I had bought some popcorn, I found a seat in one of the back rows and waited for the show to begin.

When my eyes had sufficiently adjusted to the darkness, I proceeded to examine the interior of this fine, old building. Looking up into the dome on the roof, I was able to see a colorful painting of what seemed to be a great battle scene. However, it was extremely different from any war pictures which I had ever seen in that the battle seemed to be between men and women, and the women were evidently winning. Because of the way in which the characters were dressed, I guessed that the picture was of some great event in Greek or Roman history. I was beginning to examine the walls when a distinguished-looking gentleman stepped out from behind the curtain on the stage. This was the first act which he introduced was one

The first act which he introduced was one in which half a dozen attractive ladies paraded about the stage. I imagine that their reason for doing this was to exhibit their strange costumes, for they went to great pains to show the audience their apparel from every conceivable angle. However, the audience seemed impatient, and several of the onlookers openly expressed their feelings for having another dancer brought on stage. This was done, and the next performer aroused great enthusiasm in the crowd. From her appearance and the way in which she was received, I concluded that she must be the main attraction of the show.

This lady had probably studied her profession for many years before she had been able to achieve the great proficiency which was admired by her audience. She was huge in stature, being over six feet tall. Although she was very tall, she was well proportioned, not being thin and frail like other women of her height. I guessed her age to be between thirty-five and forty.

Being prompted by some impatient onlookers, Elva, for so she was called, began her performance. It was obvious that all her movements suggested some part of an involved story. I compared her dancing with that of the Hawaiians, whose hand and body movements all help to relate a story to the onlooker. Indeed, Elva's story must have been infinitely more complex and difficult to tell than any Hula-dancer's, since her spasmodic gestures were far more violent and alarming.

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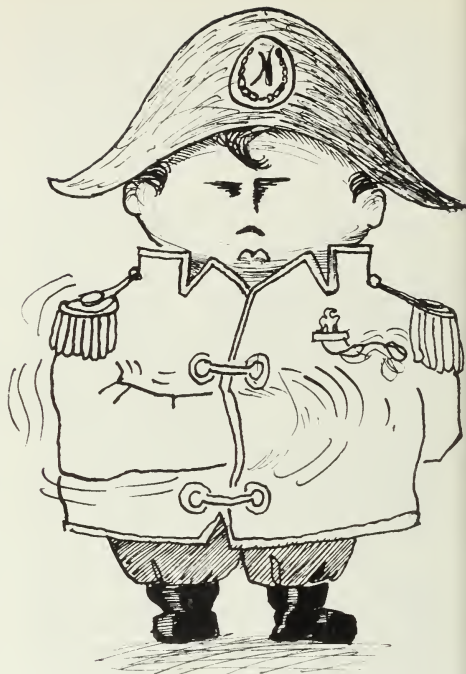
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Soon the heat of the spotlights forced Elva to remove several of the outer layers of her clothing. She did all this with such agility that she hardly interrupted her dance routine. The audience's shouting encouraged her to dance faster and faster, and I soon became afraid that Elva would faint from exhaustion. Miraculously Elva continued to remove layer after layer from her undulating body. As soon as she became uncomfortably hot again, she would proceed to remove another layer. I marvelled at this ingenious device which enabled her to continue her performance in spite of the heat.

From the shouting of the audience and the fact that she was running out of clothing to discard, I conjectured that Elva was reaching the climax of her routine. The four-piece band was playing furiously, trying to accompany her movements. In a most awe-inspiring stance Elva stood with her back to the audience, and, stretching her hands out, leaned over backwards in an effort to touch the stage with her nose. Unfortunately though, Elva had misjudged her footing. In the flurry of an attempt to regain her balance, Elva pitched over backwards into the orchestra pit. Although I am told this is not a regular occurrence, the hot, sweating body of Elva colliding with the drums and cymbals provided a most climatic conclusion. It is a shame that all shows of this type do not end so spectacularly.

— D. R. Gardiner



COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

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GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

The Drought

I remember Raff well, him with his wilted arm. I can sit here and same as see him, a-shuffling down the hill to Smitty's and holding a pencil or something in it like it was good. I hear when he was young and they had that cougar scare over on the Elliot Ranch (You remember that cougar, Jake), him and his brother went to hunt it up and it jumped them from a tree but he couldn't fire with his arm that way. It grabbed his brother and he just dropping the rifle and running. That's why he's always got to have something in his hand. They say that's why he even sleeps at night with his hand on the bedpost, like it might be the rifle or something.

Raff and his cat lived all alone in a shack and he owned the big ranch on the hill before they split it up except he hardly never came to town but once a month and he only came to pay off Smitty. Smitty was the only one who ever said hello to him and even he hated him cause he had to look in his face, all the time a-struggling to keep his eyes from staring at it. Me, I never really talked to him. Folks say he was kind of queer, the way he would look at you with his black eyes that were set in his head like coal in clay, like he was turning you inside out and picking out the bones.

His orchards were run a little odd-like too it seems. Growing only apples with no cherries or pears or nothing to fall back on. And hiring mostly Oakies and Arkies and knockers what don't even speak English, and never mowing the weeds till they stood almost as high as the apple trees themselves and made it seem like a goddamned jungle when you looked down the rows from the road. Keeping a foreman on too, with hisself right up there all the time dusting around in his jeep and acting like he hated him and couldn't wait to catch him loafing but like he couldn't help liking him some just cause he hated him. And the foreman too. His name was Adam cause he could pick them so fast and his thumb was worn almost clear to the knuckle where he would pinch them off. They say when he got finished thinning a forty it looked as good as a mess of Christmas trees with all the bulbs.

It was almost like he got some kind of religious thrill out of sprouting some tree out of the earth and then pulling off all the apples what I always say if the good Lord put there. He intended them to stay there. Like he was daring nature or thwarting the will of God or something. Many a time he sit right here (over in that chair you're sitting) and ramble on about how there's so much against the apple,

what with worms and a-fus and rusts and frost and other diseases, and about how even your best friends could turn against you like the sun, and rain and wind. That's true, heaven knows I know that as well as any a man. You get one limb rub or sprayer bruise and you got a cull on your hands no good for nothing but cider and that's why hail is so bad and can ruin a whole valley in five minutes. But I don't hold for no man to come around and never say nothing but just every once in a while when the rest of us be talking somebody's crop failing, his eyes flare up like he was trying to find out who the hell this God is so he could chop him down with an axe. That's why when everyone knew the crops that year were going to be the biggest in history, I could see that he was pushing hisself to a nervous wreck. Kind of restless excited he seemed, like he was just rolling up his shirtsleeves before grasping the world in his hands and smiling nervous-like at his own braveness.

It had been a mild winter and the buds already coming out while there was still some snow on the shaded part of the ground, and as it melted it fed the trees until when it was finally all gone, the apples were larger and rounder than ever before. Some were too big and they say that in the lower valley they were even thinning out the big ones. He hired only the best tramps and even though the insurance is no good if you use the top step, he made his thinners go all the way up on the ladder to reach the top branches. They say he even borrowed money from some bank in Yakima so's he could pay them by the hour, and not by the tree cause the workers are always in too much of a hurry to get to the next one to do a good job. Early in the year he thought he had some decline cause a couple of trees were wilting and they say he didn't eat for a week, but he mowed, subsoiled, and retrenched and it came out all right.

And then the drought came. There was never one like it before and I hope to God in heaven we never have one like it again. This valley can't take over 30 days without water and we had 66 then. Sixty-six days straight of over ninety-five and without a single God-for-saken drop of water except for that sweat peeling off our brows like it was to say I'm sorry but I can't stand it any longer. After a while the canals dried up and it got so a fella felt criminal everytime he had to have a taste of water. One of the farmers down near Wapato took sick cause he wouldn't drink and he was lying on his deathbed even then he wouldn't take any so finally they had to pry open his throat and pour it down.

But it was the orchards what suffered worst of all. Most of the workers wouldn't work cause it was too hot, their ladders leaned up against one another like stiff pale bodies. The irrigators couldn't work cause the ditches were dry and cracking, even some of the weeds dying, and the sprinklers along Hell's Half Acre were gummed with not being used. The trees themselves were wilting badly, the branches breaking their props and sagging to the ground like they were trying to suck a little water out of the dust. The precious apples soft like rubber and every day the farmer would move from tree to tree squeezing the apples to see if they were too rotten to be saved and looking at the drooping branches, trying not to think of what the roots must look like. The apples on the bottom had a pale shade to their dying color cause they were hidden from the sun by the branches above and those on top were almost all sunburnt on the upper side. Between each large tree used to be a sapling but now even when there was one left, if you bent it between your thumb and middle finger it would snap in two, dead like a soldier what has been shot but doesn't know enough to lie down. Because it was so hot they could not spray the trees and so many thousands of worms came as if waiting underground for this summer and some of them even seemed to wave at you as you went by. At first they picked off the wormed apples and tried to drown them in oil, but later just threw them over in a large pile near the dump of tires and smudge pots, and finally let them stay on the trees. And there were fires all over the valley, and at night the farmers could see the smoke far away on the hills and they would shudder secretly to themselves. There was nothing they could do but pray for rain, and pray they did, but no rain came.

I didn't see much of Raff then, nobody did. Each day he would stay in his shack longer until finally he hardly ever came out at all. I would see him though almost every dusk far away up on the hill where he used to sit and listen to the water flowing down the ditches, and now he only stared bleakly at his orchards dying below him with the windmills sticking out above the trees. Even from here I could see in his shape some kind of hatred mingled with confusion like he didn't know who or what to hate, and he looked at the snowy peak of Mount Adams far off like he was cursing it for not letting the clouds come over.

Finally the other farmers decided to pick right away anyhow to try to save what they could without waiting for any rain any longer, each one praying his neighbor was hurt worst than himself. But Raff would not pick. He just stayed in his shack all day and Bobby Taylor says he heard noises coming out from there one time, but he never talked to nobody. He didn't come until six days later when the cloud came, The pickers on their ladders were the first to see it, they dropping their baskets and running and telling everybody look. He came out just in time to see the cloud gather up black until it rumbled and then burst like it couldn't have held it any longer. It met another cloud, the smoke from the fires and an almost hiss could be heard, as it moved rapidly toward us and his orchard, sopping everything in its path. But when it reached his orchard and remained hovering there, a strange thing took place. Surely it must have been the hand of God. For the rain drops froze on their way down and turned to hailstones as big as rocks. They crashed through his orchard, scarred his trees, and that was the last anyone seen of him, down there under his trees listening to the hail pelt and cut the apples.

— J. T. Darnton

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The End of the Track or Miss Minnie's Revenge

Scene: Assorted rocks, several clumps of a sagebrush type, one middle-aged maple tree. (Enter Jake from left, clad in baggy leggings, a hat of Mexican ancestry, and a pair of gleaming six-shooters. Sulks to right and steps behind tree.)

(Enter Matt from left, riding hard, peering about him. Dismounts. Large rifle in one hand, and coonskin cap in the other.)

Jake: (stepping from behind the tree) Matt Finneger, your hour has come; never more will you ravish the West with your villainy. Stand where you are! (pulls gun)

Matt: (surprised) What do you mean, Jake O'Herlihy, my old pal from San Jose? I haven't seen you in a coon's age, and here you are pulling a gun on me for no reason. That's no way to treat a man!

Jake: No sir, Matt. I see through you. They found out what happened back in that telegraph office in Butte.



Matt: Why Jake I never been in Butte in all my born days! You're plum loco.

Jake: I think poor Miss Minnie Ogilby would call your bluff on that'un. She can't see out of that right eye yet. Get your hands up, you two-timing buzzard!

Matt: (advancing slowly towards Jake) Jake, you're making a big mistake (closer). All right so I was in Butte, but it wasn't me who done it (closer). It was Black Mac, Jake, honest (closer). I loved her, Jake, I wouldn't have done anything in the world to hurt Miss Minnie; you know that Jake (pleadingly).

(Suddenly Matt hurls his coonskin cap into Jake's face. Jake staggers back snorting. Matt hits Jake in the face with the rifle butt, gun flies from his hand.)

Jake: You sniveling coyote, I'll teach you to jump Jake O'Herlihy (gets up from ground).

Matt: (Hastily jamming ball into rifle breach) Don't come no closer. I got the gun now.

Jake: You drip, it not loaded. You never learned how. (rushes Matt and rifle goes "click") Take that! (slugs him)

Matt: Uhh! (staggers back)

Jake: And that.

Matt: Aagh!

Jake: And one for Miss Minnie.

Matt: Oogh!

Jake: And one for Marshall Dillon.

Matt: Ummmmph!

Jake: And one for my dear Mudder, God bless her!

Matt: Eeeeeeeeee-guh! (falls to ground)

Jake: Get up you yellow-livered swamp rat!

Matt: (moans) Moan!

Jake: Matt, get up like a man! Matt get up! Matt, for pete's sake get up or we'll be late for Dancing School!

— Curtain —

— S. B. Abbott

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Requiem

I Christopher Jackson, being of reasonably sound mind and body, do now write this chronicle, hoping that it will serve to inform those who may come after.

* * *

It was in the third year of the War that I was called by the Elders. Once they had been the leaders of my country, until the rash cries of youth had swayed the people, and the Elders had been discredited. The new government dared not kill or banish the Elders, for there were still many who trusted in them, but they would not heed their wise counsel. And so it had come: the rash actions of the hotheads had brought down upon us the inevitable war, and we were surrounded on all sides by our enemies. It was then, as I say, that I was called before the Elders.

I listened reverently to the patriarchs, and approved their plan, for it was good. There was not much time left to us, but we worked diligently and in secret, and in two months had finished the ship. Shortly afterwards, I met the woman the Elders had chosen for my wife. She was graceful and comely in all things, and I was well satisfied.

I can still hear and see in my dreams that final moment before we left. The Elders knelt and prayed in the weirdly dancing lights of the concrete apron: "We know, O God, that we on earth, both the wicked and the innocent, are doomed. In these two young people go our last hope of preserving civilization as we know it, so that the lamp of mankind does not go out. O Lord, that our efforts be not in vain. Amen." And then the door was closed, and I lost consciousness.

* * *

On the sixth day of our journey outward, I saw the world that was to be ours, and on the seventh day we landed upon it.

It was a good land and fertile, and my wife and I worked hard at our new life.

* * *

It was in the second year after our arrival that my wife became with child. I rejoiced for the Elders, and for the success of which they could not know. But then, neither did I . . .

I stood outside the house I had built with much labor, and stared out over my fields, the work of my hands, and I listened to the cries of agony from within. And then I realized both how important and how insignificant I was. Suddenly the cries ceased, and there was only the wail of a new-born child in the stillness.

Much later, seeking to make up for my helplessness, I cleaned up the room, and placed everything in order. . . .

* * *

I am old now, but I have not forgotten the day I buried my wife behind the House of Pain, the day my child was born.

I hear my son outside, and I think of the Elders and laugh.

— P. J. Mandelbaum

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Standardization In American Life

Whether we like it or not, the overall movement in American life is toward standardization. The Pilgrim Fathers who came to America as religious outcasts in 1620 soon became so standardized and fixed in their beliefs that not the slightest change in doctrine could be tolerated. In the South, the traders and farmers who came from the Old World to make their fortunes became standardized gentry living in standardized white pillared houses with large, standardized cotton plantations. Even the rough pioneers who moved west ahead of civilization were standardized in their desire to seek solitude and freedom. From these early beginnings, we are progressing towards complete standardization of thought, action, ideals, and principles. Whether we consider it to be right or wrong, however, it is futile to talk of ridding ourselves of standardization, as it is an inborn trait of human beings to want to be as much like everybody else as possible.

Of course, there are some areas in which standardization is beneficial and should be encouraged. It is one of the fundamental tenets of our democracy that there should be universal equality of opportunity, that every man should have the same rights before God and man, and the same chance to make a success of his life. To bring about this state of affairs, it is necessary to have a high standard of education throughout the nation, whereby all people may have an equal opportunity to develop their various talents.

This standardizing tendency, however, can and has been overdone. There is a current crisis in American education because in a great many schools children of high intellectual caliber are subjected to teaching methods aimed at the least gifted of the students. This is certainly not the only area in which standardization is harmful. One of the most obvious examples is the ridiculous similarity of modern housing. In a given development one can see blocks upon blocks of houses with identical exterior features, each one having the same garage, the same tree, and the same scraggly lawn. Inside, all these dwellings sport identical lamps in front of the plate-glass windows, the same inexpensive prints over the imitation fireplaces, and the ever-present array of modern conveniences. In the living room there is usually a remote controlled television set and high fidelity record player, while in the kitchen are to be found the recessed, chromium-plated, eye-level, fully automatic wall oven, the refrigerator with convenient exterior spigots for ice-cold milk and orange juice, and the \$16 elec-

Worst of all, however, are the standardized people who inhabit these mass-produced "homes," who share a common disrespect for education and culture, a shallow sense of values, and a strong desire to conform. Through standardization, the daily lives of many men are reduced to drudgery and boredom. Each day the typical businessman says good-by to his typical wife and kids, leaves his typical suburban house, takes the 7:19 into the big city, sits in his typical office all day, and arrives home on the 5:48. He then drives out to the typical country club for a dull game of golf, or else goes to a typical, noisy crowded neighborhood cocktail party where he drinks too much and wakes up the next morning with a hangover.

With all variety and interest standardized out of living, life gets to be static and meaningless, and man is reduced to a spiritless non-entity lacking personality. He becomes an automaton.

— J. W. Ewell

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Lexington Avenue

Farmer dropped off the step of the train. The black corridor of Grand Central's train stalls stretched ahead, with lights at the end. Only about a dozen other people got out, a few drunks and salesmen. Farmer picked up his heavy new leather bag and started to trudge along, looking at his round-toed brown shoes. The big bright station was nearly empty, and cluttered with used paper cups and newspapers. He wandered through the labyrinths of flower stores and boarded up luncheonettes, looking for the Lexington Avenue exit and wondering where he could get something to eat at four o'clock in the morning.

Above his head he saw the Lexington Avenue sign and climbed up the tan marble stairs, stopping to get a drink from a wall drinking fountain with chewing gum in the bottom. He blew his nose with a hardened handkerchief from his front pocket and climbed out into the half darkness of the avenue.

Across the street an El Dorado cigar store, black within. The newspaper stand in front empty, with the green metal weights still sitting there on the wood.

A fruitfly filled grocery store. The flies inside, and fruits in bins next to the dusty potatoes. A glass door, and lots of wrapped white inside.

Sam and Ed's luncheonette, white and bare. Half-pieces of gummy cake under plastic domes. Stools on trunks lined up, with one person sitting. A boy in dirty white eating sandwiches behind the counter.

Rexall. Long perspectivelike linoleum counters. Racks of postcards. Racks of pocket books. Racks of sunglasses. Deep in the store a blue light against burglars, sending illumination like a phony dawn. A public telephone. Combs. Ice cream ads.

A low basement living place, of brown brick. Down in the entrance a child's new plastic toy lying in some dog mess. A round grate, gumclogged, for the rainwater to sewer into. A tilting peeling green door, with cracked frosted windows of no light, like blind square eyes.

Horn and Hardart's, more closed and prosperous than Sam and Ed's.

A boarded newsstand, peeling green-black paint.

A hydrant, a bum, unused trolley tracks on the cobblestone street.

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The Oyster Cove, a purple-carpeted place to eat. A menu displayed in a frame in the window with branches and paper flowers. Sculptured anchors on the walls inside. A numbered rubber mat at the door outside. Deep inside the metal kitchen door without handles but a glass window. Tables with covers, and designs on the placemats.

A lamppost. Papers and gum and spit all around its base, illuminated. One car parked by the curb with dents and dust and dark insides.

On the second floor a window with curtains. The window edges light green, grey with sootiness, chipping. Painted on the window in slanting pink script, Marie's School of Dance.

A lingerie store. Brazziers, panties, stockings hung all over messily on racks and dummies. Inside dust, outside blowing papers.

On the second floor, men's hats. 50% off upstairs.

A closed theatre, under the overhang of blackened neon lights. The hollow cashier's chamber, like a goldfish bowl with a cash register in it. A little boy's hat on the concrete near the door. Carpets covered with popcorn inside, cement outside.

High in the farahead distance office building lights, winking on and off at times.

Across the street a policeman checking the locks on doors, now and then hitting the stone buildings with his stick. The click of his black heels echoing among the blowing paperbags.

Farmer put down his bags and blew his nose again, at the same time looking for a cab.

— N. F. Jessup



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The Boy In The Pink Pajamas

It was at school that she first saw him. She was a Linton Guard and was getting to her class a little late when she heard a wolf whistle. She turned, and there he was. But it wasn't he who had whistled. He had been whistled at, because he was wearing rumpled pink pajamas. She blinked and did all the other customary things that add up to a double take, and then ran. The Guard homeroom was empty except for the teacher. He looked up as she skidded in.

"There's a guy in the hall wearing pink pajamas," she yelled breathlessly. "What do I do?"

The teacher looked at her as if the thought of boys in pink pajamas was ungraspable. Then he said "What?" so calmly that she felt prompted to impress upon him the urgency of the matter.

"A boy! In pajamas! Pink!" she pointed out again.

Again the teacher regarded her with a total lack of comprehension in his face. The girl stared at him for perhaps five seconds, and he stared back, his little eyes magnified to twice their diameter by his thick glasses. Then he

walked to the door and peered into the mysterious hall. It was empty. The girl looked past him. The hall was empty. The two turned to face each other. Then the girl wheeled and ran out through the long hall and the outside door.

The boy in the pink pajamas was getting into a little white sports car at the end of the block. She yelled at him as she ran toward him. The teacher, who had followed her, yelled at her as he ran after her. The boy in pink pajamas got into the driver's seat and held the door open for the girl. She got in, not because of the boy in the pink pajamas, but because of the teacher from whom, for some reason, she now felt she must escape. They drove off, leaving the teacher gesticulating on the sidewalk.

They turned the corner, and the boy in the pink pajamas said, "What'd you do to make him so mad?"

Suddenly the girl realized that she had just run away from school with some strange boy who was probably crazy. She edged away from him.

"Let me out here," she said. He turned to look at her with a hideous leer on his face. She screamed.

"Hey, I didn't mean to scare you," he said, relaxing his face. He pulled to the curb.

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A Friend

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"That's my Dracula grin." The girl sat frozen. The car stopped and the boy in pink pajamas got out and came around to the sidewalk. The girl followed him with her eyes but didn't move. He opened the door and held it for her. She got warily out.

"I'll be by," he said, closing the door. He went around and got in the driver's seat again, and without another word drove off down the long street, under the green trees, under the blue sky. She watched him go until he went into a dip in the road and was lost. Then she turned and went back to school.

All day she looked out windows and around corners, fearing what she hoped to find. But the boy in pink pajamas didn't appear. After school she waited around for half an hour, not for him, but just. . . she couldn't tell exactly why. The boy in pink pajamas didn't come. Finally she went home.

The next day was Friday and her homeroom teacher looked at her as though the thought of himself in pink pajamas was ungraspable. The boy didn't come again.

And the next day was Saturday and although she thought of going to school the whole thing seemed so ridiculous that she went downtown instead and bought a pair of pink pajamas.

By next Monday she had almost forgotten about the boy in pink pajamas. But after school she saw a little white sports car standing at the corner and as she drew abreast of it the boy in the driver's seat said "Hi," and she turned and it was he again, the boy in the pink pajamas, only now he was wearing khakis and a white shirt with pink pinstripes and a button-down collar, and his shirt cuffs were rolled up.

"Can I drive you home?" he said, and opened the door on her side. She got in. Everybody looked as they drove down the long street, around the corner, under the green trees, under the blue sky.

"Where do you live?" the boy said.

"Van Vranken Avenue—you probably. . ." she began, but he said "Van Vranken," and she didn't dare to start talking again.

When they got to Van Vranken she pointed out her house.

"May I come in?" said the boy without his pink pajamas, and the girl thought of *her* pink pajamas and said "Sure."

They got out together and she preceded him up the walk and the steps and through the door.

"Just a minute," she said, and went to get her mother. As she entered the kitchen she realized that she didn't know the boy's name. But her mother wasn't in the kitchen and a note on the kitchen table said she was downtown, and if the girl went out she was to write where on the back of the paper.

"With a boy who wears pink pajamas," she wrote, and went upstairs. On the landing she paused and called to the boy, who was standing by the door jingling his keys, "Sit down and I'll be down in a minute." The boy looked up but said nothing, and the girl went on upstairs.

In her room she lay her books on her bed and then took off her skirt and blouse and replaced them with a gold lamé cocktail dress.

The boy got up from the sofa as she came down the stairs. She thought "How strange this all is," and the boy said "How strange this all is," and she said "What's your name?"

"Dracula," the boy said, and the girl thought of the grin and her blood froze and she wanted to run. But instead she said "Drac for short?" and he smiled and said "Yeah."

The girl's heart pounded; she tried to think how she could escape but all she could think of was the incongruity of a boy named Dracula wearing pink pajamas.

"I'm harmless till the fall of night," said the boy, "and I promise to bring you back by supper time." He arched his eyebrows as if to say "This is all very strange, but won't you come with me?"

She stepped down the last stair and he grinned his hideous Dracula grin and her blood froze again. She was gripped by a cold feeling that prevented her from running, from screaming, from anything but going out the door and down the steps and the long walk under the green trees, under the blue sky, with the warm commonplace sun shining through the early summer afternoon on the little white sports car and the boy named Dracula of the pink pajamas and her, a girl in a gold lamé cocktail dress without sleeves, a girl in a gold lamé afternoon without sleeves, a girl in a gold lamé terror without sleeves. She got in the little white sports car and sat staring straight ahead while he closed the door and came around the car and got in the driver's seat and closed the door and reached around the steering wheel and put the key in the ignition and turned the switch. Then they rode down the long street together under the green tree, under the blue sky, until they reached a dip in the road and the boy turned right.

"Hey!" the boy said, and she looked at him and he was smiling and handsome, and her fear melted to excitement.

"What's wrong?" said the boy reasonably.

"This is all so strange," she said inadequately.

They came to an intersection and the boy said "Shall we go north or south?"

"North," the girl said, and it made her think of long curly hair spread out.

"Ok," said the boy. "We'll stop at Point Barrow," and ahead a sign by the road said "Entering Point Barrow." The nervous anticipatory excitement put its hand more heavily on the girl's shoulder and she turned and looked behind the car but she couldn't tell if the street was familiar or not. The little white sports car passed buildings and people and pulled up before a low building with a sign "Point Barrow Restaurant."

The boy got out and held the car door and then the restaurant door for her. She sat down next to him at the counter and he said "Two Cokes" to the counterman and turned to her.

She looked at the inside of the restaurant and then at him.

"Who are you?" she said. "Or what are you?"

"My name's Dracula and I only fly after fall of night. I seduce young ladies," he replied. "Who are you?"

"Why were you wearing pink pajamas?" she countered.

"Oh, I always do in summer. It's cooler, you know. I guess most people think it's all very strange, but it's one of those little idiosyncrasies that you can't seem to lose. Like my grin." He grinned and the girl's stomach felt cold. She couldn't relax. She almost shivered.

"It's bound to be a little cooler here than down south," the boy said, "even though it's summer. But you'd be surprised how warm the summers can be. Almost hot." He turned to pay the counterman for the Cokes, and sipped his through the straw. The girl turned and drank some Coke but it was so cold that she

didn't want any more. The boy finished his and when he saw that she was also finished got up to go. She followed him out and walked beside him down the long street. He stopped in front of a gift shop and said "Tourists ought to have souvenirs," and went in.

Inside the shop it was cool and dark, and a little bell over the door tinkled as a little dark woman with eyes that twinkled like little dark jewels or tinfoil crinkled came forward from the back of the shop.

The boy said "We want a souvenir, if you have them."

"Certainly," said the little dark woman. She opened a case and took down a small totem pole and passed it to the boy, who passed it to the girl, who passed her hand over the smooth surface, admiring the intricate carving and painting of the wood.

"Is it hand-carved?" she said.

"Certainly," said the little dark woman.

"Do you like it?" said the boy, and looked at the girl mysteriously. But she only looked at him and thought of long curly hair spread out and said "Yes, Drac," which made him smile.

He looked at the bottom of the totem pole and said "Two fifty?"

"Certainly," said the little dark woman and took the totem pole and money from the boy and wrapped up the totem pole and rang up the money and held out the package with the change.

"Thank you," said the boy.

"Certainly," said the little dark woman.

The boy gave the girl the package and she held it in both hands as they went out the door into the warm sweet air and the early summer afternoon sun shone on her warm sweet hair in the pearly summer afternoon.

They walked around and window-shopped and looked at the pine trees against the sky until the boy said "It must be about five and I promised to have you home by dinner time." So they got in the little white sports car and turned around and started off, and they turned a corner and started up a street and she saw it was Van Vranken, and the chill started up again and she looked at the boy and he was grinning his Dracula grin and she leaned away from him and the terror crept back into her heart and her blood ran cold. He pulled up before her house and came around the car to open the door for her. She got out and started up the walk. Behind her she heard the door slam and she could feel him following her,

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grinning. She thought "Is night falling yet?" and even though the sun was shining it felt like evening. She thought "Is it dinner time yet?" and her stomach was cold. She almost shivered as she climbed the steps, as she opened the door. "He's going to come in," she thought. "What will I do if nobody's home?" Then behind her she heard the growl of an engine, and she turned as the little white sports car drove off down the long street, under the green trees, under the blue sky. And she ran into the house and up the stairs and fell on her bed and cried. It wasn't until later, when she began to change her clothes for dinner, that she remembered the totem pole. She had left it in the car.

After a dinner at which she persuaded her mother that the note about going out with a boy who wore pink pajamas was a joke, she took her homework out on the sun porch where it was cooler. The familiar books and commonplace assignments soothed her nerves, and she finished in time to watch the sun set and night fall. Her back yard was filled with fireflies and fire eyes winked at her. The later it got the more the eyes winked and the more eyes there were to wink until her eyes were on the brink of closing, and then she thought of the boy and her eyes opened wide and her arms tensed and her chest tightened. It seemed he was sitting at the other end of the sun porch, waiting. Her heart pounded. It was night, and the shadow at the other end of the sunporch sat still and waited in its chair. She thought "This is ridiculous. I know it's just a shadow," and reached out quickly and turned the light on. The shadow vanished in the sudden light and the chair was empty. She breathed deeply and turned the light off to go in. The shadow did not reappear, and she thought "It *was* my imagination." Feeling brave, she went in and began undressing in the dark. She noticed another shadow in the chair in the corner and consciously ignored it, taking off each article of clothing and carefully hanging it up. Then she put on her new pink pajamas and got proudly into bed. Her mind wandered from thoughts of the boy and gradually she dropped into sleep.

She had been in a light sleep for perhaps thirty minutes when she suddenly awoke in a cold sweat of terror. She had dreamed—about what, she didn't know—and something terrible had been about to happen. It hadn't, but the thought of the impending danger had wakened her, and once awake thoughts of the boy and his shadows returned. She looked for the shadow in the chair but the moon was shining full on it and it was empty. Then she

thought something moved by the door to the sunporch. There was a shadow just outside the door in the corner. The girl's blood froze so cold her teeth almost chattered. Horrible nebulae of fear whirled in her thoughts. With a desperate lunge she turned on her light. The shadow vanished.

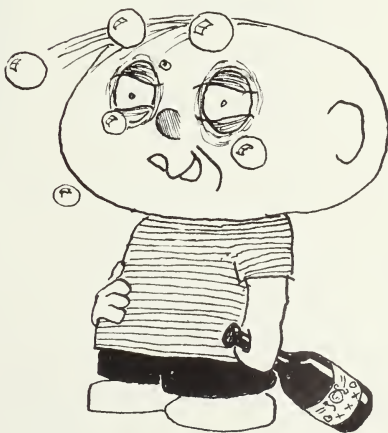
She sat on the edge of her bed and buried her head in her hands, and then on her bureau she saw the little totem pole. She jumped up and grabbed it, and held it against her breast. Where the totem pole had been she saw a piece of paper, and picked it up also. It wasn't paper, but a kind of thin cloth, and on it was a black stain that looked like a bat or a shroud or long curly hair spread out.

* * * * *

The shadows never scared her again at night, and the boy never came back. She always thought he might, but he never did. Once she saw a little white sports car stopped for a light and thought it was he, but when she came closer she saw it was a different make of car and the driver wasn't the boy in the pink pajamas.

Later she saw someone wearing pink pajamas at a distance, and ran to catch up with him, but he turned a corner before she reached him, and when she got there there was nothing but the long street, under the green trees, under the blue sky.

— D. T. M. Murphy



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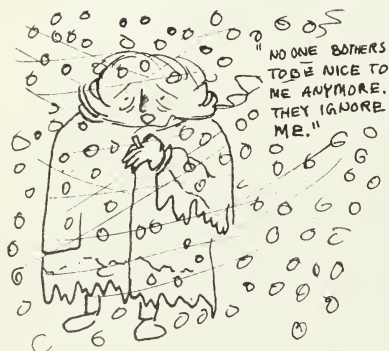
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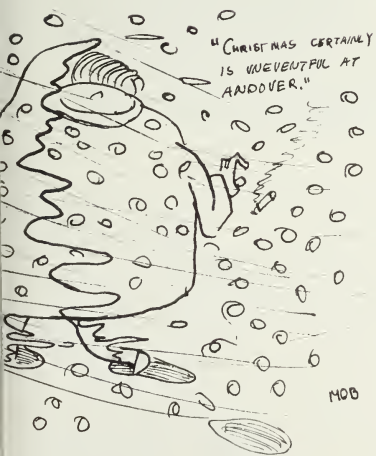
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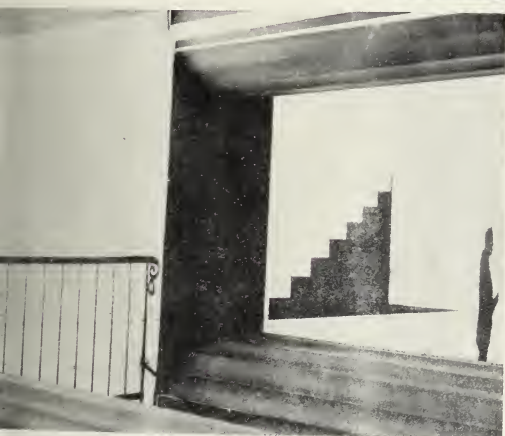
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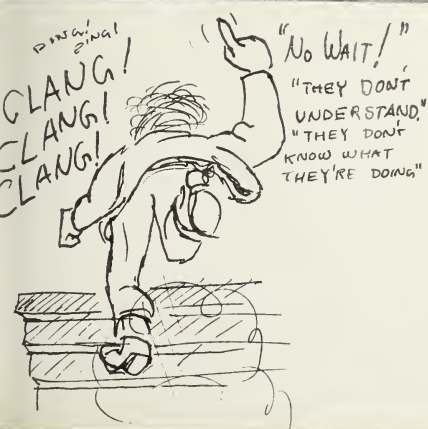
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THE MIRROR



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THE MIRROR

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A Visit To A Small Planet

Allowing a respectable interval of fifteen weeks or so to elapse, I decided the other day that the time had come for a visit to that most modern and controversial feature of the P.A. campus: Abbot Stevens House. Proceeding down a steeply tilting path bordered by Japanese Cherry trees, I lost my balance and slid the last twenty feet on a sheet of ice accumulated from the drainage of the Sam Phil bathrooms. Striking the pine-panelled front doors with a neat "thock", I struggled to my feet and was about to ring the doorbell when a prim and grizzled Mexican maid opened the door and said, "goodafternoon welcometoabbotstevens, steprightinside, pleasewipeyourfeet." So I did. From out of a slit in the side of the wall popped a tall man with a bright red waistcoat, complete with gold watch chain and the 27 different charms you can get for your Wheaties box top and 25c. He was smoking a huge meerschau pipe, and I had difficulty in making out his features. "Well", he said, "I am so glad that you've finally come; we had gotten worried that we might have to go ahead without you". I was about to reply that he had gone ahead very well without me for the first fifteen weeks of the school year, when he changed his attack and asked, "Is it piccolo or flute?". "You've got it wrong", I assured him, "it is Furcolo: F-U-R-C-O-L-O, and let's not talk politics because I have found that. . ." "Quite right", said our accostant, "but do hurry and get tuned up with the rest." "I am nicely tuned up", I replied, "and I am hitherto unaware of competition in the field of. . ." "Very well", replied our friend, a trifle miffed, "follow me." I too managed to squeeze through the slit in the wall, they said it couldn't be done, and entered a large and crowded room resembling a cross between a Hilton Hotel and a collage of racing colors. My vision, however, was somewhat limited by cigarette smoke. From the depths of the chamber came thunderous applause, and squinting through the haze I was able to discern 40 neat young gentlemen in red waistcoats and gold watch chains all rising to their feet at my entrance. That warm feel-

ing of being wanted pervaded my system, and I reflected how far *The Mirror* had come from its days in the basement of Graves Hall. "Well", I said, not a little awed at the warmth of my reception, "shall we begin?" "Please do", said the red-vested leader. "Yes do!" chorused the 40 red-vested children, so I did. (which brings us right back to where we were several hundred words ago) "Well", I said, picking out a likely looking individual, "and how do you like Abbot Stevens House?" A startled murmur ran through the assemblage. Had I said something wrong? Suddenly from the back of the room a little pink-eyed rabbit of a man leapt up and squeaked, "He's an imposter, throw him out!" "I am not an imposter", I replied, "I represent Andover's Official Literary Publication—whatever ice that cuts." "Good God!" squeaked the little man in a frenzy, "Do you mean to say that you can walk in as a large, fat, sixteen year old male and expect us to believe that you're Myra Hess? What a disgrace to the music profession. Vanish!"



We were just beginning to wish we could when our tall friend stepped up and said in a low voice, "You mustn't mind him. He's an artist, you know, creative. And they tend to be temperamental. I thought you had come to give our weekly instrumental recital, because other than that I can see no reason for your being here at all." "Well no", I replied, "I am just a gumshoe reporter trying to work up enough copy to fill a 28 page issue every five weeks, ya know? And I thought that you might be of some help with this new dorm and stuff." "Oh yes", he replied, "you mean just a plain visitor?" "Yeah, that's right." "Well I am sure that we can fix you up. STELLAAH!" Stella turned out to be no sweaty siren of our stereophonic dreams, but an acned and gaunt individual of rather bizzare apparel, who in contrast with the other nice young gentlemen wore a shirt of red parachute silk and black oily chinos with a huge Give 'Em Hell Harry button on the seat. We were trying to remember who Harry was and had about settled on an irreverent reference to Henry the IV, when the youth said, "ohgeemr.pillsburydohaveto?" "Yes", replied Mr. Pillsbury, "you know you're our 'best guide.'" "But I missed the croquet tournament, and the woodwind concert, and the readings from Tennyson, and the inter-dorm Volley ball finals, and the Youth Rallys, and the one-act play contest, and the convention of Cherry lovers (that stands about the woodland ride) and the. . ." "I know. I know", replied Mr. Pillsbury, "you can't get to them all, but someone has to show this poor peasant the wonders of Abbot Stevens House, and being such a democratic soul, I know you won't make him feel too inferior. Whistling "Happy Days Are Here Again", Mr. Pillsbury turned on his heel and walked back to the slit in the wall to await the arrival of the real Myra Hess. "Well thanks alot", said our guide. "Follow me." So I did.

* * * * *

To the wheedling moans of instruments being tuned up and to the disparaging moans of the red-vested assemblage, outraged that such a hoax should have been perpetrated on them, oily chinos and I left the living room by a side door and emerged into a sort of hallway smothered by notice boards and rows of giant mailboxes the size of rabbit hutches. "It's too bad they won't be used now after all the trouble of getting them", I observed. "Yes",

sighed my guide, "laminated Belgian Poplar planks, \$29.50 a box. "But", he added, somewhat cheered, "Mr. Pillsbury is protesting the invasion of our rights, and they may establish a substation for Abbot Stevens boys using these same boxes. "My eyes had begun to wander over the brilliance and variety of the bulletin board, and the problem of mail faded with mounting interest in the epistles nailed to the appropriate headings. "All pillow thumpers", one read, "are reminded that pillows are to be placed at diagonals to the sofas, not perpendicularly as some misguided individuals have assumed FAP." Another: "All candidates for the A.S. Reed Ensemble are requested to meet in the reading room Thursday next at three sharp FAP." Yet another: "The chairman of the Ping-Pong Committee has asked me to request the chairman of the Billards Committee to forbid any substitution of ping-pong balls for missing billard balls. I have done so and pass this along to the dorm as a whole so that you may co-operate to your fullest and make this dorm a sweller place to live. D. Heard, chairman of the People's Culture and Recreation Committee". To which was appended, "This means you Mencken FAP." "What is FAP", I ventured, having visions of the NKVD or the NSDAP slightly abbreviated. "Ssh!", said my guide, "that's Mr. Pillsbury's other name." "What do you mean 'other name'?", I retorted, "sounds like his initials." (I seemed to recall that combination of letters in combination with various letters on the walls of bathrooms around school. "Yes well—yes, well never mind. Just step this way." So I did.

Up a flight of rubbermatted stairs we trundled, observing on our right a succession of photographs featuring a broken coke bottle, three blades of grass with chewing gum wrapper, a naked light bulb from three inches out (this one was overexposed), an expanse of badly made chicken wire, and two or three mud puddles. Ah! I thought, modern realism, art in industry, or was it beauty in industry, or maybe industry in photography, or maybe. . . (my Art & Music had grown dim over the years). But a western type monologue had begun to issue from my Give 'Em Hell friend, and I felt obliged to listen. "Abbot Stevens House was built at a cost of 2¼ million dollars kindly given by the late Abbot and Mrs. Stevens. It is made of reinforced Flemish bricks, Pura-foam plate glass, steel girders, and plywood."

Plywood? We were distinctly puzzled. "Yes, just for the foundations. Very money saving you know." I was groping for my Biblical rebuttal concerning houses built on plywood when my guide stopped short in the middle of a dimly lighted corridor and said, "Well I suppose I had better explain the self-government now rather than later. You see Abbot Stevens is divided into five groups of eight boys each called units. In turn each unit is broken down into the singles and doubles standard in any dormitory. There are 40 boys in all, and over them is Mr. Pillsbury who is *the* housemaster. Under him is a Mr. Sofa about whom I know very little except that he is divan (I gagged) and often answers the doorbell living closest." Oh no, I thought, could it have been her I mean he who. . . "To continue", said the guide as I had slipped into dreamy speculation about first impressions, "assisting them are two prefects appointed from the students. Under them are the monitors five, who censor mail and control each unit, and under them are the stronger of the two roommates in a double, and under them are the weaker of the two, and under them are the singles, (this is the house that FAP built) And under them are the tribunes and the aediles and the Voices. . ." "Wait! Stop!", I cried, "I thought that we had taken care of every one what with the prefects and monitors, and the strong doubles and the weak doubles, and the. . ." "Well no", said our guide, "because actually I wasn't really counting the Uppers because they do jobs like pillow thumping and portrait retouching and piano tuning and so forth. I just call them by those Latin names because I take Latin, and I love Latin, and these were all underlings (snicker) in the Roman government (giggle)." I gave him a long searching look and was about to ask if he considered himself typical, when a door behind us flew open and a tall gangling youth fled down the hall in the direction of the stairs crying, "Culture! I mustn't miss this one! I will be cultivated, I will. . ." and his voice was lost in the opening strains of a concerto below us (Myra Hess had at last arrived).

"Jeepers", said our guide, "I'll miss the concert if we don't hurry—come on!" He opened another door and hustled me into a darkened chamber. "This is a single. Note the sliding bed, sliding window, sliding door, desk chair and cabinet (and sliding endowment I thought). Twenty square feet of space has

been deducted from each room to make up for the living room, of course some singles are a little larger. Why you ask? (I hadn't) Well, so tall boys can lie down at night." "Step this way," and I was hustled into another room. "This is a double which means that it is just like a single except that it holds one more person and has a living room which you are now looking at (I was looking at a potted and castrated fern which sat on the window sill). Notice the intellectual wall decorations and hurry up please,—its time." I had a parting glimpse of some naked Tahitians of Gauguin's creation and a Playboy calendar and was out into the hall again. "Well that's the picture, and if you'll excuse me I'll be getting back to the concert now." Fearstricken at the thought of facing the little white rabbit and his shaking finger, I begged oily chinos to show me an alternative route so that I wouldn't have to face that awesome and smoky red-vested assemblage. "Certainly", said my guide, inspired with a brisk efficiency at the thought of getting rid of me, "Follow me."

So I did. . . until a most curious phenomenon swam through the myopia. Hanging on the door at the head of the alternative staircase was a little slip which read (up for Ashmore, down for Sullivan Square) from top to bottom: first "Room looks fine, HFC, your friendly monitor." Next, "O.K. but please empty that wastebasket, POO, your friendly Merri-mac hah-hah (prefect)." Next, "I'll pass on this room just this once but don't leave the bed rumpled again, Fernando de Sofa." And lastly "This room stinks, report to the detention squad at three sharp and don't let this happen again FAP." At the very top was a small burned mark such as might have been made by a disapproving Olympian thunderbolt. "What is all this?" I demanded. "That", said my weary guide, "would take too long to explain now and you probably wouldn't believe me. Besides they're well into the third movement so please clear OUT!" I may never know, as I was speedily helped down the stairs and out into the cold with Mr. Pillsbury's protege saying thankyouforshowinginterestinAbbotStevens House, and hoping thatIwillcomeagainvery soon. . .BANG! Outside I turned to look at the vermillion and chartreuse facade and saw the motto inscribed in pink marble: "Let's do it up right". Anyone smell something burning?



Modern Novel

At long last, sons of Phillips, now that we have washed our hands of Modern and Ancient Poetry, we shall ascend the literary scale to that form of writing known as the paperback. These modern novels, which are especially prevalent in today's society, can be quickly spotted in any corner drug store and are characterized by the entransive and vibrating covers. Upon opening the book, the reader immediately identifies himself with the protagonist, and from the very first word, which is usually "I", to the last word, which is usually "me", the reader is subjected to explosive, stark reality in its most gutter-like form. The author does not shy away from the more distasteful aspects of life, rather he indulges in them and from beginning to end, there permeates a sensitive, reserved outlook on life, as seen from among the cigarette butts. His creed, as is the protagonist's, is composed of three elements—sweat, blood, and sex; and it cannot be denied that the latter, although oftentimes most shocking to the more cultured mind, plays an important part in the presentation of character.

Today's selection, dealing with the problems and conflicts of intimate and heart-warming relations, typifies the fundamentals any novel must have. It is particularly notable for its insight into the individual, interlocking forces that compel the various character and their actions. Doll is the poet, as shown by his first speech in which he pays due tribute to the rose blossoms, climaxed by his seemingly paradoxical gesture of wiping his nose on his sleeve. Ants is a broken man. Vandalman, whose first speech is short and to the point, is finally presented in his full splendor during his last soliloquy, in which he reveals his Epicurean philosophy despite life's futile struggle. This then, is truly a respectable piece. Oddly enough, it parallels a bit of fiction by William Faulkner in that it shows what great new heights the degenerate South has attained.

As I Lay Pieeyed

DOLL

Paw, I says.

Water should never been drunk from a pail. Hottish-cold, with a faint taste of rosewood blossoms and moonshine. At night it is even better, stars reflecting as if golden panther's eyes from the abyss of the gourd. When I was little I lay on my back, behind the barn, with a gourd, beneath the stars with the faint smell of rosewood blossoms, which grew fainter still, and of moonshine, which grew thicker.

I roll over and wipe my nose on my sleeve.

ANTS

Whut, I says.

I says to her I aint makin you come, says I. And this durn weed. Why is it, a man in all his tribulation and the Lord sets down a weed plunk in hisself's own yard. And all the time she spects me to hop right up and rip up the durn weed. Whut will the Lord give in heaven to them whut's got peace in his soul whut is oppressed by tribulation in hisself's own yard. If Doll would only pass the gourd over thisaway. And if the sufferins of this world of mortals wasn't enough jest th 'other day one of muh suspender buttons come undone. Whut is in the mind of the merciful Lord whut places all the tribulations of the earth on the back of a sweatin man and whut gives him a wife who wunt understand the tribulations. Spects me to hop right up and rip up the whole world. And the Lord adds the weather of Hell hisself to a tired back.

VANDALMAN

My brother smells like a fish.

DAISY MAE

It was like this. We was walking along and he says Lets and I say okay. So it was not like I could help it because he said Lets. When I came home Doll knew and he said he knew without words and I said how the hell did you find out, without words, and he says I peeked, without words, and I say you nosy sonofabitch, without words and go in to cook the fish. I

hope he is not offended. But he could do so much for me, and he doesn't even know it. He is him and I am me and I know it and he don't. He could do so much for me if he only kept his nose out of my business.

ADDIE BUNGLE

Watch out with that augur bit, Vandalman.

DOLL

Paw, I says, you listenin'?

I lay underneath the clouds. Paw is wiping his nose on his thigh. The sun behind the greenish cloudbank looks like the endview of an olive. The kind they put in martinis.

ANTS

Whut, Doll.

That's good land over crost the hill. Sorry Im jest a po man sufferin. Ifn I could jest scrape a little good outen this land I could get me some braces down to Jeffason and better eat the Lord's vittles. But then muh halitosis'd come back. Why doesn't Doll roll the durn gourd over here.

VANDALMAN

My is is different from any old banana. If rabbits go to town when they go and I am not a rat in a corner, why the hell can't I have an electric train? I go down to the stables and take a stick with a point. The animals sit like brown houses eating hay. They don't have to eat bananas. If I were a fish like Ma I would eat bananas and go to town in an electric train. I hit them again and again, yelling through the crying. I hit them again. "You stepped on my toe! You stepped on it!" I say. If Ma would only turn her back I could get her with the drill.

Doll stops drooling and says, "Pa? You listening Pa?"

DOLL

Pa, I ses. Pa, the gourdsh empty.

"The Hunters is another one of these movies about which The Phillipian knows embarassingly little about."

— Jan. 15th issue

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OWA. CURRENT & CHOICE

Desire Under The Elms

The King Must Die, by Mary Renault, is one of the finest books I have ever read, and is (rarity of rarities!) a "good book" that is fun to read. It is so powerful that the reader feels himself in the book—indeed, he may want to stay in so badly that he will stay up half the night reading it as I did. This is no book to start the Friday before a History monthly.

The King Must Die is a retelling of the legend of Theseus in the light of modern archaeology and anthropology, but one need know nothing of Greece or those disciplines to appreciate the effect of this book. While the typical historical novel is a "mammary" novel, dealing principally with sex and sadism, or an "inspirational" novel, which is the literary equivalent of a 16 karat gold cross that glows in the dark in five colors, Miss Renault has caught the whole sweep of an era—the Archaic Greece of the great heroes.

The background of the book is a struggle between two great forces. The old religion of Greece was matriarchal, with a pantheon dominated by female gods, and a society ruled by women. The kings, as the title implies, had to die annually as sacrifices to make the crops grow. The Hellenic invaders from the North had a masculine polytheism, and the Greek mythology we have today records the struggle of the two groups and their final compromise, with the lion's share going to the men, who have been ruling the roost (they think) ever since.

Theseus discovers he is the only son of the king of Athens. In journeying there, he is selected as sacrificial king of Eleusis, and overturns the matriarchy. He reveals himself to his father; but almost immediately afterwards decides to go to Crete, the southern island that ruled the sea in those times, as part of Athens's human tribute. His task is to perform the bull dance, a dangerous ritual which was basically an acrobatic bull-fight in which the human participants are forbidden to kill the bull. He welds the Athenian captives into a successful team of dancers, and with the help of the king's daughter and a timely earthquake, breaks free, establishes the Greek religion, and returns to Greece.

Miss Renault follows the legend of the Minotaur fairly closely, but interprets it in the light of evidence gleaned from the royal palace, or Labyrinth, at Knossos, Crete. We know, for instance, that the Cretan king was identified with the bull, and that the bull-dance was performed as Miss Renault describes it. The Greek myths are out of vogue, and our generation has grown up largely ignorant of them. What are too often regarded as mere fairytales and poetic frippery, can be the backbone of fine works of art, just as in the Renaissance.

The book is powerfully and masculinely written; indeed it is so powerful that the reader will forget who and where he is, as I have said. Yet the obvious literary skill of the author is not submerged in fads or experimentation. The book is not Freudian, or Joycean, or existentialist, or Zen Buddhist; it is merely fine written English, something which is refreshing in this day and age. Told in the first person, *The King Must Die* is wholly Greek, in the spirit of Homer. There is plenty of sex and casual violence, but not leering or malice. The morality of Greece was different from ours; fighting was common, and sex was accepted as natural, not as something to be relegated to bathroom walls. Miss Renault neither preaches nor leers, nor has she produced an exercise in cultural slumming.

There are few Andover students who will not enjoy this book. It has adventure, suspense, violence, sex, historical interest, political interest, literary interest—something for everybody. Here, for a change, is an enjoyable book that is worth reading.

* * * *

Aline Saarinen's *The Proud Possessors* is the story of the collectors of some of America's greatest art treasures. This witty and fast-moving book is less about art than about some wonderfully human characters, mostly of a bygone era. They include Isabella Stewart Gardner, J. P. Morgan, Edward Root (who recently left a large number of paintings to the Addison Gallery), and New York's new governor and Presidential hopeful Nelson Rockefeller.

— D. G. Epstein

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— Phillipian

NOSTALGIA INC.

Old Favorites

The *Mirror* has long been a bulwark of poetic prose and prosaic poetry on the prep school level; thus it is altogether fitting that *Nostalgia* should for an issue take the not-so-easy way out in presenting a few representative works of merit from the last generation of *Mirrors*. The four pieces following were chosen generally as being skillful or humorous, although *The Return* was chosen partly because it was one of the better pieces dealing with the war, a phenomenon that we eight hundred are as yet unfamiliar with. In any case we hope the following tidbits will be of interest.

The Return

He drew the intensely fishy air into his lungs as he excitedly stumbled off the train. His feet on the familiar sandy soil gave him new confidence. Delacourt had come home from war.

The stillness of early morning was shattered into reverberating splinters of sound as the Old Church clock steadily tolled its four notes of welcome. Delacourt was momentarily startled by the interruption of the morning's silence. He groped his way along an alley. The moist, whitewashed walls felt strangely, vaguely familiar to his nervously moving fingers. A cool damp air ate into his bones. He could feel the fog slowly rolling in on him, and his blood quickened. He reached the end of the narrow cobbled street and stood hesitantly on the stone jetty. He tripped, his hand flew for a hold on the rocks, but it was as if they had fallen through under his feet. His body hit the water. The cold water pierced the pit of his stomach, and its salt taste seemed to have parched his throat in a moment. His trembling hands reached for the ladder and he slowly felt his way up.

As the sun rose, falling on his dripping back, he strode home with a lighter step. No eyes could have seen more than the unconquered eyes of the spirit of Delacourt saw on the early morning of his return.

— P. L. B. Sourian '47

The High School Shakespeare

or

Why Lady Macbeth Went Mad

Act V, Scene II. Enter Lady MacBeth, with a taper.

Doctor: You¹ see², her³ eyes⁴ are⁵ open⁶.

Waiting-Gentlewoman: Ay⁷, but⁸ their⁹ sense¹⁰ is¹¹ shut¹².

Notes: "You"¹ Probably employed in his context as the subject of "see" (see note below), although there is some debate as to whom it refers. This is because of a missprint in the second Quarto which read: "Youzee her aiz!?" Critics differ as to the exact meaning of this. Honig, after much research in contemporary records, found reason to believe the printer was still under the influence of the first Quarto, and that seems a likely explanation.

Assuming that "you" is singular, two theories as to the antecedent exist: Luggage's interpretation presupposes that the Doctor is speaking to Lady MacBeth. He suggests as a translation: "(Can't) you see (where you're going)?"—i.e., "what's wrong?" This is based on a marginal note found in a rare folio edition at Humbug-on-Avon, only three hours by oxcart from Shakespeare's birthplace. The note is a stage direction which has Lady MacBeth trip on a battleax and fall on the Doctor's tool kit. The Doctor is understandably annoyed since the Queen doesn't normally bang into all the furniture. On the other hand, De Rolfe has the Gentlewoman as the person addressed. He translates: "Can you see (?)" His theory is that the Scottish castles were customarily sooty and that the Doctor has evidently gotten dust in his eye at an inopportune moment. At first, he does not realize this, thinks merely that the lights have gone out, and asks the Gentlewoman how she is getting along. (Being a Gentlewoman she doesn't reply.)

"see"² This brief word has an exceptional effect upon the audience coming as it does at this particular moment. Its unexpectedness stuns them into a deeper perception of the tragedy which is being enacted before their eyes. Few expressions can surpass this for sheer exhilaration and pathos. Students would do well to look it up in an unabridged dictionary

"her"³ As in the word "see" (see above), there is a lively controversy over the antecedent of "her". By counting every seventh word on left-hand pages with grease-marks on them, Luggage comes to the conclusion that "Her" is Lady MacBeth. De Rolfe, counting the egg-stains on right-hand pages, believes "her" to be the Gentlewoman. Cookridge, with whom most critics side, thinks the Doctor has in mind another woman whom MacBeth met at Glasgow while having his scabbard fixed. Lady MacBeth's subsequent murder soliloquies follow this last most logically. Malheur sums it up in "Le Magnifique Laitier" with: "les petits chacals assis sur leur derriere".

"eyes"⁴ There has always been a large measure of doubt as to just what "eyes" mean here. It may derive from the Latin "cheu" (alas), the Greek "entha" ("here", "there" or everywhere"), or the Anglo-Saxon "eouiii" (hammertoe). However, Gesundheit, in his scholarly "Die Entwicklungneuzeiteneuropaishesenpflanzenweltbevolkerungskraftigkeit", states, "O Tannenbaum, wie treu sind diene Blaetter!" That seems to clinch the matter.

"are"⁵ It is interesting to note, in passing, that Shakespeare used this word in a connotation entirely unknown to the people of his day because it was not obscene. Nevertheless, within ten years it became common usage throughout England. It last appeared in "Frankie and Johannie", a famed German 18th century Soblied.

"open"⁶ Another controversy began over the source of this adjective. De Rolfe maintained that "open" was substituted for "shut" by a masked stranger who altered the manuscript on St. Patrick's Day, 1613. Cookridge differed in that he said "shut" was substituted for "open" by Bacon in The Ball & Chain Tavern on St. George's Day, 1612. However, Gesundheit brought the dispute to a close by pushing them both downstairs.

— Spring '45

Moichindise

We got:

Documents, implements,
Nutriments, and monuments,
Shells, smells,
Sentinels, and bagatelles,
Glassware, chinaware,
Silverware, and underwear,
Masts, blasts,
Dim, dark pasts,
Almanacs, bivouacs,
Zodiacs, and maniacs,
Aisles, piles,
Miles of tiles,
Crutches, brushes,
Anything that flushes,
Christmas, Michaelmas,
Hallowmas, and sassafras,
Contrasts, repasts,
Outcasts, and forecasts.
Vaat's more, vee got
Geese, fleece,
Peace, and grease,
Friezes, squeezes,
Sneezes and wheezes,
Resolutes, destitutes,
Prostitutes, and substitutes,
Oars, floors,
Sycamores, and sophomores
Chimes, dimes,
Rimes, and grimes,
Sniffs, whiffs,
Cliffs, and stiffs,
Egotism, optimism,
Witticism, syllogism,
Inks, sinks,
Drinks, and stinks
Amazons, galleons,
Skeletons, phenomenonons,
Chieves, leaves,
Thieves, and sieves,
Narratives, negatives,
Fugitives, and relatives.
Vatt can I do fur you?

— S. Rogers '41

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Literary & Logaoedic

Encroachment

Slow, gauche stabs of cold
 Send early slush across the ponds.
 (Spidershaped openings,
 Pierced in the fleshy ice
 By boythrown stones
 Lie inky, twiglike.)
 Puddles in a field freeze faster,
 Paralyzing shoots of tan grass,
 Brittle wires,
 Uncomfortable clouds,
 Broadbacked and shifty, blow,
 Pregnant with frost.
 Trees reveal their bones,
 Clicking in the witchy breeze.

— N. F. Jessup '60

Hindsight

When Calpurnia cried,
 Caesar blushed;
 Worried Liz
 By Mike was hushed.
 Famous men
 Have longer lives,
 If they listen
 To their wives.

— P. J. Warshow '61

Adolescence

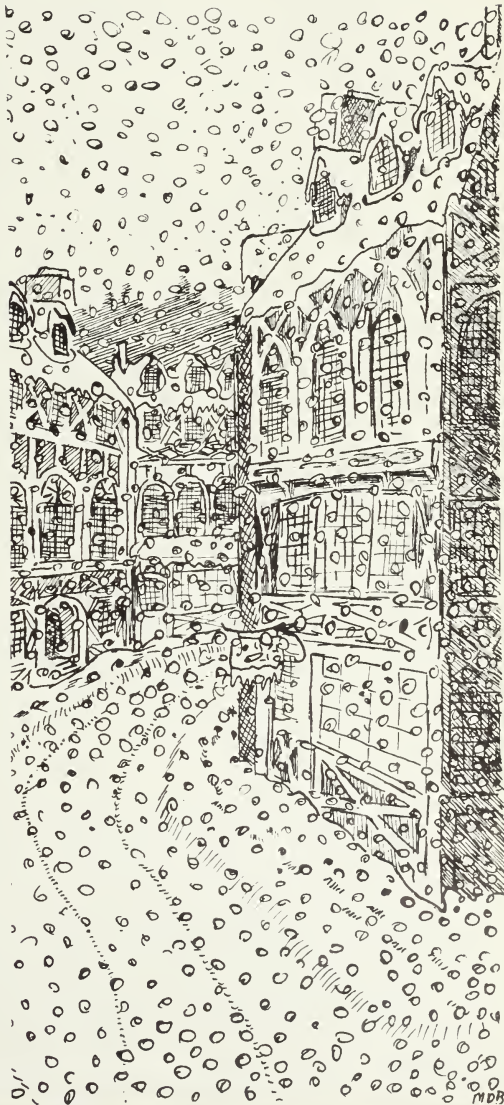
is a weary age
 which writes illegibly
 across a printed page
 for all to see

is a beaten dog
 limping across the night
 shunning the tossing fog
 feared for its fang'd bite

is a subtle rhyme
 in a clumsy cliché
 worn by disjointed time
 discerned with dismay

is an uncooked pancake

— Anonymous



The Bus Is Full

the bus is full
 on every seat a tense blind date waiting
 with trying to be wordly nonchalant in his
 sweat and cold apprehension waiting for the
 dance at rogershall
 the air is full of waiting and on every
 curve apprehension mounts with tension
 a light around this curve out of the night
 may mean the pressure off after and weeks
 and weeks the pressure off
 maybe
 but no we must wait for more curves and
 lights more apprehension more conjectures in
 the winter dark
 will she be tall short fat thin body
 what about hair eyes chin nose body
 jokes she might be cheap scrawny young
 foreign
 ha ha (don't laugh too hard)
 now gentlemen let's remember that we're
 P A boys and conduct ourselves as such it
 shouldn't be too long before
 rogershall girls P A boys nice girls gentle-
 men with
 pressure after weeks and weeks
 now a light around a curve with appre-
 hension pressure off after weeks and weeks
 maybe but no not too long before
 I'll knock her off her feet when she sees
 me and from P A
 maybe
 forgotten how to dance make smalltalk
 (at school boys with teachers notes roommate
 there is no need for smalltalk)
 one two three four I count and shuffle my
 feet under the seat as if dancing where other
 guys won't see me and see that I even forgot
 how to dance how to make smalltalk
 at home the girls are friendly familiar
 talky
 but 1000 miles away
 rogershall
 another curve and light teasing my appre-
 hension
 gears shift down brakes squeek file out
 P A P A
 be gentlemen gentlemen gentlemen gentle-
 men gentlemen
 Bob Blair they call for him to meet his
 date good looker
 Ted Power and another one to meet his
 fate too bad

me me me
 hi
 hi
 where do you come from
 Lowell where do you come from
 Michigan
 oh
 yeah here's your coat
 thanks
 sure ready
 yup
 walk next door to dance walk in the icy
 startling cold of a winternight stars sharp and
 vivid unlike the vague warmth of her perfume
 powder hair eyes drunk the cold feels good
 wakes me up say something say something
 for godsake say something
 nicenight
 yup
 she must think I'm dull imagine nicenight
 how dull
 she smells good right height built good-
 looker envy from Power
 I hope
 hear her walk on the cement with delicate
 sure high heels click click warm powder smell
 up the steps inside
 dya like to dance
 love to

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I know how to dance after all make small-
est smalltalk question comes how far down her
back how close her hand is warm wet how far
till she says please or oh no or well I've never
(P A boys are gentlemen)

maybe

but they are plain boys too with the pres-
sure of weeks and weeks with the tension of
waiting for relief from tension having been
away so long sweating anxious around unend-
ing curves waiting almost patiently for curves

(I too Odysseus)

but we're gentlemen musn't think how far
till she says

well I've never

hate to be rebuffed after weeks and weeks
followed by curves and curves

but she a rogershall girl nice respectable
girl etc

shall I squeeze her hand touch our cheeks

(pressure says yes yes yes)

gentlemen gentlemen (stop kidding)

I squeeze her hand touch our cheeks and

the first dance is over I'll never know

let's sit down

cool off

(its funny how after all these weeks of
tension apprehension curves I hesitate and
think and don't let go but she's a rogershall
girl I'm a gentlemen I doubt it

what if I did say youknowwhat or touch
her cheek or pull her close what would she say
what a rogershall girl)

I'm scared pressurized bursting

second dance

she picks my hand from my lap

leads me out to the dance floor

we start to dance and she pulls me close

squeezes my hand awaits a response

our cheeks touch

she says (who's a rogershall girl who's

a P A boy we're just pressurized)

relax

— W. A. Wickham '60

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Something About My Friends

When I was in the third grade, I was chairman of the Santa Claus Committee of Grade 3B, Radnor Grammar School. I liked school, was good in math, reading, and clay work, and thought Miss Langley, the six-foot teacher was wonderful. But mostly I liked my classmates.

I had been with most of the boys in Grade 3B since first grade, and was good friends with many of them. My best friend was usually Jimmy Underhill—we called him Overhill—who lived next door, and with whose parents mine were also good friends. But sometimes Jimmy and I were enemies, like the time I hit him with a flowerpot. Then I would go play with Nelson or Bucky.

I remember Nelson was kind of funny-looking, but he was the biggest boy in the class and the best at softball, kickball, and beanbags. It was fun to play in his neighborhood, because there were lots of lightbulbs lying around we could throw against buildings, and the freight trains ran near enough to hit from the roof of his house with rocks. But I didn't like to go inside Nelson's house, because his older sisters and mother would always be yelling at each other, or the boys who came to see his sisters would pick on us. I didn't always like going to Bucky's house either, because his mother yelled too.

There were only two boys I didn't like, and they were Jackie Capello and Buster Brown. I liked Jackie sometimes, because his father ran the Esso station, but Jackie sat next to me and he always wore the same shirt that smelled. I was kind of afraid of Buster. But one time he tried to cheat at kickball and I got mad and socked him in the mouth and ran under the grandstands where he couldn't catch me. After that we were better friends, and I went to his house sometimes after school. He lived in a different kind of place, and we used to have real fun going in back of his house and throwing rocks at water skeeters on the swamp. Only I always used to have to walk home from his house because my mother wouldn't come pick me up from there.

Then my father stopped working for the Navy and we moved, and I went to a private school. I liked most of the boys there except they were all like Jimmy Underhill. I was twelve years old and I understood more things.

I became educated at this school but I'm not sure I got much smarter. I found out that the reason Buster had cheated was that he was a Negro, and Jackie Capello's shirt always smelled because he was a wop. Jimmy Underhill had been my best friend because he lived next door and our parents were good friends.

Once I went back to Radnor and stayed with Jimmy. We went to parties with girls and stuff, but one time we went swimming and I left Jimmy and went over to see Nelson and Bucky and Buster. We were glad to see each other, but things weren't the same. It wasn't because I had been away for a year either.

— W. A. Bell '59



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Petes

From the dark of the stairwell bottom peers with reddened eyes a man; through the bars in the walls that entomb him he stares. He, the ultimate underling, the flesh-wearied workhorse, the most ancient of downtrodden mortals, Pete the janitor.

His eyes are red and wet, peering with great strain from the puffed-in holes they are forced to occupy. A mouth as shapeless as a fingerhole in a pile of sand blends with his hairless chin, which turns imperceptibly to neck and then to chest. When his hands do not hold a broom, they hang together, sometimes rubbing softly. His back is bent slightly forward, which gives him a miserly appearance. And miserly he is, grasping for molecules, fighting and slaving for the price of air, he seeks and grovels in the sewer of dust which is the furnace room.

There is another person on the campus who also calls himself Pete. This is a boy who walks around the campus and downtown on Saturdays with his friends. His hair is short, his smile comes hard and frequent. Once in the fall he came down the brick stairs to the janitor's furnaced dungeon, seeking to buy a piece of furniture from the old man. "How much is that purple armchair, Pop?" he asked.

The old man's washed-out pupils peered at him with resentment. "Tree dollars," he announced defensively. The boy laughed sarcastically and started to argue the old man down. When he had finished speaking and stood there smiling, the old janitor spat sadly. "What d'you tink I am?" he whined. "Noth'n? It's worth tree dollars." "It's awmost noo." He was torn between the three dollars and the honor of his ratty soul. He stood bent and bleary-eyed, glaring like a weasel who guards his stolen cheese.

"Look, Pop," the boy said. "The chair isn't worth two bucks." Then, touched by cruelty, "Where did you get it anyway? Just stole it yourself."

"Waddya think I am? Noth'n?" cried the old creature, coming closer, his eyes and mouth drooling slightly. "I got to live! I eats just like youse!" Then, in a frenzy of frustration, "Gimme the tree dollars! Take the chair!" He groped at the boy's hand.

"Two bucks, Pop."

The old janitor, trapped and crushed, stumbled back to his corner, where his wobbly desk stood. He peered up shakily, full of hate and pleading at the same time.

The Andover man dropped two bills on the seat of an old couch and picked up the chair.

"S'long, Pop," he said on his way out.

— N. F. Jessup '60



3.

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The Butcher

He was not over five feet tall, not under a yard and a half wide, and his palms were so thick that when I shook hands with him I couldn't bend my fingers. The skin on his forearms was white, but his face was swarthy, dark tan. His face was completely covered with wrinkles and grooves, and was often varicolored because of the tricks played by the light striking the gray stubble on his chin. He had great bushy eyebrows and a high slanting forehead, crossed by parallel seams of flesh. His grey hair was crew cut, which gave his head a sort of buoyant look. His eyes, between the thickets of his eyebrows and the thick, creased, pocked rolls of flesh on his cheekbones, were very blue. When he laughed, his eyebrows came down, making two vertical furrows over the top of his nose, and his eyes became slightly moist and very shiny. His heavy face would shake out the hoarse, bass shouts of laughter.

You might say that I knew Saul, for Saul was his name, when I was very little. But Saul was a butcher, so I didn't really know him at all until I was tall enough to see him working behind the meat counter in his store. Saul's store was on a streetcorner, and it was called the Kirkland Market. Inside there was wonderful sawdust on the floor, sawdust smelling of freshly cut wood and suggesting a great lumber-mill where the saw-blades were burning hot from ceaseless cutting, sawdust quiet and soft to walk on. As soon as I got inside the store I would go and look at the big, black, iron stove, with its stove-pipe going straight up to the ceiling, and the flames showing through a little door. In the back of the store, behind the stove, was the meat section. There was a heavy wooden counter, eight feet long, stained with grease, and usually covered with little bits of hamburger. Hanging over the counter was a pair of scales. Hanging behind the counter, close to the back wall of the store, were the great cuts of meat. I could not identify any of them; they all seemed to have the monumental proportions of Saul himself. Hanging from the edge of the counter were the great knives, cleavers, and saws with which Saul cut the meat.

"Not only were most of them incapable of expressing their thoughts concisely, but their writings were full of the most elementary mistakes in spelling, grammar, and punctuation."

— Phillipian, Dec. 4th issue

How elementary can you get?

When Saul saw me in the store, he would come out from behind the meat counter and shake hands with me. Then he would take my arm in his great fist and say to me, "Let's see what kind of a muscle you got there." I would tense my arm, and Saul would squeeze until I gave up and let out all my breath in a rush. Saul would give a deep laugh, roll up the sleeve of his right arm, shake that arm at me, and say, "Try *that* muscle." Then I would jump at his arm, but the muscle would be hard as a rock. Both my hands together would not go around his arm. Finally Saul would relax his arm, and I would feel the great thickness and weight of his flesh. That rough, hard skin has always remained for me a symbol of what a man's arm ought to be.

I used to love to watch Saul serve my mother. She would ask Saul if he had any of this or that meat. Saul would smile deprecatingly and say yes. Then he would reach behind him and slam down on the counter a great, red cut of meat. He would stroke the piece once with both those enormous hands, and then wipe his palms on his dirty apron. He would seize a cleaver, the muscles of his hand would bulge around the handle, and he would become a short, thick, fierce savage, about to sacrifice a victim on the altar of his god. With a quick movement, Saul would bring the cleaver to shoulder level, at the same time placing his left hand on the cut of meat. Then with force, he would bring down the knife, and there would be a crack as the bone in the meat broke. He would calmly pick up the piece of meat, weigh it (it always weighed exactly the right amount), wrap it up, and give it to my mother, smiling at her pleasantly all the while.

— D. M. Kennedy '60



Thirteen Seconds

Joe Bruner's battalion had spent the last weeks in North Korea making forays against enemy supply lines. Tonight, December 15, 1952, they were camped in the lee of a rocky but snow-covered mountain. The Intelligence reports had said that there were no Chinese within a radius of three miles, but Intelligence had been wrong, for about six o'clock a small band of Chinese Communists came down the hill and routed the Americans, who had already bivouacked for the night. Most of the battalion retreated to the south, but Joe and several other members of E company, which had been on sentry duty, found themselves driven off to the left of the mountain. Running with the strength and aimlessness born of fear, they escaped the attack and reached a narrow canyon, formed by the mountain's precipice and an outcropping of stone. The walls were approximately fifteen feet high, and Joe, figuring the Commies did not know of their presence, was sure that they would be sufficient protection until morning.

He was wrong, for three hours after a semi-peace had settled over the pre-Christmas landscape, a whistling grenade lit the night and blew the leg off one of the men. Joe reluctantly admitted to himself that their position was now hopeless. The Communists had only to wait for light to pick off these few stragglers, one by one. The men were quiet; no one said prayers, no one joked—it would have been ludicrous, Joe thought bitterly, and so the only sounds were the mind-torturing groans of the wounded, their muted cries forming a macabre Death-Song for the yet unhurt.

Out of desperation one man tried a break. The group waited, even the wounded strangely silent, to see if he could run the gauntlet to safety. The chatter of a single machine-gun, like loose teeth in a skull, broke the silence and yet made it more complete.

Joe looked around at the gray figures that were once E company. This wouldn't be a brave death, for they would die as surely as the sun would come up: trapped in a plan devised by nature and finished by man, they would die whimpering. And then he laughed. . . what was that phrase of his professor's: "the worth of man"? . . . Oh, undoubtedly so. He saw the sad eyes of the men around him, some already glossy and staring, and he heard their wordless pleas. Damn, damn, damn.

There was a sudden shriek, and involuntarily, Joe turned, at the same time reaching for his gun. The wounded man was holding his leg in his hand, laughing hysterically at the red that oozed from the now-meaningless limb. The laughter grew and grew, and then he collapsed, lifeless, sprawled on the white, mocking snow. The faces turned towards Joe. One of them moved: "Lieutenant? We can't leave him like that, it ain't right. What you want I should do with him?"

"Oh no", thought Joe, "it's too melodramatic. It can't end this way, I won't let it." But that annoying inner voice said "It will. It's hopeless, and you know it. "Damn, damn, damn.

The ten were still staring at him.

"Maybe I can reach the battalion and bring help" he thought. "Martyr complex?" asked the inner voice. "Well, I'm not going to stay up all night just to die in the morning. If I lose, I always said it was better to do even the wrong thing than nothing at all. And if I do get through. . ." "You make me sick", said the inner voice.

He strained forward, flat on the ground, moving slowly over the rough, rocky, soil. It took him a full half-hour to crawl the seventy-five yards to the front of the canyon. Inching up the rock face, he could make out a shallow ditch off to the left, and the black sore against the sky which was the machine-gun. "Uh-unh" said the inner voice, and he stopped. There was no sense in going back to that hellhole either. He lifted his head to get a better view. It was perhaps twenty-five yards to the ditch. He could run the hundred in eleven flat. Figure three seconds to the ditch. If the Chinamen weren't holding the gun and watching, it would take them two seconds to aim and fire. . . Damn, damn, damn. "Well, as they said at school, it's a challenge" he thought.



Grimly, he started down the sheer rock. Before he was halfway, his arms were skinned, but he was incapable of feeling pain. He was no longer a human being, but a calculator which repeated only: three seconds to the trench, five to run to its end, and five more to reach the trees. . .thirteen seconds in all, thirteen seconds to Eternity. His right foot caught in something and he turned to free it. It was the corpse of the other soldier. He nearly vomited, but he bit his tongue till it bled to suppress the wave of nausea, and limply slid the last few feet to the bottom of the slope.

"God, I need a cigarette". "Aren't you worried about lung cancer?" asked the inner voice. It was pretty morbid, he knew, but it felt good to reply "filter."

The light was failing, but he could see the gun; slack, and pointing downwards. Good. . . That gave him the two seconds. . .Add two more if that cloud covered the moon. . .He was calm. . .It was not the time for nervousness. . .Thirteen seconds to decide eleven lives. . .The moon disappeared. . .He rose, whining like a sick dog, and lunged forward. . .The trench came closer, but agonizingly slowly. . .Closer, but not close enough, and the fiery halo of the gun told him he had made his last mistake even before he felt the bullets.

"Jesus died to save our sins,
'Fore I'm through, I'm goin' need him
agin."

— P. J. Mandelbaum '60



6.

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Escape

Six.

He was lucky and he knew it. In those last few seconds, myriads of thoughts raced across his mind. It's surprising, he thought, how clearly he could think. For the first time in his life, his brain wasn't overflowing with the worries and anxieties, the fears and the inhibitions of life as it had been before he got this great chance. For other people, yes. They would still try to win the same old rat race. He remembered what somebody had once said to describe life, "Even if you win a rat race, you're still a rat." He chuckled to himself.

Five.

There wasn't much time left, but he was sure that this was what he wanted. He was going to be free soon. He was going to experience something that every living man since the beginning of time had wished for. Two days ago, he wasn't so sure that this would be the answer. Maybe he had expected too much. Maybe he could never escape the frustration of life. But now, he was quite sure. He was going to be free.

Four.

He remembered all the times he used to lie on the ground on a summer night and gaze into the sky. The stars were so far away. They seemed to invite him to come to them and share their solitude and eternal peacefulness. He remembered the time he sat under the big pine tree, holding her hand, and wishing the moment would never vanish. But it always did. He had always hoped that someday he could reach out to the stars and find the fathomless tranquillity that he knew must be out there, the tranquillity that lasted for brief moments on earth, but which he was confident would never vanish among the stars.

Three.

He imagined everybody scurrying about the world like a colony of ants, first turning in one direction and then the other. At least the ant knew what he was doing and where he was going. The ant sought food and returned to his home when he found it. Man sought for something too, but man never found it, or if he did, he wasn't aware of the fact. Maybe he had found what man had been seeking. Maybe he was going where he could find it.

Two.

The sweat was running in tiny rivulets from his forehead and down his cheeks. As the drops of perspiration rolled down the side of his nose and into his eyes, he pressed his eyelids together as if in deep prayer. His stomach felt as empty as the space he longed for. His hands grasped the arms of his chair with spasmodic grips.

One.

He didn't think about anybody else anymore. He looked out through the transparent plate in front of him. He could see the stars twinkling and beckoning, in the same way a sign might flash on and off. He pressed his back into the seat and dug his heels into the floor.

Zero.

A tremendous burst of sound invaded the privacy of his thoughts. A shiver ran through his body. He was going to escape.

— S. H. Hostler '59

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Subway Ride

"I'm a snob," he thought. He kept on looking at the three girls on the other side of the subway car. "But they're repulsive, anyway." He imagined them as three lewd and deformed Graces, standing with hands joined. He *was* repulsed. He had decided to go home by subway because he wanted to be alone. He liked to sit slumped on the bench and let the motion of the train knock him back and forth. It was like a massage. Or else he would read the ads, or look at people's shoes. He always took the subway when he was tired of other people's problems and demands. It was too bad he had looked at the three girls. They had been sitting together, not talking, when he got on the subway, and he had noticed them immediately. They were all wearing blue and white silk kerchiefs, tightly tied over their dry hair. One of them had a silk scarf knotted at her throat. Their faces were white, and their jaws worked absently as they chewed gum. When they got off the train, they scuffed their loafers over the dirty cement platform.

He followed them out of the car, and went downstairs to catch the subway to Harvard Square. He was annoyed at himself for hating the girls, and everything around him seemed dirty. He walked along the platform. He saw a girl, a pretty girl, and for some reason he stopped and looked at her. "She's what I've been waiting for. There had to be someone like her on the subway. Why should she ride the subway? She's got a nice, thick, buff coat. Rests the eyes, that coat, down here in the dirty-damp and stink of the cave. I'll never know her. Wonder if she knows I'm looking at her. Would she be mad? Straight mouth, eyes don't blink, don't move. She can't be day-dreaming, her eyes are focussed. She's trying to stare down, or maybe ignore, the whole place. Wonder why? I'll never know her. She must be sad, with that expression. Why do I want to talk to her? I don't, I want her to know me, recognize me. She's beautiful all right. If only I could speak to her." She had struck him like a wave, breaking over the reef which protected his serene inner world from the rough, penetrating sea of the physical world.

The subway began to rumble in the distance. The red light on the front of the oncoming train began to swell out of the darkness, and, almost immediately, the dirty carriages were streaming past him in a blur of windows and yellow electric light. As the train

slowed down, it occurred to him that he wanted to be in the same car as the girl. He was surprised when he realized that he had only to follow her into whichever car she chose, and sit down opposite her. A minute later, he felt quite calm, as he stepped onto the train behind her. Eventually he was standing with his back to her, hanging onto a hand loop, and watching her reflection in the window. She was wearing thick tan knee-socks, and her hair was very black. Her eyes, which were in shadow, seemed large, and black, and deep. He didn't want to stare at even her reflection for too long, so he looked away. This reminded him of another time on the subway, when he had seen a woman wearing a very low-cut dress, and had turned his eyes away, his embarrassment overcoming a strong impulse to stare at her.

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He looked back at the reflection. The girl's face was almost aggressively expressionless; her mouth was like a ruled line, and the flesh around her eyes was immobile. She raised her head, and he thought she might be looking at him. He quickly looked up at the ads. The situation frightened him. He thought of an almost forgotten moment of his childhood. He and his mother had been talking in a kitchen. His father had entered suddenly, and his mother had stopped talking abruptly. In that instant a veil had been torn aside, and the shadowy, Olympian figures of his parents had suddenly become real people, people with feelings like his. Ever since then, he had participated in their suffering and in their pleasure, whether he wished to or not. Now he felt that through this girl, another veil and been removed, and that a million faces on the subway would become human.

He felt that the girl herself was supremely beautiful. Her beauty seemed to him to surpass the ugliness of the three gum-chewing girls by so much that, looking at her, he could not believe they actually existed. Being able to look at her and admire her, almost adore her, had warmed and stimulated his soul. He wished he could go over to her, take her hand, and thank her.



The subway stopped. It was his stop. He looked at the reflection, and saw her getting up to leave the carriage. He got out in front of her and stood waiting, not knowing what he was going to do. When she had just struggled through the crowd waiting to board the train, she was suddenly jostled from behind, and dropped her leather bag. He stooped down and picked it up. She took it from him without changing her expression. As he looked for an instant straight into her face, he saw that there were pouches of tiredness under her eyes. Then he realized that she knew he had been watching her, and that she was furious.

Now he only wanted to get away. He turned, and, almost running, dodged between the people to the stairs, ran up them three at a time, and burst out into the night air. He ran across a street, and walked quickly away, feeling the dirtiness descending around him again.

— D. M. Kennedy '60



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Hurricane

I turned and saw Carson still clinging to the mast with all his strength. It was as much as I could do to hold on, for even though the hurricane had not yet reached us, the force was tremendous. There was nothing to be done but to hope she would pass us by.

Captain Malone was still down in the hull, and I tried to imagine what he could be doing down there. The force was getting far greater now, and as I stood with legs and arms wrapped around a pole I heard a shout, muffled by the rush of air, and managed to turn my head to see that Carson was no longer there, and neither was the mast. Just then I was thrown with tremendous force against the side of the ship.

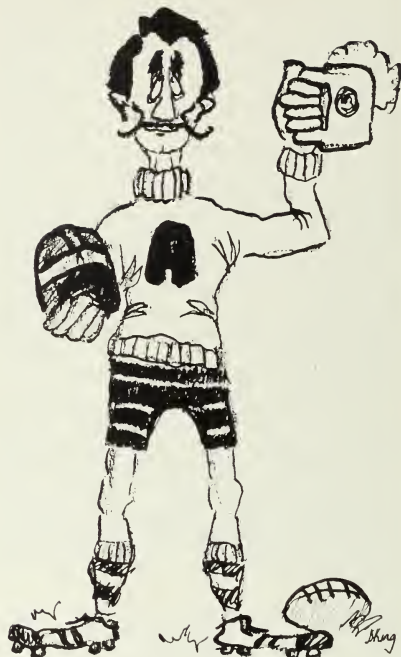
By the time I recovered I was being blown. In my half-dazed state I heard Rodriguez, the Spanish cook, yelling "Come and get eet while eet's hot." When I looked down I saw I was high above the waves, and then I saw Rodriguez riding by with the stove on which he was frying some shrimp. I hated shrimp, but all at once I felt a desire for some. I called after Rodriguez, but he laughed and blew right by. I cursed him until he was out of sight.

Captain Malone approached, sitting at his desk, and I tried to look industrious, which is very hard to do when flying through the air. He was making some notes in the log, and when I asked him where we were he finally answered, "That is what I am trying to find out, so dinna shout so loud, young man," and returned to his calculating.

Then I saw the figurehead, only she really wasn't because the real one was old and cracked, and this was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She passed me an enchanting smile, but when I tried to call after her I couldn't speak. As she passed the captain he raised his hat, and she passed her hand over his cheek but went on. I was very glad she hadn't stopped for him, either, but I suddenly became violently jealous of Rodriguez, whom she would soon meet.

When I looked down I realized I was falling, so I flew back up again. I thought this was fun and might help to pass the time, so I flew down and up, down and up, and picked up a herring and ate it.

Now I saw Carson riding by on the mast, and he waved to me and held out his hand so that I could climb on. He had a bottle of wine



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with him, and he opened it and we finished it off—like old times—drinking from some glasses he had brought.

Soon we got into a very hot argument about his mother—I don't know what about her—and he pushed me off. I was so tired I could not fly, and I told this to Carson; but he laughed, as they had all done.

Down, down, down I went, until I suddenly had a hold of something. It was she, she had come back. But when I looked again I saw only the old, cracked figurehead.

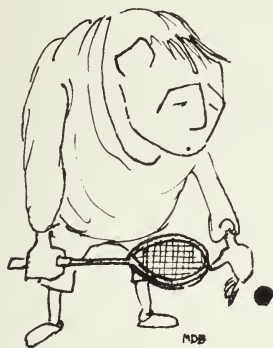
Rodriguez was there.

"Carson went overboard," he said in his accent, "but the hurricane, she passed us by. You were really out."

I felt pretty bad about Carson. The ship was in a bad state; the figurehead, which we had always meant to tighten because it was loose, had blown to the back of the ship.

"Come and have some shrimp," said Rodriguez.

— P. I. Warshow '61



From a crouch
The sea powers fists on thick arms—
a dirty lineman's fist, of broken fingers blood
and tape
Wallowing I spin to miss the hard elbow, the
knee
But instead feel falling my ankles locked in a
damp vise.
Surging to smash again he towers and I am
whirled
Yet by new hands, foam soft, which
smooth the sand, and whose thin fingers sparkle
drop a lover's smile.
Surely they swirl me, anxious now, deeper,
Softly.

— F. W. Todd '60

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SKOWHEGAN, MAINE

The Modern Buccaneer

He ran away from too-small Roxbury, New York at the age of fourteen to go to school. He conceived of education as 'a means of placing oneself in a position where one cannot be deceived by one's more enlightened brethren.' He was a sickly child, and his passion for study made him unpopular with his classmates at Beechwood Academy.

His commencement essay was entitled "Honesty is the best policy."

Jay Gould was born May 27, 1836, the son of a fighter for lost causes and a mother who died soon after his birth. At sixteen he apprenticed himself to a surveyor making a map of Ulster County, and received five hundred dollars for his share in the work. The saga had begun.

His father fell sick, and Jay returned home. He was not too busy, however, to write a history of Delaware County, New York, and to survey it. He did very little of the actual surveying, and the manuscript, (written in the first person, with the royal pronoun) was destroyed in a fire. He sold his interest in the project for a thousand dollars, and at twenty-one retired

to build a better mousetrap.

When he succeeded, he headed for New York City.

Jay was too busy staring at the buildings to watch his invention. It was stolen from him. He caught the criminal himself and made page one of *The New York Times*.

Within a year he owned the largest tannery in the United States, located in the town he founded, Gouldsville, Pa. His partner took one look at the crooked accounts and shot himself. The publicity was so bad Gould decided the venture was profitless and pulled out, shutting down the tannery.

He had two thousand dollars in the bank and no job. He was twenty-four. So he married Ellen Miller the daughter of a wealthy grocer. He became President, Secretary, Treasurer, and in six months he was again jobless, but he had a hundredthirtythousanddollar bankaccount. Jay Gould had found his life. Railroads amused him. He bought into the Cleveland & Pittsburgh at forty and sold at onetwenty.

Now twenty-five, and with a one-year's gain of one-hundred-thousand dollars, Jay moved to Wall Street. The firm of Smith, Gould & Martin joined the speculators in 1861. Martin died in an insane asylum. Smith was forced from the street. Gould met Daniel Drew.

Drew had been an unsuccessful cattle drover until he discovered that things are seldom what they seem. He fed his stock salt, refused to let them drink until just before the auction.

They called it watered stock (when they found out) but they had bought, and Drew became a power in the Erie Railroad.

He became a director in fiftynine, joined forces with Gould and an ex-travelingsalesman named Jim Fisk whom Jordan Marsh had paid sixty thousand dollars to resign from the board and to leave Boston. For seven years Fisk, Drew, and Gould had their way with the Erie. Then Cornelius Vanderbilt resolved to throw them out and clean up the mess.

"Fine," said Jay Gould.

The election for the new Board of Directors was to be held in March, 1867. In February, Vanderbilt began to buy stock. They let him.

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They let him buy seven million dollarsworth in one month.

Ignoring an injunction, they secretly issued more stock. His bid failed, and the three were seven million dollars richer.

Vanderbilt vowed to clap them in jail. They moved to Jersey City, outside the sheriff's jurisdiction. Vanderbilt came to terms. Drew was forced out, Vanderbilt got his money back, and Gould, at thirtytwo, was President of the Erie.

Vanderbilt determined to get even. He cut the rate on his competing New York Central for transporting cattle from Buffalo from the Erie's one hundred twenty-five dollars a load to one dollar.

He ruined the Erie but not Jay Gould.

Gould bought all the steers in Buffalo And shipped them to market on the N.Y.C.

The Commodore gave up trying to outsmart Jay Gould.

Gould made Tammany Hall's Boss Tweed a partner along with the genial Jim Fisk. He was unstoppable, he controlled New York City absolutely. The only thing left was the Government. So Gould tried it. He resolved to corner the gold market.

In pulling in his funds for the attempt he created a shortage so serious the Treasury had to issue fifty million dollars to make up for the sudden nationwide lack of funds.

The scheme was based on the government's having to keep enough gold to back the paper money. By buying all the gold companies operating in the U.S., Gould could sell to the government at his own price, thus affecting the value of the dollar. He and Fisk began to buy gold stock, but suddenly Gould had a change of heart. He began to sell, and Fisk, unknowingly, bought a hundred million dollars of his partner's former stock. On October fourth, the government began to sell some of its own shares. Everyone but Jay Gould was ruined as the market crashed. Jim Fisk had a good sense of humor. When all Gould's associates went bankrupt, he said Gould "left them to carry out their own corpses."

Jim Fisk had a sense of humor.

He also was a good prophet.

They found him dead months later in a hotelroom.

Gould could not control the Erie alone. He moved west. He left as a billionaire, but the Erie owed eightysix million and didn't pay a dividend for nineteen years.

"Cheer up," said Jay Gould, "nothing is lost save honor."

By seventy-three he was a director of the Union Pacific Railroad. By seventy-nine he also controlled the decaying, profitless Kansas Pacific, Denver Pacific, Missouri Pacific, and the Central Pacific. In 1887, as a UP boardmember, he forced a merger between these and the Union Pacific.

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"First the plays could be held on Friday night for the student body and, say, Thursday night for the faculty and townspeople. This would give see the play, and it would leave Saturday all the boys who wished to go a chance to night free for the movies."

— Phillipian Nov. 27th issue

That sounds reasonable



His stocks skyrocketed.
 He made ten million dollars with one
 signature.
 The government investigated. Jay
 Gould smiled, and nothing came of it.
 He took his now-legal money and
 bought Western Union.

He came back East and became interested
 in New York's elevated railways. He began to
 buy stock through fronts, for his name was
 now the touch of death. Along the way he
 acquired the *New York World* to help publicity,
 and a bank or two as insurance.

As Gould slowly bought, the stocks
 rose.

Cyrus W. Field, inventor of the El,
 was overjoyed.

He borrowed from the banks to buy
 more stock.

When Gould had him tied up, he
 flooded the market and called his
 banks, who

in turn, called Cyrus W. Field's loans.
 Gould bought him out at forty below
 the quoted price, ruining Field, who
 died the following year.

Its job done, the *World* was sold.

At a profit.

Gould retired. He lived simply, a model of
 domestic virtues, gathering a collection of flow-
 ers and fighting tuberculosis. It was the only
 battle he lost. His fortune at its peak, he died
 December third, 1892. The Stock Market's
 tribute was to boost his stocks several points.

— P. J. Mandlebaum '60

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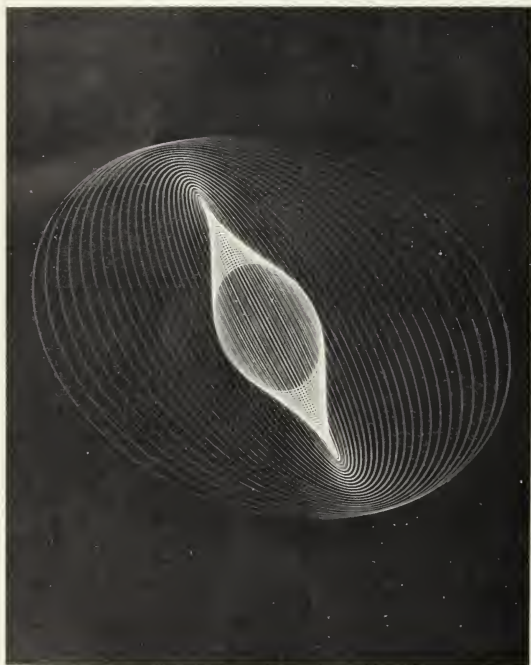
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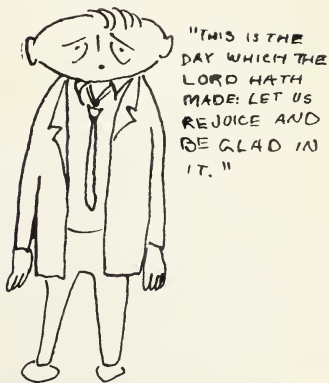
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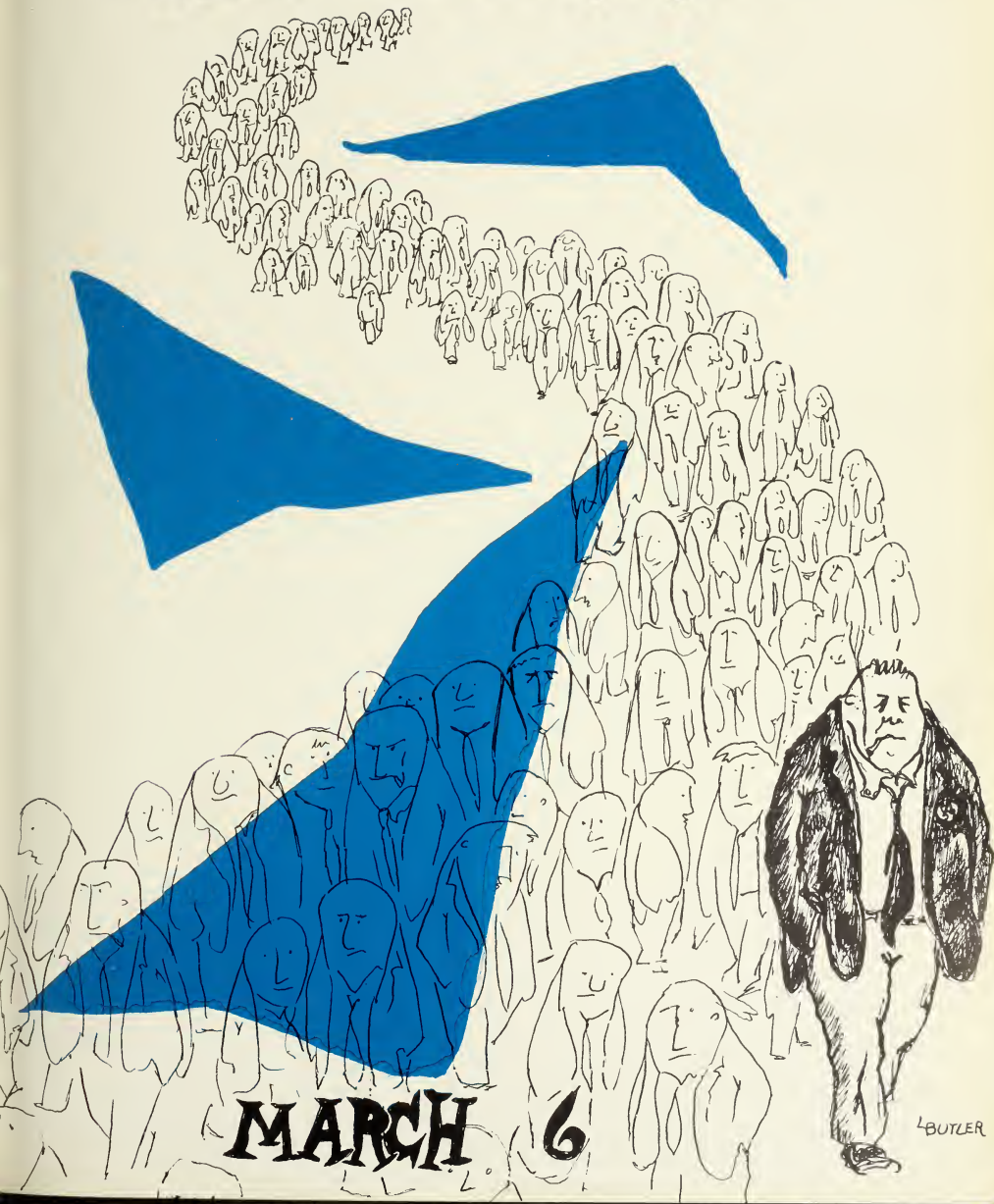


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1854

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Slash-of-the-month

(A pint-sized Junior who prefers to remain anonymous thrust the following letter upon us and fled into the night. We tried to tell him that we didn't have a letter to the Editors column, but he had gone. We present it and our reply herewith and hope that Alfred will be avenged.)

Dear Editors of *The Mirror*,

What I really wanted to do was to have this printed in *The Phillpian*, because you take so long between issues. But they were right in the middle of elections and told me to go away. You seem to be the only other unless I wait for the *Pot Pourri*. My name is Alfred. You wouldn't have noticed me around though, because I eat all my meals at the Inn. Moxie (that's my nurse) says the food isn't very nice over at the Commons and neither are the people. I think maybe she's right. I do go to classes though, I take . . . but I'm digressing some. What I really wanted to tell you about was this boy I know who goes to Andover too. Its not that I don't like him, its just that I wish that he'd let me alone sometimes. He's one of the important seniors, why he's. . . well he's in every varsity sport every season, and that's something. . . but I was trying to think of positions . . . I could swear he was something important from the way he acts. . . I guess he's just modest. Anyhow it all began when school started. I was trying to get my picture taken quickly, when he comes up and yanks me out of line. He called me a weeny and dragged me to Morton South. I had to make his bed, then he would look for a wrinkle and tear it up if he found one; he always did. This went on until lunchtime when he sent me to Benner House with money to buy him a Chocolate Malt and some unmentionables. The lady behind the counter told me not to be fresh and to go away. So I couldn't buy him the malt. He was very mad about that, although he laughed a lot about the other. I spent the afternoon polishing shoes, first his, then his roommate's, then anybody who came by. I

had about decided that the window was the only way out when his housemaster came up and I got let off. I was kind of hoping I'd never see him again, and I didn't until the chapel lists came out.

I sit next to him in chapel. At first I thought he was very religious because he said 'Christ' so much during the service. But then I heard people say it when they came out of Commons, and I knew that he didn't mean it nicely. Also he used to sit and pray all the time; I mean really all the time, like even during sermons. I could never understand how he managed it, the blood always runs to my head. It turns out he has a hobby. He carves. Everything. Really amazing pictures, and initials, and even words. He tried to carve his hymnal, but he gave up and used a pencil. I guess cardboard doesn't carve too well. What I don't like is this. Everytime he doesn't like the chapel speaker he starts to cough. I mean really cough, which wouldn't be so bad except that he has halitosis. One day I coughed too, which was a mistake although I had to, and he whammed me on the back and told me I was doing great. Everytime he coughed, I was to cough too. I have had to do a lot of coughing since then, and maybe that's why I got the flu.



Moxie said I wasn't to go into the infirm-ary because of all the disease bugs floating around there, but it turned out I couldn't miss classes unless I did. So I did. And who do you think was right down the hall? HIM—only he wasn't as sick as I was, in fact he wasn't even sick. I kept under covers most of the time so he wouldn't see me, but the second night he read my name on the door, so he opened it and said Alfred! Alfred E.! He always calls me Alfred E., although I told him a million times what my real middle initial was. He dragged me out of bed just like I knew he would, and took me out to the sun porch and made me cough like I do in chapel for him in time to a song that was on the radio very loud. Then he and his friends took off my pajamas, which wasn't very hard because they're Superman size, and threw them out the window. Just then the nurse came in and told him to go out and get them. He said what do you want me to do? Freeze. . . Hell, no! The nurse went away and came back with more nurses and they took him away, and everyone looked mad. I hoped maybe he had gotten thrown out until I came out of the Andover Inn last Thursday.

There he was big as ever. I tried to turn a corner fast, but he screamed Alfred Eeeeeee too soon. So I came back and he said he was just off posting and was going to the Inn to celebrate, and I was to come too and get treated. I tried to explain that I had just finished dinner, but he began the back-slapping so I said yes. This was the first time he wanted to give ME something so I decided I had better take it while it's there. So we walked in, and he swiped a tie from The Gift Shop and put it on and we went in to the dining room to eat. All during dinner he talked. Mostly about himself and how he was sick of this place and couldn't wait to get to Yale, no women, no liquor, no nightclubs. What else was there he said, so I agreed that there wasn't much else. He told me about the summers he'd spent winning Tennis trophies and cracking up cars, and it all sounded so exciting that I began to wish that Moxie would let me stop taking flute lessons now that I'm twelve. Then he told me about how it feels to get drunk and be slugged, and lots more things I'd never done. So I asked if his parents knew all about these things. He said no but they wouldn't mind. I asked him about his clothes. I could never understand

why he had such nice clothes but they were always dirty. And he said you got to be in the groove. I didn't follow him too well, but I guess clean clothes get you out of the groove, I guess they take up more space. So I asked him if it was crowded in the groove. He gave me a strange look and began shoveling apple pie into his mouth. After we had finished, he said he had a telephone call to make, and I should wait right there. That was O.K. with me until the fast bell rang for study hours, so I went out into the lobby to hurry him up I couldn't find him and his coat was gone. Just then the waitress came running out and wanted to know who the Hell was paying and when. I had spent my allowance on the first dinner and she began to get mad. So I said I'd call Moxie and she came and paid the bill. I had to tell her that I had lost the money she had given me, and she believed that, although she wouldn't believe that I ate two of everything. She thinks I'm treating friends on the sly.

I see him every day on the steps of Commons, and he always laughs and begins telling everybody in the group what happened in a very loud voice. One of these days I'm going to try and get my money back, but he is 100 lbs. heavier and I don't think there's much hope that way. I wish I could be sure that it would be over in June, but he's got an Upper in training to take over when he goes. The Upper is smaller right now, but I guess he'll grow. Moxie keeps telling me I picked the wrong school, but I think it's all right, don't you?

Hopefully,
Alfred

Dear Alfred,

Your question is a very good one, and we have had to consider a long time before coming up with an answer. Whether you should stay at Andover depends entirely on whether you are willing to conform. Obviously you are in no position to fight "him" and his type, even with Moxie on your side. Thus you must either conform or leave. To leave you should do the following things:

- 1) Tell Moxie you're going to leave.
- 2) Tell Mr. Benedict you're going to leave.
- 3) Leave.

But this seems too easy a way out. What we would really urge is to conform. The following rules will be of help in transforming yourself from Alfred, the persecuted, to one of the fellas.

1) Appearance—Dress in tastefully messy combinations of khakis, tweedy sportsjackets, shirts without collar buttons, and neckties of any variety providing they have the A-shop label. Shoes must be well scuffed before public wearing. If this presents a problem, we recommend either artificial scuffing with a nail file or nitric acid. Rubbers are out unless you are on the Honor Roll, and galoshes will serve admirably for everything from morning dew to hurricanes. (Note: mud is also desirable on shoes to cover up lack of scuffing.)

2) Manner — Walk loose-jointedly and slowly, limp if possible and if anyone will believe you. Speak indistinctly and avoid words of more than three syllables. Keep your head down when passing someone you don't know, and never greet a member of another clique. The slightest hint of table manners and they'll ostracize you, so watch that cutting up of meat before you eat it. No chewing, just swallow. Keep collar up, neck-tie down.

3) Interests — You may be interested in girls, baseball, vacations, and cars in that order. (note: other sports may be substituted for baseball out of season. Exercise caution though, a careless choice may cost you months of work.) You are expected to talk on these subjects illiterately but with vast experience implied. If pushed, you should be a Republican, Protestant, and A Rh+, although interest in these fields is uncalled for.

4) Attitude — You have one emotion in this racket: disgust. Thus you have one attitude: disgust. Your alma mater is a necessary but objectionable institution combining hard work with silly rules and bad food. You are looking forward to Yale and Princeton, but silent if headed to less acceptable institutions. Harvard is out.

5) Procedure—To make yourself one of the gang, you should establish a reputation for acts of bravado or insanity. The quickest way to do this is to get in trouble with the Faculty. Throwing food in Commons and singing in the Library are two generally acceptable methods. Something more original is advised, however. When you have reached the general plateau of being a "good man", it is time to pick your clique. In some classes you will not have much choice, when you do however, choose the wilder and more infamous one and you are sure to come out right. To lead a clique is most difficult, and we think that owing to your stature

or lack of it, you had better just aim for membership.

We can think of nothing more to add, except that if you follow these rules carefully, we are sure you will go far. Who knows, you might even get to be Editor of *The Phillippian* someday.

Faithfully yours,
The Editors

A Farewell To Arms

By the eve of the First World War, Phillips Academy had expanded from a school of a little over a hundred students in 1891 to one of well over five hundred. The campus had begun to look much as it does today. The once influential seminary was about to be abandoned. The academy, while pursuing its own course, was extremely conscious of the re-evaluation of educational methods and purposes in America at that time and considered itself a mean between a down-to-earth vocational and a "flowery" cultural training. The boys must be "inured to obedience and seasoned in hardship, as well as interested and pleased." But they should be interested. Therefore the "artistic influence" made itself felt; busts and pictures began to decorate the bare classrooms. Life was more relaxed than in the days of iron-fisted Sam Taylor "Emperor of Andover and Autocrat of Phillips," the "human element" having been introduced by Principal Stearns; nevertheless "manly purity" was still a chief ideal. Secret societies were flourishing; but mandolin and banjo clubs had disappeared, to be replaced by a jazz band during the war.

It is interesting to glance at the titles of Means and other original essays, as they reflect the times. In 1914, "The Value of Labor Unions," "The Question of Panama Canal Tolls," "Against War with Mexico," "The Non-militant America." In 1915, "Democracy in Germany" by Paul Gelbach, who had the previous year played the role of Cecelia in *Er ist nicht eifersüchtig*, a three-act play presented by the Deutscher Verein of Phillips Academy, under the direction of Dr. Georg Kamitsch, Prussian exchange teacher. This German club was apparently quite active. Early in 1914 it presented a program at which a Dr. Evenius, Prussian exchange teacher at Exeter, spoke briefly on Bismark. In 1916 among the Means essays were "Our Drooping Standard," and

"Vested Interests in the European War;" in 1917, "America's debt to France," and "Our Future Attitude towards Germany."

Phillips responded to the war in Europe with more than just words. In 1915 reports began filtering back from P.A. men driving ambulances in France and eventually an ambulance fund was set up. That same year the rifle club was begun. In 1916, with the threat of war against Mexico as well as Germany, the academy Bulletin extolled the Junior Military Camp at Plattsburg, N. Y. When the U. S. entered the war in April 1917 the trustees "voted that students (above 16) who desire to manifest their sense of patriotic duty at this critical time by entering preliminary training for the remainder of the year, shall be permitted to do so in place of required athletics." 485 out of 500 eligible boys enrolled, to form the P.A. Cadet Corps. At the beginning of the next school year, Robert N. Davy of the Canadian Army in charge, three-hours-a-week training was made compulsory for all students over 16, outside athletic contests being curtailed. By 1918 athletics had been completely abandoned, and the Bulletin was rebuking other prep schools for failing to respond patriotically to the war ("social diversion need not be eliminated, but they must be curtailed.") P.A. sent over two ambulance units to France. During the summer of 1918 the campus became a military camp with 250 cadets, mostly from the "leading schools of New England." The cadets waged all-night battles in the newly dug trenches behind the infirmary. The Andover townsmen were said to have displayed "patience and patriotism." However, from time to time editorials declared that the school should not be an armed camp, inculcating hate, but rather a teacher of Democracy. More than ever Phillips had to teach its students how to live, and live in a peaceful world.

One finds in the war a curious mixture of bitter realization and idealism. Much of what we would call idealistic—the fighting to uphold Christian civilization, for instance—they considered a new hard reality.

We are surging on to France
Where an eagle screams
Fight for God! forget Romance
Who will buy our dreams?

... wrote an academy teacher in 1917.

The reality of tough battling and carnage, the shock of not being prepared for war, the use of gas, could not be avoided; but at the

same time America was fighting for God and righteousness. The Bulletin editorialized, "It is a cold fact that even a school of the highest ideals must have at its base a reserve of force," that even the Christian Church must follow this policy. Force for good causes must overcome force for evil, "the conscience of Christian people will sanction the use of it."

"I defy any man to find any word or deed of Christ, rightly interpreted, which (states) that I am not to defend another man if he is robbed," a sermon, 1918 commencement. "Germany must be beat to the point of utter exhaustion—not in a vindictive spirit, God forgive that. . . . Kipling said a little while ago 'There are two classes of people in the world: human beings and Germans,' But oh, the shame of it, after 2000 years of the gospel of Christ that it should be said that way! and yet it is true."

One finds an extraordinary divergence among the letters of P.A. men in the war. One deals chiefly with a couple of trips to magnificent cathedrals. Another runs, "I have seen hundreds of Andover and Yale men everywhere, and it's great to see them in this big fight for Christianity and civilization." Writing of Belleau Wood, Sidney Thayer, awarded the War Cross, related, "They're fine fighters when you're far away, but when you get close they drop everything and all join in the 'Kamerad Korus.' Well, we fooled them in the second attack and decided that 'there aint goin' to be no Kamerad' and there wasn't. Every German and his brother died just where he throw up his hands and hollered it, and those leathernecks sure were wild men. Some had their rifles put out of commission and used their big clubs on the 'square heads.' This may sound brutal, but it's the only way to treat 'em, and they deserve everything they get. After you get your first one it comes easy. Another thing is that they all wear brass buckles on their belts with 'Gott mit uns' (God with us) on them. This is a fact, and I have four of the buckles myself."

At commencement in 1919, with the war over and 83 P.A. enlisted men dead, the gist of several speeches was that all Americans should undergo military service in order for the country to be prepared next time. Among the Means essays were "A Plea for Intervention in Russia," "Bolshevism, its significance," and "Fair Treatment for the Japanese."

— S. M. D.



A-shop's Fables

To wrap up our questionable treatment of prose, ancient and modern, we offer the discriminating and faithful reader the fourth in our series of standard and overlooked literary forms: the fable. A fable may be written in two ways, either the writer cooks up a good didactic moral and weaves a story about it, or he tries to think of a suitable moral for a story already existing. The second method, research tells us, is by far the less common. The better fable writers look down on such practices as un-

sportmanlike, and refuse to set pen to paper until they have a good juicy moral in hand.

The use of animals in fables seems widespread. Woodchucks, Lions, Rats, and Lizards all feature prominently in the fables to follow. We would suggest that animals afford easier targets for the evils and foibles of mankind than do men. Possible prejudice, self-identification, recrimination, and other human sentiments all play their part in this. If the personification seems excessive, the reader should remember that men have their animal moments as well.

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We have often wondered if a fable is good if it is badly written with a good moral. On the other hand, does a well written but badly be-moraled fable make the grade? Obviously a well-written fable with an inferior point is not a fable at all, but a short story. A dull fable with a good moral is not a fable either, it would seem, but a sermon (not necessarily a good one, however). So it is evident that to measure up to Aesop one must effectively combine an interesting story with a good moral.

Our first selection would seem to have been mislabeled. If the hero hadn't smote his graven image and displayed a distinctly hostile attitude in view of monetary considerations to his religion, he would have never become rich and probably would not have come to the attention of the fableer.

The second fable raises the question why was a woodchuck eating cheese. If he had followed his normal diet, he probably would have been eating something tasty when the Lion came along and been able to placate the beast. Why the Lion didn't eat a tasty morsal like him is another good essay question. The third fable is not a fable at all because it has no moral. Certainly "nothing" is hardly a word to live by in the world of today. With the non-sequitor green snake and generally dreary details, we find that it is not a fable at all but a bad short story, in which case it is misplaced and should appear in the Literary section of *The Mirror*,

we beg your forgiveness in misplacing our trash. The Fourth fable degenerates into an advertisement for Westinghouse, very cleverly worked in. This is written sub-liminal perception, and we expect the F.B.I. to arrive at any moment. The fifth fable is a penetrating allegory on the election of 1912, obviously written from the Republican point of view. Although the slimy Democrats managed to knock off T.R., they're still Lizards, which goes to show that once a lizard always a lizard is truer than one would suppose. Number six combines a plea for Jelly Beans with the religious retribution of the Oral Roberts variety. We would suggest that the author didn't hear the quote properly and is struggling without those vital "s" 's. Anyway good luck with the fables, and write your own if you don't like ours.

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THE MAN AND HIS IDOL

In the times when men worshipped idols, a very devout man was accustomed to pray for long hours each day to his wooden god that he might become rich. He prayed long and fervently, but remained as poor as ever. Finally he lost his patience and with a giant club smashed the idol in two. Scads of money came flying out all over the place.

Never allow monetary considerations to influence your religious attitudes.

THE LION AND THE PRAIRE RAT

A woodchuck was on the verge of devouring a small piece of cheese which he had found when the mighty lion approached him and belted, "What are you eating?" "Cheese," squeaked the woodchuck, terrified by the appearance of the King of Beasts. "Won't you have some?" He gave a portion of the cheese to the lion, who after greedily devouring a small amount screwed up his kingly features into a horrible grimace and with a heart-rendering belch spewed out the chewed cheese all over the shivering woodchuck. "That tastes terrible!" he roared, and trotted off into the jungle, thoroughly soured.

The thin, small voice of gratitude is too often a belch.

THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

A man and his wife were walking to town when they came upon a deserted horse-cart lying on the road. "That looks like the Jorgensen's old buggy, doesn't it dear," said the wife. "Uh-uh," agreed the husband. A few miles further on they met a neighbor of theirs who said hello to them. When he had passed, the wife said, "Jones is a rotten man." "Yep," agreed the husband. They both failed to notice a small green snake which was crossing the road ahead of them. When they came to the vegetable stand they got into a horrible argument over whether to buy beets or onions and as a result the merchant gyped them to the tune of forty cents, which taught them,

Nothing.

THE FOX AND THE EMPLOYER

A fox who lived near a village was very fond of scotch and soda, and so each year, when the lakes froze, he would tramp out to the nearest pond and spend several days of labor in dragging great blocks of ice to store in his cellar, so that he might have ice cubes in his scotch during the warmer months. The only conflict in his life was that taking blocks of ice from the ponds was not only hard work,

but also ruined the ice skating for that season, and skating was his favorite sport. He determined that, although he was only making six-seventy a week as a fingernail sharpener for Barnum and Bailey, he would nevertheless secure for himself a Westinghouse automatic refrigerator. He decided to steal the money from his employer. Therefore, when the rich employer was walking home one evening he felt himself conked on the head by a greedy claw and woke to find his wallet gone. The fox took the money he had stolen and went downtown to buy the refrigerator, a wide, tall Westinghouse with sliding ice-trays and a pink handle. It was installed by the company free of charge. That evening at cocktail time the fox strode up to his ill-won refrigerator to remove his first tray of ice. But unfortunately there had been some mistake in the wiring and as he touched his paw to the handle of the door twenty thousand volts zapped through his furry frame and he fell back stiff dead.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse.

THE BULL AND THE LIZARD

A bull moose and a lizard were having an argument about their relative strengths. "I am a mighty hulking thunderous horned beast of the field," bellowed the moose. "I can demolish mighty oak trees with a single swipe of my hoof. I eat animals eight times your size for hors d'oeuvres. What can you possibly have to offer against that?" "I can swim underwater," said the lizard. At this the indelicate moose burst into such coarse and rude bellows of laughter that the enraged lizard, which was a Gila monster, bit it on the hoof and it died and the lizard ate it.

Little monsters mighty meese have felled.

THE BOY AND THE JELLYBEANS

A small boy was walking past a jellybean shop which he noticed was empty. The jars of candy were all sitting in a row on the counter with no one to watch them. The temptation to run in and grab a handful of jellybeans was so great that the little boy could not resist it, and so he very quietly stepped inside the store and with his little hand took hold of one jellybean to steal. But as he did so a heart-shattering burst of thunder exploded as if at his very fingertips, and sizzling lightning crashed through the roof, sending flames everywhere. Practically the whole city was destroyed by the fury of the ensuing explosions. The nearby Nile was turned to dust by the heat. All the jellybeans melted into a glob.

God help those who help themselves!

— N. F. Jessup

Literary & Logaoedic

Chronos

Time is a radical,
tousle-haired and starry-eyed.
And Future is fanatical:
Dead Nows lie in his wake.

Time is aye a reaper,
and grim for grimness' sake;
Ever is a graveyard,
where worms of Is partake.

Future is a thing that wills,
and Change is Is's dream.
Past is but a march of Stills,
and Now is Was's scheme.

If an era is a safety match,
And a century's a flame,
Then God, forever willing, is the sun;
And Always was the Sun.

— D. G. Epstein

The Kitchen

Serve me up a plate of dreams,
(serve them warm and pungent)
Of damsels stroking dulcimers:
Damp-tropical and unguent.

Serve me up a song of May,
(serve meadows, sheep, and flowers):
Peaceful dreams and melodies
to lure away the hours.

Serve a scene of pungent hopes,
(serve them to my leisure):
Serve me scented scenes of love:
Serve me sweet, sweet pleasure.

And Serve a song of war and death,
destruction all fire-golden:
Fix a feast of shrieking flame,
Lest safe dreams storms embolden.

— D. G. Epstein



Huckleberry Finn-Postlude

You don't know about me without you have read a book called *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*—Huck Finn bein' me, you see—but that ain't no matter. That there book was written by that feller Mark Twain about me when I was down on Earth, but that ain't no matter either, 'cuz now I'm up Here jes' doing nothing at all. Don't be asking me as to how I came to be up Here, 'cuz I'm gonna tell you anyways, right now. I ain't seen nobody but was surprised to get up here.

You understand about my being dead. My friend Tom Sawyer and me we was polin' down the river when a storm comes up, all a-slashing with rain and all a-roaring with thunder 'n' lightening and such and sudden like we knowed our times is come. Soon enough the raft goes swirlin' down the river, only me and Tom ain't on it we bein' in the water. I couldn't see him none too clearly when everythin' goes all black in front of me in back of me and then all over, it was fierce awful. I couldn't feel nothin' nor yell nothin' nor even DO nothin', so I just ups and dies. The way I figger it, a man he has a spiritual body and another body for livin' and fightin' and such; well I only got my sole body left, or so Saint Peter tells me. Which means I'm in a mighty sour way sometimes when I cain't fight or fish or swim or just knock about a bit. I don't complain none—I'm sorta settled to the idear of bein' up here anyhow, and seein' as how there ain't too powerful much a body can do about it, I reckon I WON'T do nothing.

Things are sure something different now. Tom and me was powerful scared finding ourselves up Here where it's all white as Aunt Polly's apron and clean and not even hot or cold. When I first waked up and took a glance around me, I had no notion where I was; then I sees Tom and asks him:

"Tom—that's you, ain't it? Where you reckon we might be?"

Now Tom he don't know no more than I do, 'cept the right and proper way of doin' things, so he says:

"Look here, Huck, I don't know either. Last time I can remember, we were on the raft, and then the storm came, and we were in the river. After that—" Tom he looked right at me as if he wanted to sell out to the best bidder and says, real quiet like:

"Huck, you don't figure we're dead, do you? We just might be, and if we are, then we're GHOSTS like all other dead folks. But then you can see me, so maybe we're just sorta half-ghosts. If I can touch you and feel somethin', then that's what we must be. Half-ghosts. That ain't so bad, you know." Then he ups and pinches the blue blazin' daylight outa my toe and it hurt like nothing I ain't feel before. If he warn't my friend I'd of hauled off right then and there and fetched him a good one. I looks at him hard and says:

"You brass-headed muggins! I'm ME, cain't you see that without half killin' me all over again? Where's your school-sense, anyhow?" Tom he didn't say nothing. I could see right off that he was thinking again, fixing up one of his edukated plans, so I shuts up and don't say nothing either, seein' as how he would'na paid no heed anyway. Finally he jumps up and starts in a-talking like no half-ghost I ever seen before:

"It's as simple as playing hooky, Huck Finn. I just hope we ken find a way that's complicated enough, that's all."

"Complicated about what?" I says.

"About gettin' IN, you stuggle. This here don't look like the Devil's Kingdom; Aunt Polly told me about that, and this ain't it. So we must be in Heaven, and if we're up here, then we should be thinking about getting inside The Gates. It's all mysterious and holy-like and good, and Aunt Polly told me once that all people who go to Heaven has to pass through the Peerly Gates, or something like that. Why Huck, all the world's great people come through there—like Louis Fourteen, or David Copperfield—I read about him—or even Judge Thatcher maybe."

"Well, then," I says, "it's all fine and good fur people like them to be getting in, but we ain't hardly nobody great, and we done committed so many sins they'd never even let us look in and see what it was like."

"What it was LIKE? We can git in like anybody else, silly. All them great people don't git in just because they're good or perfect—when they come up here, they don't make such a big howdy-do about their deeds—about how good they were and such. Why any stumble-headed fool can come a-bragging about how much he gives to the poor and that sort of stuff."

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"We didn't give no money to the poor, did we? We allowed a while back that Judge Thatcher would look after that \$6000, and he didn't give none of THAT to poor folks, did he?"

"That ain't got nothing to do with it, Huck Finn. You don't ever seem to want to do anything the regular way. S'pose we didn't do nothing with the money; that don't make a hoot nor holler of a difference up here. Like I was trying to tell you, people who come up here tell Saint Peter—the feller who minds after them Peerly Gates I was learning you about—they tell him all about how bad they was, even if they didn't do much bad at all. That's so Peter kin FERGIVE everybody for what they done. I ain't 'zactly sure why, but somebody has to fergive you before you kin even set a paw inside—that's just the way they do things. If that's the way they all do, then WE got to too."

That Tom Sawyer was a smart one no doubt. Why if I had a head like he does, I wouldn't trade places with nobody. I says:

"Why, Tom, it'll take this Peter feller the rest of his life to fergive me and you for all we done. I've done tole so many lies that I don't even belief myself half the day. It's a blame good thing that he can do all this fergivin' tho'. Did Aunt Polly ever tell you if a body had to sweat off a prayer or two when he got up here, so's to please these holy folks? I mean Huck Finn he ain't much for that sort of thing; I ain't never read any o' that Bible stuff about ole King Sollermun and wise people. An' pray-in'—I just cain't set my mind to it. I'm all bad, that's all. One time I makes up my mind and sets my head to the fact that if I was a-goin' to be bad, then I might as well go the whole hog."

"It don't make a peck of difference how bad or good you were. Everbody's the same up here, and once we git in, we'll come to know all them great people I read about. The whole thing is, you have to WANT to be fergiven, and once you want to, then there ain't nothing to trouble yourself about. We tell Peter we're sorry and all, and that's it—we're in. Let's not be wastin' away our time with pish-posh now—I'm for finding them Peerly Gates Auntie was a-preaching about."

This time I warn't too much for arguin', so I says nothin', and we ups and starts walking across the clouds—that bein' what they were—and just like Tom says, soon we comes

to these gates that was considerable tall and holy-looking, and right out in front were a shack like the one Pa had by the river, only this one had real windows and was cleaner. We opens the door in front kinder timid-like, and what do we see but the blackest ole nigger you ever seen, looking a bit like a nigger I once knowed down on Earth—Jim— you probably knowed him too. The difference was, this nigger didn't hold to witches or hair-balls or luck; this was the holiest black nigger I ever run across. There he was, a-sittin' up on a mighty high stool, and he was lookin' after the stars, making sure they didn't fall down during daytime and such. Tom he asks him where we could find Saint Peter, and the nigger says:

"Mars' Petah he tole me he wuz gwyne go upstairs 'n' see de Boss 'bout sometun mighty p'ticklar dat wuz a-settin' on his min'. He tucks off like dat most ever' hund'd yeahs or 'bout, en when he comes back, he don't say nuffin to dis po' nigger 'bout it. Is you two perspecktive angels—izzat what you be up heah fo'? Den you got to set en jus' wait—Mars' Petah he be back shoah enuf. Nuffn to fret yo' self 'bout—ef yo's po' sinnahs, den yo' boun' to git yo' sins fo'giv'n a hund'd times—so de Boss say! Dis nigger cain't do nuffn, do'; mysef, I's jus' a po' starkeepah, jus' a-pickin' 'em up en a-layin' 'em down agin'. Jes you set ovah deah, en shoah enuf yo' won't be bad no mo'."

The nigger he points to the corner of the room where there was some benches for settin', so me and Tom we goes over an' do jus' what the nigger says—we set. After a good spell of settin' 'n' waitin', Saint Peter he finally comes, all holy-like, an' we asks him about being forgave and such, and he being troublesome kind, like Judge Thatcher, he done cleared his throat and got the forgivin' over with, so me and Tom was Here to stay. We been up Here most likely over a thousand year, and we ain't old yet. Sometimes when I set to hard thinking, I think it's getting mighty short and dull up Here, and sometimes I want to get a stirring-up some way. Once I said I reckoned I'd slip down to Earth and find out what was a-goin' on, but Tom he didn't take to that notion; he said it'd be best not to get all tangled up with the trouble down there. He's a smart one, that Tom, so I jus shut m'self up and don't go nowhere. Now we're settled here, so there ain't nothing much more to write about, and I'm rotten glad of it, 'cuz it's a bushel of trouble to set to writing anyhow, and I ain't a-going to no more. Up here there ain't no hurry, so's I reckon I'll jus un lax, and shut my eyes for a few hundert year or so.

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And The Living Is Easy

Yesterday before the barbecue we both felt pretty good even though we had on coats and ties. We tried hard to drag the old folks out of the house faster, but Granny had to fix her hat better and she said we had plenty of time anyway. My brother and I just walked back and forth from Granny to the door trying not to mess up our Sunday clothes. Grandad was already in the car out front and we knew he'd be sitting there with one hand on the wheel and the other one shifting his toothpick and he'd have on that light blue and white striped suit and straw hat like we only saw in the South in the summer when it was hot. When we ran to the door for the fifth time Dad came with us, and those funny sounds that you get only in Southern houses in the summer—the swish of fans being cut off and the sudden silence and the loud footsteps and echoing voices—told us that the women were ready and we held the screen door open. We made quite a sight walking out to the car, the women with their hats and high heels and white gloves which Mom said were hot and my brother and me running to open the car door while Dad turned off the sprinkler and made some more silence. Only it wasn't quiet because across the street and all along it to down to cousin Freds people were moving by windows or leaving or the dark house meant they had already gone.

Like always Grandad drove slow and almost in the middle of the road and Granny talking to Mom in the back seat would look ahead and stop talking for a second and she'd always keep her hand on the back of the front seat.

"Don't bump us now Eugene."

We went over the train tracks and my brother made a train whistle sound and Gran and Mom laughed Grandad just looked ahead and shifted his toothpick.

There was a long line of cars and pretty much of the whole town was there. We had to park 3 blocks from the Church and Granny said "Good Afternoon" in that slow voice and Grandad nodded to everybody. All the cars and all the people in the town were all heading for the Church with us. My brother and I knew we wouldn't have much fun with the grown-ups but we figured with pretty much the whole town there we oughta have a lot of kids to play with and especially the boy we'd played with every day down at Grandad's Farm Implement store since we'd come a week ago.

Today we'd gotten into the big dark damp cool warehouse and when our eyes got used to the dark we'd climbed up the threads on the tires which were taller than my brother on the John Deere "M" tractors and shifted the gears and turned the wheel sometimes. Then we ran out and were blinded by the sunlight and my brother and I ran into the office to beg a nickle for a coke off my Grandfather but the boy—we didn't know his name—didn't want to come in so we brought the coke out back where even though my Grandfather said it wasted water we ran the hose into the gutter and floated matchsticks. Everybody who came to the Church had some food and we had stuffed hard boiled eggs which I loved and we put them on the tables in the big back yard with all the other food. And then my brother and I left and walked around looking at all the people and we found a lot of boys we hadn't seen since the other summers and we played with them but we didn't see our friend who had even known where the gears were without looking at the diagram on the floor of the tractor. But pretty soon the sun would be down so to get a little headstart on the mosquitoes and stop the flies we ate and I must have had ten pieces of fried chicken. Gran really was nice to us and let us eat buttered biscuits with strawberry preserves even before we had eaten the chick-



en. Mom said our Grandparents were so nice they spoiled us and I don't know about that but they were nice. Everybody was real nice to us and the people up home were never as friendly as the ones who we saw each summer and who my Grandparents all knew and who called my mother by her first name and said how wonderful it was to see her again.

After we ate we all went up the big stone steps into the big, air-conditioned church, and even at night it was a relief to get inside. The preacher, in regular clothes, talked to us in the big Sunday School room (Gran said Brother Roberts was up from Memphis and the best preacher they'd ever had but even then I couldn't listen too long) and then we sang hymn number 503 "Rock of Ages" and my brother and I were drowned out by Grandad, who sang hymns about as loud as anybody I've ever heard.

Afterwards the grown-ups sat around the back yard and talked while all of us ran around the yard in and out of the tables and got our suits dirty and were told to keep quiet please because they were trying to talk and I guess they were. All the women were over by the church and all the men were around some big tables and I guess we bothered them a little. But they never got mad because they were real nice and they'd just ask us to move a little further away. Once I found Grandad and asked him why our friend—"You know the one down at the store this afternoon"—wasn't there and Grandad gave me a funny kind of sharp look and said he didn't come to this church. Later after the night had come and we were in bed listening to the fan my brother said he thought maybe all the Negroes went to a different church.

— W. W. Bevis

Muddy windows
Cover up the mind.
Only a lover
Is allowed to study

The sacred objects in the sacred gloom.

— D. M. Kennedy

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Kaleidoscope of Me

The lifting of the slatted wooden curtain and seeing snow so peaceful I never heard it come. . . Drowsy stumble into the bathroom at 6:45 with electric razor because I don't trust myself with a blade at that hour. . . The recurring lie of dressing myself and pretending readiness. . . The sudden exhilaration of stepping outside into free and sharp and oh indescribable quickening air. . . The watching the sun come up. . . Or heavy fog that one morning so warm and suppliant and sulfurous and so unexpected that I can hardly breathe as I follow Joe to breakfast. . . The inner voice that triumphantly sings "I go to Andover" and the simultaneous pride of having survived. . . The now impersonal unfriendly sun while on my way to Chapel, harsh and sterile to my coffee-awakened eyes. . . The weirdly shaped footprints in the frozen ground that I feel through my shoes. . . Those somehow permanent prints are someone's calling card left with me. . . The wheeze of the organ and again I fall into the half-world of thinking dreaming. . . That is not me in 85-6 looking attentive. . . I am detached and concentrated first on self, on sex, on math. . . You go to woman? Forget not your whip says Nietzsche who was hunchback, a deformed. . . (Nietzsche's peachy but Freud's enjoyed). . . Woman? Woman is outside here, Woman is the whole other world of escape relief. . . The squeak as leather heels touch ice on the way to class. . . Outpourings of knowledge in class when I surprise myself with alternating moments of terrible lucidity and lost moments whose only trace are doodles on my notes. . . seventeen days to the Long Weekend and tomorrow sixteen. . . Sitting at my desk in the early morning the sun so bright as to be anger personified I see the last three apples on the apple tree and the graveyard. . . I too am buried here and yet here I live the most. . . It is my own Odyssey I study. . . The Scylla and Charybdis of working what for Yale only wants a 76% and hacking which I somehow feel lets down generations of unknown past and future. . .

The thrill of scoring a basket and the realization that B-league basketball is a farce. . . B-league basketball B-league soccer B-league but Andover. . . The equality of the showers the hot blast of air on my neck from the heater as I leave the gym and the delicious empti-

ness. . . Sun setting through open doors of Foxcroft evergreens black on orange Vista and je naquis tu naquis il naquit. . .

Sharp gleam of light from behind the trees bounced off treacherous puddles opens the night: The walk back from Commons. . . Cold wind under refuse-to-close-prep-style coat. . . I walk into the seemingly-suspended white-yellow and feel it on my face and then my back and then not at all and I am alone. . . Sam Phil has 32 windows but not all of them have pediments. . . Cold that deadens the legs and ears and thaws that are rebirths of life. . . Warmth of the TV set and the modern rug in the New Dorm as I read Shakespeare and try to study, hidden in cigarette smoke. . . Brilliant color of my room but I seek escape. . . Study hours forbid music and Chemistry forbids pleasure and I think. . . Think of vacations and girls and dancing and smalltalk and maybe kissing and waking up late and staying in bed, storing up indolence like money for the next term. . . She asked you what about weekends and you said the memory of vacation and you didn't know it but you were right. . . It was a good evening but who the hell are you in the new blue blazer and the Oxford grey Brooks Brothers slacks. . . You're not the boy who came to P.A. in September you're not the one who'll leave it. . . You don't know your old friends you haven't made many new ones. . . Ill at ease in the city after thirteen weeks and happy too. . . They say adolescence is awkward and I say adolescence is flux not clumsy but too quick. . . The Chem lies open on the desk and I sublimate myself in oxidation numbers. . .

And the letter that says she loves you like a friend. . . The slump and shock and depression and the end. . . The frightening inner-directed laughter at me as the tragic hero the spurned lover. . . Being shook because I am less shook than I thought I'd be than I think I should be. . .

Contrasted vocabularies and minds of students and contrast of me. . . I am what I am the opposite of what I am and so I am everything I think. . . I know so little and feel so much and am alive. . .

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are not days or even parts of the week but measureless lengths of suspended animation. . . Currier & Ives print of Rabbit Pond happy skaters finding relief in asserting their physicality. . .

The walk to town and the time spent eating at the Coffee Mill ogling, calculating, remembering and *à la fois* saddened and boisterous. . . The restrained expensiveness of the A shop. . . Sunday the lost day and the insistent clanging of the Chapel bell that prejudices me before I even enter the unreality of dark suits and proper shoes. . .

The me at Philo discussing birth control and nuclear warfare and writing for the MIRROR and becoming cultured in Art and Music and the me saying you phony! . . The me calling home each Sunday but annoyed at being mothered and "I love you" because after all I am sixteen. . . And to find me I turn inward and introvert but I can't pigeon-hole me and so I give up. . . The problem is not communication but know myself.

— P. J. Mandlebaum

Control

Gather round, fellow friends, listen to the tale. There is a place called Ginnangu, which is unlike any place on this Earth, although similar to many places not of this Earth. At the Ginnangu they have bars of many kinds, made of lead, steel, brass, gold, copper, titanium, and wrought iron, a specimen of every clime and

time, of every place on the Earth where the Ginnangu is not. Now each of these bars has a varying thickness, a different length, and no two have the same character. But there is one quality that they all have, the quality of being, of reality, of Earthness, and hence, to each of them, the Ginnangu is alien and distasteful.

Yet the Ginnangu exists, not the way the Earth exists, but with a warped, changed existence. And as many things which exist (contrary to popular opinion), the Ginnangu has a purpose and a means to fulfill it's purpose. Hence, every unreal morning, an unreal bell tolls, and each real metallic bar walks to an unreal position and is locked in a vise. Then the vise is slowly turned against the bar, and a very great and fearsome pressure is created, molding and forming the bar. But each vise has a guardian, one of the unreal inhabitants of Ginnangu, whose purpose, as much as he can be said to have a purpose, is to stop the turning of the vise just before the bar breaks. The gold is soft, and is forever being pressured, until pressure itself becomes pleasure, and it retains no shape of its own. The steel bends only at the final pressure of the vise, and hates the vise as the Ginnangu is hated by the Earth. The titanium is fragile and brittle and hard, and never bends, but breaks. The broken pieces of the bar are then sent to Governor Dummer. . .

— A. M. Wayne

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A Modest Proposal

(For Preventing the World's Rapidly Increasing Population from Destroying Humanity)

It is certainly a sad condition which meets those Americans who travel to the other lands and nations across the oceans. Everywhere they look upon overcrowded cities and countrysides, men living in ignorance and poverty, sometime as many as fifteen or twenty herded together in the same dark, foul-smelling room. Many are not even this fortunate, being confined to little thatched houseboats their entire lives.

I myself was very much disturbed when I came to the full realization of this deplorable situation. To be honest, I conducted something of a research on my own and discovered some statistics which I am sure any thoughtful man will agree are indeed alarming. I hereby present them for your consideration. In the year 1830 the population of the world reached one billion persons; by 1930, only a century later, there were two billion people inhabiting the globe. Thus, as anyone can easily compute, one century equalled the sum of some 50 centuries population growth. And the abominable birth rate steadily accelerates; today we have 2½ billions, and by 1965 the third billion will most assuredly be attained. Men more informed than I predict without hesitation that after another 600 years there will exist for the labour and comfort of each person only one square meter of land (roughly enough space for one to lie down without importuning his neighbours).

In my reading and research concerning some suitable solution for this problem, I have been able to find only gross futile schemes which are entirely unsatisfactory. Therefore I am setting forth a proposal of my own making which I believe will gain the admiration and consent of all who have the good of humanity at heart. This proposal, if executed, will make great progress towards alleviating the existing conditions of overpopulation of the human race and the threat of increased breeding in the future. And the poverty, disease, ignorance, and malnutrition which result from such overpopulation will cease to be a cause of bother and concern to our leaders and conscientious citizens. Furthermore my scheme has the added

advantage of increasing the happiness and well-being of those among us, gentlemen and respectable citizens, who most deserve to carry on the tasks and goals of humanity.

Therefore I offer to the world the proposal that a certain nation be chosen from among us which is the most fitting and deserving to be the sole survivor of our peoples. And after giving long and tedious hours to thoughtful consideration of this matter, I do further propose that the United States of America be that selected nation because of its wealth of good respectable gentlemen of independent means, and its naturally well-arranged population. Obviously Americans have the answer to the problem we are concerned with, or they would be in the same overcrowded, underfed conditions as their fellow nations. Since I, of course, feel perfectly certain that no wise man could logically decide upon any other nation for this purpose, I will proceed to the remainder of my scheme. I propose that the people of the U.S. immediately assume the responsibility of eradicating the rest of the inhabitants of our earth by the most convenient and cheap methods. One such method would be the use of the hydrogen bomb, being extremely swift and humane. It further has the advantage of disposing of large numbers without having to dispense with singular persons in some bloody or otherwise unpleasant manner. Also its use would be inexpensive, since only a few such bombs would be necessary. Americans could then take advantage of the charred and mangled bodies to grind into a very suitable fertilizer, thereby increasing the yield of their agriculture. Of course the companies and corporations which actually carried out the task of eradicating the people of a given area would have first claim to the carcasses. Thus American competitive enterprise would be much increased, and the economic situation of the country would be greatly improved. Although other methods such as germ gas or poisoned Care packages might be preferred by some Americans, they would bring about the same result. But in the case of poison perhaps some thought would be necessary to arrive at a type which is effective and yet does not render the carcass unfit for fertilizer. Still this method would have an advantage over the others because surely our scientists could produce a form of flesh preservative to be added to the poison, thereby allowing the claimant to collect the bodies at a more leisurly pace.

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WHERE THE ELITE EAT

But besides the selling of carcasses to their less ambitious countrymen, the claimants would no doubt find a source of income in the land itself. They could use their capital obtained from the fertilizer to create handsome resort areas and improve the still existing ones. With their quick minds and keen sense of human needs, they could no doubt find a multitude of creative ways to invest their new-found wealth. Thus, in some manner or another, every member of the U.S. would directly benefit from my proposal.

A good friend of mine, a true believer in the worth of humanity, once offered me a somewhat different plan of solving the population problem. He proposed to set up committees of geneticists to select the ablest and most intelligent individuals from every nation to be the survivors of humanity instead of simply those of a single nation. But with due kindness and deference I explained to him that this would cause unnecessary anxiety and friction—everyone would desire to have himself chosen as a member of the superior race, and thus those who weren't selected would feel inferior and would in their own eyes be failures. I must confess I have always abhorred cruelty, and as a result I had to reject this scheme entirely.

To return to my proposal, I think its many advantages are easily discerned by the least among us. Nevertheless I shall now take the trouble to enumerate them for all to consider. Firstly, the world is relieved of its burdens of poverty and disease-ridden peoples; secondly, private enterprise and the existing economic situation will be respectively broadened and improved; and thirdly, the surviving peoples can look forward to happier, more productive lives.

I can think of no concrete objections which might be brought forward concerning any part of my proposal. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients such as; producing enough food for the present population by compressing the vegetable substances in the sea; releasing solar and nuclear energy for power; irrigating deserts, draining swamps, and clearing jungles to provide more habitable land area; the increased use of contraceptives; or dividing equally the profits of wealthy nations among the less fortunate ones.

However, I do not wish to impede the proposal of any other solutions by wise men if, after careful consideration of the many advantages of my own scheme, they find theirs

to be equally inexpensive, humane, and effective.

I admit I have no intention of myself carrying the foregoing proposal into execution, having only the security and welfare of humanity at heart. I am just an average American and have no friends or relatives living outside the U.S., my most distant kin being a resident of Smalltowne, some twenty miles from my own home.

— L. M. Parker

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The Camera Eye

snow, if it is snow or used to be, that smeared with smog grit plunges out of the night melts on the steaming of streets and cementblockedsidewalks the splashing of blaring yellowtaxicabs of the slush in the gutter the steady whining of tires the muffled din of subway quaking throbbingly the very pillars of the very grey buildings

the tops disappearing into darkness

So you, even you, your bulging back-pocket or vicuna coat wont help you now, maybe if it was day and maybe if those in the streets digging stare up at you with dark wrinkled faces and a tanned V on their chests the wrinkles turn the other way the laughter drifts high out of hearing they blame you and you say nevermind get me a cab

But it isnt

downtown you guess not along the wharves the back pocket feeling a little heavier? the shoes worried about the dog dung on the sidewalk? better stick to the outside a warped arrow points an alley to you is just a fleeting glance where there is a greasy wop restaurant a room in back with a cold toilet seat and cracked wired window

but there is life there too

who are you so great walk with quickening strides are there others like you in our instant America the "peoples" country

and those windows too there are people behind them they may be groveling uncouth people who spend their begged money for red-eye for rotgut at 3rd and 22nd but they are people dont call them losers dont be so kind why do you stare

like the unshaven truck driver high up scowls at you in your MG

but here now

why waste your time you could be checking the stock returns

through the doors on the right what's that? a revival a real honest to god oh it was simply adorable holy roller revival and who but you looks in the door Not much like 480 Park Avenue blessed mother of god church is it where you quietly nod a clean Catholic Christ who keeps a pure gold tie pin under his cloak

the bowery your eyes look anyway at the hovered in the doorway all the sweat and tears and weaning and mother love and christmas laughter of fiftyyears slumped in that one mound of flesh alive or dead it doesnt matter

the bowery others too lying like soldiers after a massacre they stare at you with heavy bloodshot eyes those able to lift their heads Are these the people "your tired, your poor"? How about what is the ragged one chewing at the streetlight?

whats it to you when will you see them again the fat towhead in the poolroom cue in hand leaning into the smoke the group in the corner swapping jokes about Mae West and those too old laughing the hardest the prostitute wearily walking the streets brush off the foulbreathed who have no money to spend



not even 15 cents to get run over by a subway

to you it isnt or maybe a fierce quick quick a laugh oh how repulsive sting of conscience

a story for next Thursday's bridge club

you highhat traitor what if rightsideup upside down, what then? to undo retwist the course of events to reconstruct history blur newspaper headlines (the thought scares you?)

And here is one that youre out and away and free again here is one what does he want? money money money reach into your pocket not your backpocket but your frontpocket and dont let the coins clank together thats right now feel better Go home you dont belong here among the smell and spit go home to your hotel on 72nd street

go away

— J. T. Darnton

The Expert

I wrapped my hand around the glass. With my eyes raised, I sipped, feeling the cold sting of the ice against my lips. Knotted packs of conversationalists filled the room. They were talking, drinking, laughing. I sipped again and then pushed my way through the human mass.

I was in the middle of a maze of voices. Four bent elbows were talking on my right. I shuffled over to the edge of their group. My eyes met theirs in silent greeting.

"That's beside the point, George," a deep, self-assured voice boomed. "Foreign aid just isn't doing its job. Sure, it has improved living standards in other countries and all that—but but it just isn't making those people friendly to us. They aren't grateful for all we've done for them. Our government should just cut off their aid and see how friendly they get all of a sudden."

"That's one hundred percent right. The taxpayers are spending their good money for these people, and if they don't. . ."

I sipped and let the voices blur themselves in my mind. It must be wonderful to know so much about foreign aid, I thought. Why were they putting up such a show? They're insecure. They want to impress. They need to. . . "You know as well as I do where Saud got all the money for those Cadillacs." I walked on. They did not notice I had left.

I walked past a knot of low-cut dresses. Slowly. Someone sat down at the piano, waiting for an admiring group to gather. No one gathered. The life-of-the-party stood up, looked around, and then lost himself in the crowd.

I ran into a friend and soon found myself in the middle of another vocal exchange. My friend spoke first, leading off. "Have you seen the new cars yet?" It was an excellent conversation opener.

A voice responded immediately. "I think they're disgusting, don't you? A package of chrome and tailfin. The cars *look* great, but they just aren't solid on the inside. The upholstery starts coming apart, the little gadgets start going on the blink. Planned obsolescence, that's the thing. Detroit wants to make you buy a car every year or so. And you've got to. The old one's falling apart."

"And they change the designs every year so that you're out of date if you don't have a car with the Canopener Look or whatever they're peddling."

"Detroit doesn't care how good a car they're turning out. Their cars are just made for show," continued the first voice.

"I have a Chev. . ." tried a third voice. The second voice emerged triumphant.

"Don't get taken in by the names they hang on their cars. They sound authentic, but when you really think about it, they don't mean a thing. Super-dynamic windshields (forced snickers). Turbo-flow seat covers (more snickers). It's all done for show."

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**Good Luck
On The Finals!**

A dissertation started on what a dependable car the Chevvy is, and once again I felt my mind deserting the conversation at hand.

I gulped my drink. It felt cool and relaxing. They want to impress. They want to show how much they know. They've got to escape reality. They've got to feed their egos. They try so hard to thing of clever things to say they forgot no one is listening. I drank again. I felt good. I hadn't said anything authoritative all night. I laughed inwardly at the man with the Chevrolet. He needed to boost his ego.

The conversation had shifted during my mental absence.

"I think something definite should be done. We can't have all those Southern children out of school. Those Southerners should realize that somewhere along the line they're going to regret closing the schools. And the President isn't doing *anything*. He should take one of those little Negro children by the hand and *lead* him into the school. That would end all the trouble. The trouble with Eisenhower is, he just won't assert his authority." The learned speaker looked at me and I nodded, noncommittally. "Like when they were having all of that trouble in Hungary. . . ." The tray came walking by and I put down my empty glass and picked up a full one.



YA WANNA DRAG?

The voices, the faces blended. The room was dark and active. Man has. . . "As stated in the Baghdad Pact, the United States is obliged to. . ." Man has lost his individuality. Unfortunately, the psychological make-up of the individual cannot accept the fact that he is very much like everyone else. The conformist is frustrated by his inconspicuousness. I drank. He needs to seem important, to prove how much he knows. Our society today is saturated with pseudo-experts, make-believe authorities. The ice was cold and soothing. Deplorable. It is a deplorable sight to see people try to raise themselves in their own esteem and in the esteem of others by pretending to be. . .

I put the glass down on the table. I wanted to go home.

— S. A. Most

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Shady Hill Square consists of a horseshoe of houses curved around a gravel drive with a space of open ground in the middle. At the open end of the horseshoe, which is shut off from the street by a line of bushes, there is a fallen tree. The trunk points obliquely into the air, supported by one of its heavier branches. The end of the trunk is about ten feet above the ground. Behind the closed end of the horseshoe is a twelve foot brick wall, which shields the Square from Beacon Street. Where it ran through our back yard, the wall had a slit in it, about two feet wide, which had never been bricked up. Through this opening the Somerville boys, as we called them, used to come to their congregations in the fallen tree. We thought all Somerville boys were juvenile delinquents, then. Coming back from the movies at night, I some times saw their red cigarettes, like insects, hanging in the air, and heard the mutter of voices in the branches, sounding curiously resonant in the silence of the walled Square. Sometimes one of the neighbors would call the police, and they would come in a car with a red light and drive the boys away. The Somerville boys came most often in the Spring, and then sometimes they would laugh softly. At those times, I thought of them as a flock of well-fed, but dangerous pigeons, roosting in the old tree. They never came until it was dark, and then they would just appear, as though they had settled out of the slightly luminous spring sky.

I only came into contact with the Somerville boys once. One time when my parents were away, we played ball in the Square until dark, and then played a sort of hide-and-seek, tackling each other in the gathering evening. It was a warm spring night, and around nine o'clock, we realized that two Somerville boys were sitting in the tree watching us. For some reason, they came down and asked if they could play with us. We were amazed—nothing like that had ever happened before—and didn't know how to react, but we let them play. A few moments later I was hiding behind somebody's front hedge with a thin, bony Somerville boy, who was wearing dirty corduroy pants. His hand, which was resting in a small patch of light on the ground, had a rough, chapped look.

I didn't say anything, and neither did he; we sat and stared at each other. Then we both relaxed and leaned back against the hedge. He asked me my name, my full name, and whether I lived around there. He wouldn't give me any more than his first name, and didn't say where he lived. I never saw his face clearly.

We talked a little about school, and about what sports we liked. When I turned around and looked out into the Square, there was no one there: they had all gone home. We stood up and walked through the dark to the tree. Sitting in the top branches, we whispered about the things we did after school. For a while I escaped from what seemed then the softness of my growing up, and entered his harder world. As we talked, I thought, "I'll never be afraid of the Somerville boys again. They'll be my friends. If I get to know them, I can go around with them and have a great time. We all do the same things; there's no real difference between us." We both got a little drowsy. It was like a dream where you have the sensation of familiar things grown strange.

Finally, we climbed down and walked across the Square. As we got near the houses farthest from the street, we heard a car turn into the driveway. We turned and saw the sinister red light on top of the black police car gliding toward us. My companion disappeared suddenly and completely. I stood still, feeling a little scared, almost a little guilty. The police car came around the drive and stopped in front of me. A thick and weary cop, strangely human compared to his sleek and dangerous looking car, leaned out of the window.

"What're you doin' here, kid."

"I live here." He was surprised. He turned to his partner and said something I couldn't hear.

"Well get to bed, then. We got a call from one of the neighbors that there was somebody prowling around out here."

The police car started up. The turning red light seemed to spin to the refrain, "There's no difference, There's no difference." I looked for the Somerville boy all over the Square, but I didn't find him, and he never came back.

— D. M. Kennedy

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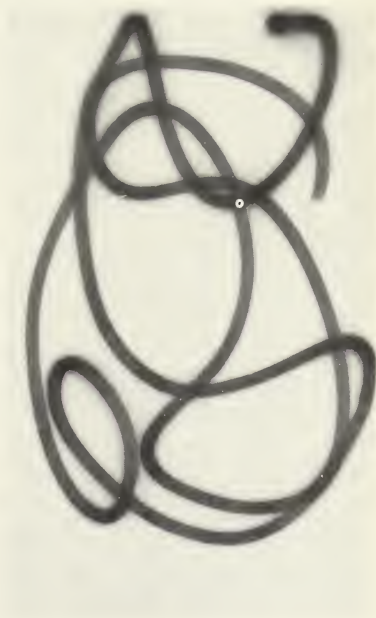


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God and Man At Andover

(The following article is the opinion of the Editor of this magazine and does not necessarily reflect the views of anyone else connected with *The Mirror*. Its contents are intended in the spirit of constructive criticism and it is the author's hope that they will at least produce discussion, if not action, on the part of the faculty.)

There are two reasons, either one conclusive, why daily Chapel should not be compulsory at Andover. Neither of these reasons is concerned in any way with the worth of Daily Chapel. It is not my intention to oppose organized religion or compulsory Sunday Chapel at Andover. A service every morning is personally most enjoyable, and I am convinced of the ability and dedication of the men who conduct it. My objections to it are first that it is compulsory, and second that it is interdenominational.

The problem of school authorities in respect to the religious education of their students is a serious one. Indisputable, the history of the world's great religions and the intensive study of the Bible are not only desirable but necessary to the curriculum of a secondary school student. The High School boy must learn from Sunday School class, and as attendance in such is both unfashionable and rare, the opportunity is lost. The prep school boy is usually exposed to these courses with varying degrees of success. But the need for objective religious education is present whether or not it is fulfilled. Beyond this point, however, the answer becomes less obvious and more debatable. With the exception of either unrealistic or irreligious educators, most agree that the prep school student will default his chance for Church attendance unless it is made compulsory. This is part of the mission of schools of Andover's type: to take their students firmly by the hand and expose them to a variety of courses, sports, cultural activities, and religion.

On the other hand, the history of Christianity and most religions will tell you that they spread by their own virtues, by the voluntary interest and devotion of their members, not by compulsion or involuntary membership. To place a religious service on a compulsory basis is to cripple its chance of succeeding as a meaningful communication with God or as a satisfying emotional experience. The moment that a group of 800 boys are forced to listen to a speaker, his job is made roughly three times as hard. Even the outwardly voluntary churches of the adult world suffer from this same disease. A portion of its members are people who feel that to belong to a church is a necessity for social and business success. Their church's ministry ends with the attainment of financial and social ambitions. They have not joined the church because they were genuinely interested in knowing their God the better or understanding his law and his will more clearly. They have joined because they are spineless enough people to feel that to fail to do so would place a social stigma upon them. Their compulsion is not of the cuts and demerits variety, but it is still false enough to



destroy or obscure the real purpose of the church. Why, the educator asks, can't religion sell itself? Why should we force our students to attend religious services?

To this impasse, a compromise would seem to be the only solution. I believe that to reject a concept or a way of life fairly, one must first know it thoroughly. The boy who has never been exposed to the Religion of his forefathers cannot, as a man, fairly reject it, if reject it he must. To the person who would embrace religion, compulsory services are unnecessary but still as meaningful. In the average assortment of 14-18 year olds, we find very few in one or other category. Very few of us are confirmed agnostics or aethiests. But on the other hand, few of us have found the maturity or the conviction to embrace our religion. We remain like sheep waiting to be convinced; excellent prospects for the missionary. Our attitude toward religion in the next few years will be instrumental in deciding the policy of a lifetime. These are crucial years in the development of the mind, the body, and the soul. If Andover is to improve our souls as well as our minds and bodies in several terms here, she can not put her religious program on a wholly compulsory basis. To do so is to relegate religion to the level of taxes and commons duty, of work program and exams. The moment that you attach the stigma of compulsion to an area of thinking and acceptance so complex, so fraught with seeming contradictions, so demanding of its followers as a religion should be, you have killed its chances of reaching and moving one out of every two Andover students. It is one out of two Andover students who finds his mind wandering in chapel, his good intentions enveloped in fatigue, his attention lost in boredom. It is one out of every two Andover students that allows the speaker about 50 seconds of his sermon to completely arouse the interest and stimulate the drowsy imagination of the adolescent mind. If the speaker is still expressing his pleasure at being at Phillips when the allotted time is up, he has lost his chance and 385 Andover students. To require a student to attend an English class may produce the same sort of resentment, but the result is much less damaging. In an English class, the most surly of students can do marvelously if he only will listen to what goes on around him and feed it back to his teacher on tests.

But a religious service is more than the mere absorption of knowledge; it is a commitment, an active participation, a selfless giving to the glory of God which can not be done by a person with the slightest unwillingness to attend in the first place. There are hundreds of thousands of Americans who have had difficulty with their native tongue and are happy and capable in spite of it. But the fate of the thousands who have resented the forced religion of their youth and ultimately rejected all religion is less fortunate, less stable, less happy.

I do not agree that the Andover student is mature enough to see to his own religious education any more than to his scholastic education; once a week he must be required to enter the Church of his choosing and give his religion an hour's attention. But I also do not agree that to make him attend Chapel every day except Wednesday and Saturday is to facilitate his religious devotion. It is rather more intelligent to allow religion to sell itself in voluntary daily Chapel.

Historically, Andover represents a "liberal Protestant" religious heritage. One can not help wondering just how "liberal" the stern fiery ministers who gave Andover the name Brimstone Hill actually were. I have no doubt that their two hour sermons were fraught with the latest concepts of the day, and I am sure that they were unanimous in their support of the liberal thinking of one Charles Darwin. But whether we accept the historical antecedents for Andover's "liberal Protestantism" or not, it is evident in our present policy. With the exception of the Jews, 100 Roman Catholics, and 250 Episcopalians, the balance of the school represents the liberal Protestant denominations, as do both of our school ministers. It is only right then that the services in the Cochran Chapel be conducted in the liberal Protestant fashion. But as such a blend of several denominations, they can not hope to satisfy all; and yet all are required to attend. There is much in the service and chapel which might offend a member of any of several religious denominations. The cross, symbol of Christianity, has been replaced by bunches of grapes and grinning cupids; its absence might be offensive to a Catholic or Episcopalian, its presence to a Jew. Jews might also be offended by the phrase "through Jesus Christ, our Lord" at the end of prayers. Unitarians might

be offended by the trinitarian hymns and prayers, Roman Catholics by the hymns of Martin Luther and the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer. The more conservative sects might bridle at the prospect of student speakers, and certainly at the thought of giving concerts of non-religious music in the Chapel. Others would mourn the absence of hassocks and the inability to kneel even if you want to. A religious service can not be all things to all men; it can not please everyone, nor should it try. It is the duty of the Cochran Chapel to hold liberal Protestant services, but it is not the duty of the chapel to require every student to attend them. The great argument for compulsory Sunday Chapel is that it affords the student the chance to go downtown to Church if he prefers to do so. The fact that nearly 200 do every year shows that there is considerable sentiment for one's particular denomination rather than the inter-denominational service of the Cochran Chapel. It is, I believe, wrong to require the attendance at such a service of every boy; for if there is just one who is offended or who finds the service lacking badly in some feature that he is used to, the whole purpose of the service has been negated and religion put in a very bad light. We might deplore the denominational differences and divisions, but we must accept them. Andover can not impose an interdenominational religious program with no alternative when such is not yet recognized by the denominations themselves. What right has Andover to require Jews to attend Christian services four times a week? What right has Andover to require Catholics to attend Protestant services four times a week? I do not assert that every religious minority involved is continually offended by the Daily Chapel services or even that most of them are; for I am sure that the outcry would have been noticeable before now. But the members of those denominations who aren't offended should attend voluntarily, not by edict of the administration. The injustice of exempting some students from Daily Chapel because of religious beliefs is too obvious, when the rest are still forced to attend. It is clear that to preserve the freedom for which Andover has always been proud, the individual rights which she has fought for, Daily Chapel must be made voluntary.

Such an enlightened move on the part of the faculty would not spell the end for such services. Roughly 70% of the school must attend breakfast during the week, and would find themselves without an occupation between 7:30 and 8:12 a.m. To most a return to the dorm is impractical, and one would hope that the house of God would be preferable to the house of the English or Science for these few minutes. As for seniors, one would hope that four years at Andover would have sold them on the habit of Daily Chapel; if not, there is something wrong with our religious program (I very much doubt this!). I think that the 300 or more boys who would come to a voluntary chapel service on week day mornings would be far more satisfactory and rewarding a congregation than 780 who are there because they have to be.

We see that the compulsion of daily Chapel must give way to voluntary attendance because it is destructive to its very purpose and unfair to those boys with beliefs at odds with "liberal Protestantism."

"How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except that they be sent?"

— Romans x 14, 15

"I'm goin' to git dat wicked man myself. No use gittin' mo' thunde'bolts. Dey don' do de trick. Its got to be somethin' else. De main trouble wid mankin' is he takes up so much of my time. He ought to be able to help hisself a little."

— *The Green Pastures*



By Way of Introduction

The Secondary Review is an attempt to fill a void: specifically the lack of a national literary review on the secondary school level. We on the board of *The Secondary Review* feel for several reasons that there is sufficient interest in this type of magazine to found one. In the first place, it would be valuable to high school student and teachers to know what kind of writing is being done in other parts of the country; secondly, it would give good writers an opportunity to make themselves known and to make contact with others like themselves; lastly, we believe that there are many people in neither category who would enjoy reading a publication of this sort.

The Secondary Review, as we now think of it, will include two sections: the first and smaller of these will contain editorials, opinions, notes on trends in literature, etc; the second, and by far the larger, will be comprised of the best efforts of writers in public and private high schools in the country.

In order to publish this magazine, we obviously need an enormous amount of material, which we hope to draw from the foremost high school literary magazines as judged by the Columbia and National, Scholastic Press Associations. Letters are being sent to approximately one hundred and fifty schools across the country to determine more accurately the possible market and to gauge the interest in a review such as this. If the response is sufficient, we plan to print four issues next year at a subscription rate of two dollars.

This article is more than just an introduction: it is an appeal. The idea for *The Secondary Review* was originally Sam Abbott's, and the present staff is: Faculty Advisors Mr. Owen and Mr. Powel, Editor Peter Mandelbaum, Associate Editors John Darnton, Nate Jessup, Duncan Kennedy, and Dick Schulman. Naturally, if we do go ahead with publication, we shall have to enlarge around this nucleus. Also, as you can see, we must sell a substantial number of copies to make this a going concern. It is therefore our hope that the student body will support us either by joining the magazine or by buying it when it appears.

Thank you,
Peter Mandelbaum

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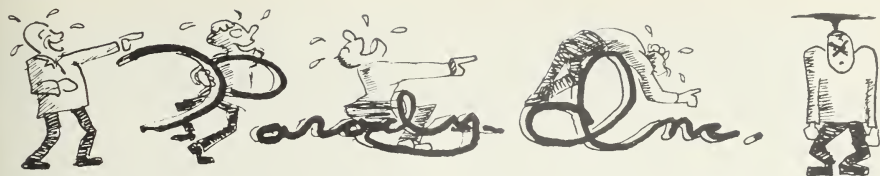
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In this expository chapter of *The White Whale*, a Great Book by any standards, Melville illustrates to us the Sharp Command of the English language, the complete and Unerring Knowledge of natural history, and above all the ability to subtly mix Fact and Fancy (always the mark of a good Liar) which have made him a Great Man here in America today. This is a purely biological chapter, surely; we all agree on that; it's a fact. But how much more, how much more than that does the author make of this chapter, which could so easily become Tedious, merely by the use of his own Lively Imagination! Even the most mundane cetological facts spring alive with vigor at the hand of this Great Man's pen! He inserts Meaning into every line; each ordinary

word becomes a Pearl of Wisdom at his touch. No longer is the eyelash of the Greenland whale a vague and faroff element in our lives, an entity with little relevance, but it has become a living, vibrant organ, full of Meaning and swarming with subtle overtones. Can we not see, in our mind's eye, the thundering Roman chariot of the lash of the whale, a Great Animal by any standards, furred or otherwise? No other author here in America today has such command of the language, or has such Intellect and Wit, to turn a simple statement into a paragraph of such Unintelligible Complexity. Here lies the Greatness of this man; it is This, that has made herman melville so Famous.

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The Greenland Whale's Bottom Eyelash Upside-Down View

Out of the sea does the broad river flow;
and out of the broad river the rushing stream;
and out of the rushing stream the brook; and
out of the brook the sewer; and out of the sewer,
like fragrant Netophathites, flow the various
chapters of this book, each one stuck to the
other.

As in general shape and size the noble
Sperm Whale's spout-hole may be compared to
a Lester Lanin record, so may the eyelash of
his Greenland cousin be compared to a Roman
war chariot, which, her standards unfurled and
open to the wildest breeze, bears down in fury
upon the quaking Israelites. O Rome! thy noble
brow not more than once was pierced by cruel
Apollinopolis! Nor less than twoscore Gad-
thrown missiles o'ershot thy titanic walls, ere
Kohath's shuddering fist tore off proud Aaron's
plume! O Helen! Will not that day stick like
briars in your soul's memory?

Just so; like a briar from a bary's thumb
protrudes the eyelash of the noble Greenland
Whale. But as you approach his giant lash, it
begins to assume different appearances, accord-
ing to your point of view. If you are standing
inside the fish's spouthole, observing the lash
through a knothole in his Heidelberg Tun, it
appears not a little to resemble some great
cracked and knotted telephone pole, curling
and leaning as it does around that shimmering
lake of thought, the whale's eye. And yet, as
you examine the lash while standing in the
tiny hollow enclosed between the beast's third
fang and his twelve-year molar, and blanketed
around by his left tonsil, it appears not as a
telephone pole, but —yes— as a diseased up-
side-down duck's leg, twisted at the knee, and
with the toes so bent and wrought that the bird
seems almost to be dancing. (Dance on, my
mallard! O, that you might know thy luck, ere
it passes, barefoot duck!) Yet again, from a
third angle; that is, sitting on the lash itself,
a feat which, however incredible it may seem
to skeptical and ignorant landmen, is one
easily performed, both because of the immense
diameter of the lash, and because of its slight
upward curvature, which keeps one from slid-
ing into the sea; a feat, moreover, which is
readily and indeed not seldom performed by
the harpooner, to whose best interest it natu-
rally is, to annoy the whale; from which posi-

tion, I say, the lash appears to the observer
as an immense black rail, on which he is be-
ing ridden out of town, which same fate shall
pertain to me, O Abraham! unless I end this
sentence.

There remains one interesting feature of
the Greenland's eyelash, in which respect alone
it differs from that of other members of the
species. This is, that instead of extending only
so far as the bottom of the whale's outer layer
of skin or blubbercover, as the sailors call it,
where the lash of other whales is secured, that
of the Greenland whale continues itself inward
in the form of a thin wire, or incredible
strength and durability, which when dried
stiffens and becomes brittle, in which form it
is extremely suitable, not to say indispensable,
to the manufacture of shoe-lace tips, it which
capacity it is first hollowed out by a small
electric drill, and for which manufacture some
seamen go to great pains to procure it from
the eye of the dead whale, at no little peril
to themselves; this thin wire, I say, is a vital
part of the whale, and is called his azoxy. It
extends around and past the inner eyeball of
the fish, and from there continues past his
gullet and, circumscribing his mighty heart,
proceeds the length of his massive frame,
terminating in a small spiral which can be
found protruding from the underside of his
right fluke, except in the case of the left-handed
bull, when the reverse is true. You may say
that the extension of so vital an organ through-
out the whale's whole length would render him
particularly vulnerable to attack in those areas
where the precious wire comes near enough
the surface of his skin to be prone to the dag-
gerpoint of the harpoon; and right you are.
But Nature has provided the Greenland Whale
with a long tube of bone, perfectly round,
which follows the extended eyelash through its
entire course; this bone is tougher than the
purest American diamond, and renders the
whale's eyelash virtually impregnable. This,
the azoxy's faithful guardian, is called the
whale's kharkoox.

Heed this well, ye mortals! Many are the
azoxies, and many the kharkooxes in this world,
my friend! Mark well thine own. Let not your
Gibeon fortress crumble to the Jordan's banks,
O Abner! For crumble it will beneath the
quicksands of Sodom, nevermore to hearken
to Gabriel's pleated tune!

OWA. CURRENT & CHOICE

On the night of July 25 at approximately 11:10 PM there occurred the greatest maritime disaster of recent times, a collision that would hardly seem credible for two ships in possession of modern radar equipment. Yet on that night the slim, yacht-like *Stockholm* of the Swedish-American Line rammed into the luxury liner *Andre Doria*, leaving a gaping hole in the Italian Line's pride and wrecking its own bow. In *Collision Course* André Moscow, who covered the Doria-Stockholm hearings for the Associated Press, has done a brilliant job of lucidly reconstructing the fore and aftermath of the crash. He describes with sympathy both ships, their commanding personnel, and only at the hearing do unavoidable implications emerge.

The collision came as a result of more than just carelessness or inefficiency or even ill luck. The economic pressures exerted by the shipping lines were at least as important as any other causes: on the *Stockholm*, which for obvious reasons of economy kept only one officer on watch duty rather than the standard two of other ships, third officer Carstens waited under the clear summer sky to see with his own eyes the lights of the ship that he knew by radar was drawing near. He wondered why the lights did not appear, never suspecting that a few miles ahead fog was masking the *Doria*. Under Carsten's command was a seaman at the wheel who, as his attention wandered, often allowed the ship to yaw two or three degrees off course, even if for only a couple of moments. The *Doria*, though in a fog, had hardly reduced speed, in violation of international regulations, for a crew of longshoremen would be waiting at the dock at 8:00 the next morning and would have to be paid whether or not the ship was in. (Speeding in fog was a common practice among all ships, including the *Stockholm*.) The *Doria* had also neglected to fill certain empty fuel tanks with sea water in order to maintain regulation ballast in case of crash, because the tanks would then need an expensive cleaning (John Carothers, a marine expert, mentions in a letter to the *Times*,

that the *Doria's* Captain Calamai was ordered to keep the tanks empty and ready for immediate refueling.) On the *Doria*, too, it was not customary to plot radar observations and determine the exact course of a passing ship. These are only a few of the causes for the crash or the *Doria's* sinking. After an account of the reactions on both ships immediately following the catastrophe, of the rescue operations and the hearings, there is a brief and pertinent discussion of implications and the apparent need to re-evaluate safety regulations. I was thankful, while reading this book, that no flamboyant attempt was made to rouse me to the heights of indignation; instead, I never lost a sense of astonishment. This beautifully paced book is an example of the finest journalistic writing.

The Gold of Troy, by Robert Payne, is a rather sketchy life of the amazing Heinrich Schliemann, although it conveys an idea of Schliemann's enormous drive. Born in 1822 at New Buckow in Mecklenburg-Schwerin near a suitably eerie medieval castle, he found himself out of school and drudging in a grocer's shop at the age of 14, his mother dead and his minister father a scandal to the parish. Shipwrecked some years later off Holland, he went to that country to make his fortune, soon journeyed to Russia as the agent of a Dutch company after learning the Russian language in six weeks. (He already had taught himself English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese.) He grew immensely rich (though he remained in constant fear of being ruined,) married a Russian wife who found him physically repulsive (which does not seem to have been difficult.) He left Russia, profited in the California Goldrush, suffered a harrowing experience of sickness and starvation crossing the Isthmus of Panama, divorced his cold Russian wife in Indianapolis, and eventually at the age of 47 married a 17 year old Greek girl and began negotiating for the right to excavate for Troy. Among Schliemann's multiple and com-

plex endowments was a nose for gold; and this was coupled with an insatiable ambition for almost any sort of wealth or glory. His discovery of gold at Troy and at Mycenae, his badgering and haggling with the Greek and Turkish authorities and his attempts to cheat them by smuggling out anything valuable he might find for his private collection form a fascinating account. *The Gold of Troy* is short, entertaining, and reads very quickly.



Agee on Film is an extraordinary collection of film reviews published 1942-1948 in *The Nation* and *Time*, as well as two *Life* articles. Agee was only 45 when he died in 1955, and he left off reviewing to write film scripts such as *African Queen* and his posthumously published novel *A Death in the Family*, which won the Pulitzer prize. The reviews are of interest as much for what they show of their author as for what they say about films. The first item in the collection is "Comedy's Great-

est Era," a *Life* feature about the masters of silent film comedy, which frankly made me feel like a thoroughly out-of-it kid enviously peeking through a fence chink at some luckier baseball-playing contemporaries. In *The Nation* Agee had complete leeway to review whatever he wanted, and in whatever way. His writing is a marvel, at once muscular and terrifically expressive. The *Nation* reviews, ranging from the capsule which dazzles with its wit to those which extend into two, and even three issues, are very personal, and especially the lengthier ones show an intensely serious preoccupation with film art or the lack of it that Agee continually deplores. Perhaps I should have read the *Time* selections first, for they seem sure and competent, but after a dose from *The Nation* they struck me as rather colorless and uninteresting. Although it might seem that a book like this would have no appeal for someone who either had not seen or did not remember the pictures reviewed, this is not the case (excepting, for my tastes, the *Time* reviews.) If you are at all interested in movies, *Agee on Film* is worthwhile reading. And if you are bored at the sight of marquee 50 ft. off, the book is still worthwhile, if only for its author's sheer command of the English language.

— S. M. Dingilian

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NOSTALGIA INC.

The Phillippian

In the hope that some of our readers may be interested in the background and origin of our sister publication, this month's *Nostalgia* will be devoted to the early history of that venerable organ of student opinion and school news, *The Phillippian*.

Just how old the paper really is has recently been a matter of dispute. Up until a few years ago, it was generally accepted that *The Phillippian* had made its debut in October, 1878, a few months after the publication of the first *Exonian*. Then, on March 11, 1954, a special "96th anniversary" issue was published by the outgoing board, jubilantly boasting some thirty years' seniority over the Exeter weekly.

This claim was based upon the discovery, deep in the archives of the library, of three torn and battered copies of a four-page publication dated July 28, 1857, designated as volume one, number one, and bearing the title, *The Phillippian*. One of these (the one in the worst condition, naturally) was immediately dispatched to the *Exonian*. Needless to say, however, its editors refused to recognize the seniority of their rival, pointing out that not only were there no subsequent issues published for over thirty years, but that when *The Phillippian* did begin to publish regularly in 1878, it had no connection with the earlier paper or even any knowledge of its existence. Not to be so easily talked out of their newfound glory as "America's Oldest Prep School Newspaper," *The Phillippian* changed its traditional "Founded in 1878" to a cautious "First issue printed in 1857."

As a matter of fact, the 1857 *Phillippian* had very little in common with its successor besides its name. Bearing the motto, "Justitia Fiat Ruat Caelum," (Let justice be done though the heavens fall)," it announced its purpose of reforming the school. Some excerpts from its editorial: "... We appear in this manner as the self-appointed guardians of our fellow students. . . We revere thy fair name, thy rigid

discipline, and thy good intentions, O, Phillips. But we discover evils corrupting thy very heart and paralyzing thy efforts. . . We trust that our filial efforts put forth only at the peremptory demand of the present state of society, may assist in promoting the cause of morality in our midst. . . Noticing the faults of each (offender), (we strive) to deal out justice with an unflinching hand. . . We have been obliged occasionally to indulge in somewhat personal allusions; yet if any are rescued from their present condition, the joy afforded us will more than outweigh the censure of the few."



Besides direct cuts at individual students and teachers, and humorous parodies on a Philo debate and a Faculty meeting, there were some items of a largely literary interest, such as the poem of dedication to the Fem-Sems (Abbot girls), and a scene from the play, *Two Gentlemen of Andover*. Nowhere was there any attempt to report school news.

As noted before, this first *Phillippian* was published in July, 1857, apparently by outgoing seniors. Judging from the tone of the editorial, it seems that the originators expected the paper to be continued, but it is possible that they only intended to publish a single issue. In any case, no more *Phillippians* appeared, and by 1878 it seems to have been all but forgotten.

It is from the 15th anniversary issue of the *Phillipian* (1893) that we learn how the paper as we know it came to be founded. It seems that at that time there was a strong rivalry among the various fraternities for leadership in all phases of school life. Athletics had not yet begun to assume their present stature, and the best way to gain distinction was to excel in the literary field. We are told that E. S. Beach, P.A. '79, a member of the KOA fraternity, was the first to think of publishing a school newspaper. Another fraternity, the AUV, found out about the idea and made similar plans, but Beach succeeded in putting out his paper first. Thus the *Phillipian* was born, and it has been in continuous publication ever since.

The first editorial clearly set down the objectives of the new paper, far different from those of its predecessor. First, it was to provide a medium for the publication of school news, thus helping to "bind student to class, class to school, and school to patron," and also to bring Andover to the attention of boys in similar institutions. Far more important than this function, in the opinion of Editor Beach, *The Phillipian* would help to create a "literary spirit" among the students, for, he believed, the necessity of expressing one's thoughts on paper is an excellent discipline of the mind.


In appearance, the early *Phillipians* bore little resemblance to their modern descendent. Each of the four pages were divided into three wide columns, and no attempt was made to vary the lay-out. There were no headlines, and no pictures. The featured articles each week, appearing on the front page, were letters from regular correspondents at Abbot, the Theological Seminary, Exeter, Harvard, and Yale. These letters, especially the ones from Abbot, were very pleasant and conversational, and indicative of very friendly relations with these schools and colleges.

On the second page were the editorials—always mild, sometimes almost apologetic in tone. Then came the news articles, consisting mostly of reports on meetings of Philo and the Society of Inquiry. Since there was then no rule against editorializing outside the editorial column itself, all the articles were likely to reflect the opinion of the paper.

Then, of course, there were the sports write-ups. The first issue describes for us a football game with the Brown Freshmen. The score: Phillips, 2 goals, 11 touchdowns, Brown, 0.


As time went on, and the *Phillipian* came under the influence of different editors, gradual changes began to take place. After about ten years, the pages were divided into four columns, and later into five. The first picture appeared in 1901, at the death of Mr. Bancroft. By 1915, headlines had been introduced. It was not until 1930 that the appearance of the paper began to vary from issue to issue, with different layouts. Since the founding of the *Phillipian*, it has been published as a bi-weekly, and semi-weekly, its normal size has varied from four to eight pages, and its letterhead has been re-designed four times.

— John Ewell



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Literary & Logaoedic

The Love Song of A. Montague Fitzpatrick

Let us go then, you and I
While a street lamp lights the sky
In the bluish dull florescence
Of G.E.
Let us walk hand in hand
Upon the negroid asphalt
Past the windows of a hundred
Youthful cages.
Shall we have a triple shake
At the nearest soda fountain?
Shall we dance the rock 'n roll
To a red plastic jukebox?
Shall we sign in several miutes late
And fail a class, or meal or date?
Shall we repudiate requir-ed appointments?
Do I dare to smoke indoors
Or drink a highball after lunch?
Do I dare to write a dirty word
Upon a blackboard?

About my room the proctors go
Talking of Joe DiMaggio.

I have seen a thousand mornings
At the ringing of a bell
That summons me to heaven or to hell.
I have seen a thousand masters
At the chiming of a clock saying

HURRY UP PLEASE—ITS TIME

I have heard a thousand voices
To the scratching of a pencil crying
La Plume De Ma Tante Est Rouge.
I have read a thousand words
In a dusty classic grammar. After
Si, nisi, num, and ne
Every ali drops away.
Yes, I have a thousand facts
That you can ask me —go ahead,—
To entertain my children with
Before they go to bed:
I can tell you of the treaty
That settled northern Maine,
I can tell you of the birthday
Of dear old Thomas Paine



I can talk to you of Poetry
 And anapests and dactyls
 I can tell you of the carnivores
 And charming Pterodactyls.
 I can fence with you
 And dance with you,
 Sing ballads of northern France
 To you.
 I can mix a rum and coke
 That would make the WCTU choke,
 And I can tie a bow-tie by my very self.

About my room the protors go
 Talking of Joe DiMaggio.

In a crossless chapel
 A rheumatic man wheezes
 And haltingly tells us
 Of a dead creed

May I sit beside you . . . pardon me
 Yes I'd adore another cup of tea
 How exciting. . . we simply must win
 Only do come and hear the dear man talk
 On original sin
 Yes I rather think
 Your new clothes stink
 In a fine Episcopalian sort of way.
 What a day this has been,
 What a rare mood I'm in,
 Why its almost like
 Being made vice-president
 Same pay you know.
 Only please don't be late,
 Actors so hate
 Being rudely interrupted
 Once they've started.

About my room the proctors go
 Talking of Joe DiMaggio.

Do I dare tell a teacher, from whom I hope
 to get a pass,
 That he's a selfcentered neurotic tyrannic
 little ass,
 Or wear grey flannels and walk upon the
 grass,
 Or be introverted, selfish, stupid, crass
 In a stultified mass
 Of non-conformity?
 Do I dare, do I dare
 To sympathize and care
 For a reject, for a spastic, for a slob?
 To stand against the mob
 And feel my footing crumble,
 Years of stature, years of work.

Just one fumble
 And the ball is lost.

About my room the proctors go
 Talking of Joe DiMaggio.

Would you talk to me of drifting sands
 And misty ponds and
 Swaying hemlocks?
 Would you talk to me of love
 And God and virgins?
 Would you describe once more
 A sunset in Nantasket
 Viewed on a woolen rug
 With a picnic in a basket?
 Please can't you tell me of
 Timeless eternity and of
 Hope in nothingness
 In courage
 And devotion
 Singlemindedness?
 I cannot stand to live
 In brick prisons, pannelled cells
 For artificial sophistication,
 I know its trite and worn and shattered
 Along with everythingelse that mattered.
 To talk so freely of emotion,
 And description and delight,
 I know it is not right.
 But try (just for me) again
 Good night. Good night, sweet sin.

About my room the proctors go
 Talking of Joe DiMaggio.

O, Come let us sing unto the Lord,
 (In five part harmony for the 8'n1)
 Glory be to the Father and the Son,
 (And may this coming weekend be fun)
 As it was in the beginning and is now,
 (She's a piece, and how!)
 And ever shall be,
 (On a drinking spree)
 World without end,
 AMEN.

— S. B. Abbott



"I LIKE WHEATIES BECAUSE..."

Paddy

"The Beat Generation as displayed in our popular magazines, is a myth. The beatniks in the highest echelon of beatism are those who are in the lowest echelon of society — those who, because of their environment, have no moral values, no happiness, and no purpose for living except the satisfaction of their own sexual and alcoholic appetites. Psychologically, they are motivated by a desire for self-destruction. They are pitiful creatures. These are the ones who are admired as being the most beat.

"There are other, voluntary types of beatniks. There are those who are escaping from their background (or their race), there are those who are attracted by the free love that exists in North Beach, there are those who come to North Beach because they *want* to be beat — a deplorable result of the publicity these people have been getting.

"There have been bums in our cities with those motivations (except the latter) for decades before the Beat Generation was ever thought up. The San Francisco beatniks are different from their predecessors only in that they are aware of their publicity, and in that they are influenced by the artistic Renaissance which exists in San Francisco. (Although the artists will, as a rule, have nothing to do with the beatniks, many of the beatniks will pretend to be artists. The reason is that the beatniks will use their artistic talents as an excuse for not getting jobs.)

"In our popular magazines, the term 'Beat Generation' applies to everyone between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five who is either intellectual or anti-social (whether the two terms are synonymous, I'm not sure). Everyone from Dylan Thomas to Elvis Presley fits into this category. All teen-ager gangs are rebelling against society and are, therefore, beat. All young artists are beat. (Ferlinghetti, Rexroth, and the like, because they are (a) artists and (b) living in San Francisco, are very beat. They are known as Spokesmen for the Beat Generation. They don't mind too terribly because all this publicity brings them money.)

"Some magazines mold the Beat Generation to suit the tastes of their readers. In 'The

Beat Mystique,' PLAYBOY describes the beatniks as sophisticated party people who give wild parties, speak a different language (which people who are not beat cannot understand), are supremely cool, and have no inhibitions about sex, drink, or anything. The PLAYBOY man is a little awed at their unconventionality, and secretly admires them.

"ESQUIRE tells its sedate readers that beneath the hipster's preoccupation with speed, sex, drugs, jazz, and death, lies a spiritual search — the hipster is trying to find himself in a world made chaotic by World War II.

"In most places, the Beat Generation is just beginning to catch on. In France, Françoise Sagan and her friends are claiming allegiance to the Beat Generation. Hollywood is preparing to go on a Beat Generation kick, starting with the filming of *On the Road*. In San Francisco, however, the Beat Generation is dying. The newspapers, and the public, are no longer interested. For San Francisco has evaluated accurately the true worth of the Beat Generation."

— From a letter of the author

Fred Martin and Jim Levitt walked into the City Light book store. "I'll introduce you to Shig," said Jim. Shig was the fellow behind the counter, a fat, happy-looking Japanese character — bearded, of course. One of his front teeth was missing.

"Shig, I'd like you to meet Fred Martin, a friend of mine."

"Pleased to meet you, Fred," said Shig, pushing his large hand across the counter. Fred, in meeting it, said "Pleased to meet you."

"Fred goes to Phillips Andover," offered Jim. "He's writing an article on the Beat Generation, so we're going on a tour of North Beach for the next few days. Can you come around with us? When do you get off work?"

"Oh, twelve."

"Well, look, if we're still going, we'll meet you. . ."

Shig's eyes brightened — his whole face was laughing. "Oh, I dunno. I'm through with this beat business, man. I'll tell you what, if you want to find out all about the beatniks, there's gonna be a series of four articles in the Saturday Evening Post that'll. . ."

Fred laughed. "Who's doing it, John Bartlow Martin?"

"No, some other guy."

"Hey, Shig—can Fred get into The Place? They won't let him in there, will they?"

"No, they're pretty strict."

"Well, where can I get him an ID?"

"Mmm, I dunno. Borrow one."

"That's gunna be a problem."

"Yeah. Well, I know a good place for you to go — ever been to The Mission?"

"Where's that?"

"You go up past The Place — it's right at the top of that hill."

"On the corner? I think I know where it is."

"Yeah. Well, you go there. He can get in there, I'm sure."

"All right. Well, thanks a lot, we'll see you."

"Nice to have met you," said Fred.

"See you."

The Mission was a room, filled with chairs, sofas, and bookshelves. It was also filled with people — bearded characters in sweat shirts and denims gathered into conversational groups of four or five, women wearing drab clothes, some of them talking, some of them standing by the bookshelves, reading. There were tourists, too, but only a few.

A girl who could have been pretty, with a tough look and stringy hair, sat with a man who, under his beard and dark-glasses, hid a characterless face and an insecure personality. He was talking to the girl in a forcedly assured but high-pitched and trembling voice: "Why should you be tied down? Why not make it with everyone you want. . . ?" She had a gold ring on her finger. Maybe she was married to him.

On a sofa near the door sat a dumpy girl of about twenty-five. She was writing furiously in a notebook which she held upon her lap. Every once in a while she would look up, and commence writing again.

In the middle of the room, walking from one conversational group to another with a gallant air, was a fellow dressed in a colorful eighteenth, century outfit — a green fur-lined cape and a Three-Musketeer hat on top of which sat a bright red plume, hardly a typical Beat outfit. His only concession to the best mode of dress was his beard, which lined his craggy

chin. He was very, very conscious of himself as he strutted proudly around the room.

Fred watched him, fascinated. "That fellow," said Jim, "is Paddy O'Flaherty. He's a poet with an ego that covers you like a tent—really bad. Look at the way he walks around the room."

"Quite a character," said Fred.

Through the door came a Negro with a white girl. Fred had noticed several mixed couples and had wondered about them. It was almost as if by preference. . .

Jim was also watching them. "See that couple — Negro man with the white. . ."

"Yeah."

"That, to me, is one of the most interesting things about the Beat Generation: the way color lines are crossed. The beach chicks like to go around with Negroes because — well, how do you show you're beat, really beat? You can wear black, and all that, and put your hair in a bun, and not wear lipstick — but now the tourists do that, the mousey college girls who come to North Beach so they can hear Freud pronounced Froid instead of Frude — I mean, how does a girl be beat, will all these reasonable fascimiles around? Well, the best way is to shack up with a Negro. It identifies them as a really beat chick. Where on the other hand, the Negroes who come here and live with a white girl, psychologically, they're rejecting their race, as many white beatniks reject their background. So they're glad to, y'know, shack up with a white girl because it identifies them with the whites — or, not so much that as it breaks their identification with their own race."

"Fascinating," said Fred.

"Yeah, it's quite interesting, the motivations behind this."

Through the door came a group of eight high school girls, led by a young man in a sports coat. They gathered in a group near Jim and Fred. Paddy, chivalry personified, walked over to greet them. He would dazzle them with his irresistible personality. With a flourish, he removed his hat, and stroked its plume across the chin of one of the girls. "Smile," he said, with a mad twinkle in his eye. She looked up at him and smiled forcibly. "Ahh, pretty girls," he said. "Smile for me." They stared at him, with ridiculous grins on their faces.

With one elegant gesture, he placed the hat back on his head. "I," he said, "am Patrick 'Paddy' O'Flaherty. I am a poet — want to hear my latest poem?" The response was as enthusiastic as could be expected under the circumstances. Paddy smiled winningly. "It's not much, I just wrote it for fun, it's not really serious. I wrote it for a friend who wanted me to write a poem for him. Did him a favor." The girls exchanged glances. "Here it is, it's rather clever — about beards — just something I did for fun." He took a breath, jutting his manly bewhiskered jaw as he turned his profile to the girls. He pretended to try to keep a straight face as he read the poem.

"Dear Abby,

I am four feet eleven inches tall
and weigh ninety pounds

I have a problem

I wear a beard
and the police are always
stopping me on the street bothering
me as I mind my own
business because
of it

Is it wrong to wear a beard?

Sigmund Freud wore a beard

Charles Darwin wore a beard

24 Presidents of the

United States 18 Vice

Presidents of the United States

wore beards

Toulouse-Lautrec, George Bernard

Shaw

Pierre Renoir, Dostoevsky,

J E S U S C H R I S T

wore beards

Why can't I?

Why must every man with

befoliaged chin

be molested by

the police?

Signed,

Tom Thumb."

The fact that there was no response went unnoticed. He removed his hat in a big, smiling bow, and walked away triumphantly. They were dazzled.

One of the girls turned to Fred. "How do you react to something like that? Did you think — what did you think of his poem?"

"Not much. When you come right down to it, it was a pretty pathetic effort."

The girl whose chin had been brushed said "Ooo, he really gives me the *creeps*. When he asked me to smile, I was so *terrified*."

The first girl looked at Fred intensely. "Are you one of *them*? How long have you been here?"

"I'm going to stay about a week — this is my first night."

"Well, why do you come here?"

"I'm not one of *them*. I'm here in an observer status. I'm going to write about them. Why are you girls here?"

"You see, we're from the Presbyterian church in Chico, and our minister brought us here so we could see the beatniks; we'd heard so much about them. Our minister knows the fellow who runs this place. They went to divinity school together."

"Oh, really. Which one is the fellow who runs. . ."

"Over there — the blond fellow in the sweatshirt and the cross around his neck, that's Pierre. His parents were high up in French

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society — his father was an ambassador or something. He's a Congregationalist minister; this building we're in is a Congregationalist church."

"Oh, really. This is one of the side rooms. That's why this place is called The Mission."

"Yes. I guess Pierre opened it to the public to convert the beatniks."

"Looks to me like Pierre was converted."

They sat without speaking for a moment, and then the young man in the sports coat made a beckoning gesture with his hand. The girls left after saying good-bye. Jim and Fred walked over to a conversation which was taking place in the middle of the room. Pierre was speaking, surrounded by beards, about the difficulties an artist has in keeping his work uninfluenced by his ego. At length he stopped, having made references to Thomas Wolfe, Dos-toevsky, and Ed Sullivan. Jim said, "Pierre, one of those girls was telling me that your father was a French ambassador or something. . ."

Pierre smiled. "Ambassador? My father was a French bastard, maybe she got the terms mixed up." Laughter. "My father was a consul for a while, though. He lasted for two weeks. Really. First Friday he was consul, he invited a Catholic priest for dinner. My mother served lamb — God, the priest was insulted. He wrote us a nasty letter afterwards. So the next week we had a rabbi, Jewish rabbi for dinner. Mother served ham." More laughter. "Father didn't speak to her for months, he was so mad. He lost his job, of course. I guess that's the main reason my parents divorced."

Another mixed couple walked in. Pierre looked at them. "Well, excuse me," he said. "I've got a poetry group that's meeting upstairs." He left. Remaining were a fellow named Lou, a Southern boy, Jim, Fred, and Paddy.

"I come from the South," said the Southerner, "went to University of Texas, been here a couple of months. Now, I'm not prejudiced, but, seeing that Negro boy over there with that white girl. . . now that scares me. That just ain't natural. That's the one thing that really bugs me, the mixing of the races, interracial sex. It just ain't right."

"You know why the cops hate the beatniks so much?" said Lou. "It's not because

we're a little wild — a little sex, drunkenness isn't gonna hurt anybody. It's because we mix the races, that really gets them. And they can't do a damn thing about it. You ever wonder why the police department has so many men in this area? It's not just to keep order, well, it's deeper than that, too, psychological. You see, the cops grew up with these beatniks. They're cops because they have to be cops — whether they have a wife and nine children because they're cops or they're cops because they have a wife and nine children, I don't know. But they really resent these beat characters because they don't work, they don't *hafta* work — they live on very little money — loose sexuality, no responsibility, I mean, a cop who's working his ass off to support a family is really gonna resent this. But the thing that really bugs them is the fact that the beatniks cross the color line sexually. It really frustrates them because they'd like to crack down, but they can't. The Chamber of Commerce, you know, tells 'em to take it easy on the beatniks. San Francisco makes a lot of money offa them. — they're a big tourist attraction. The cops would just love to close down some of those bars — The Cellar, The Place, and they watch them closely to make sure they don't serve minors and like that — but they get plenty of chances to close those joints down every week — and they can't. Can you imagine the letters of protest that would come into the Mayor's office if the cops closed The Place or The Bagel Shop down? My God! It would be a real stink. So the cops can't really do anything, and they're frustrated. But the Negro problem is what makes the difference. That's the real touchy spot."

"Have you read Faulkner?" asked Jim. The conversation turned to social protest novels. Paddy kept making half-relevant comments about himself to which nobody paid any attention. He wasn't fazed. He turned toward Fred, ignoring the social protest conversation.

"The Beat Generation, he talks about. There's no such thing."

"Oh, really?" said Fred.

"They made it up for the tourists. There's no such thing as the Beat Generation."

"Then what is Kerouac talking about? What is Ginsberg's *HOWL* about?"

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"Kerouac! He's just a tourist. He's writing about these people, sitting in his Madison Avenue suite. The Beat Generation. He's talking about a publicity stunt, a fraud."

Ginsberg can't write *at all*. Sheer crap. Ferlinghetti, Rexroth—none of them can write *at all*. You wanta be a good poet, you've got to really know poetry. Really know it. A painter, no matter how abstract he is, has got to know the fundamentals of painting. Dali is one of the greatest craftsmen of the century—Picasso. James Joyce had to have a tremendous literary background before he could write experimentally. And you can't write a good poem unless you know what poetry is about."

"Yeah. But about the Beat Generation — doesn't the presence of so many people wearing the same type of clothes — the macabre colors, the blacks, browns — wouldn't that indicate that there is some sort of unified. . ."

"No. Why should it? They wear black because it's practical — you sit around in a bar all day or on the floor in white clothes and you get a pretty big cleaning bill. And besides, that kind of sloppy clothes is comfortable. You can't think in a Madison Avenue suit — ties, button-down collars. You can't think."

"Can't you think if you unbutton the button?"

"No, you can't."

"Well, why do you dress the way you do, Paddy? Does it help your thinking? Or is it handier for sitting on the floor?"

He made a glorious gesture with his arm, fluttering his cape theatrically. "I have a very good reason to dress they way I do, a very good reason. The human male is a drab animal — the female dresses *much* more colorfully. It is the female who dresses in the attractive colors. This is unnatural! With all the other animals, the male is by *far* the most beautiful — the lion, the tiger, the *bird*! Why shouldn't the human male be more beautiful too? Why should the women tell him what to wear?"

"That's right," said the Southerner, who was no longer discussing social protest novels.

"I heard your poem about the police bothering people with beards," said Fred. "Is that really a problem?"

"Oh, yes."

"With what authority can they do this?"

"Whatta ya mean, with what authority? They *do* it. They see a character with a beard, they really give him a bad time."

"What poem is this?" asked the Southerner. "You writing social protest?" He was handed a copy.

"No — that's not social protest. I just did that poem for fun. In fact I wrote it in just a half an hour. See, it was Christmas Eve and a friend of mine came to my pad, asked me to write a poem for him — he was starting a poetry magazine. Now, I don't usually write for the small magazines — I mean, I've read my work in about twenty bars in LA, so I'm pretty well known there — and, you know, the NEW YORKER, those other magazines have all written me up. But I said I'd write something as a favor to him." His bewhiskered jaw jutted in a pleasant grin, and his twinkling eyes were as a testimonial to his benevolence. "So I sat down and wrote that — just for laughs — in a half hour — just a light piece of work."

"It's very good," said the Southerner.

"Now you ask if there is a Beat Generation," said Paddy. "Now this introduction to this book of my poems is about the best thing that was ever written on the subject — I didn't write it — but it's the best thing you can read on the subject." Paddy handed to Fred a small paperbound book with a big picture of Paddy on the cover. The introduction took a clumsy swing at Jack Kerouac and other tourists. It said that the term "Beat Generation" has come to include everyone from Dylan Thomas to Elvis Presley. It then went on to say that the "Beat Generation" has its roots in the classicism of the generations that have come before, and Paddy O'Flaherty is a poet in the classical tradition.

"There is a Beat Generation," said Fred, mainly for the sake of starting an argument. "The members of the Beat Generation are those in a society who have no values." Jim and Lou broke off their conversation to hear Paddy's response. Paddy had a self-confident, amused look on his face.

"Values?" he said. "What are values?"

"Moral principles."

"Moral principles — there is no such thing as moral principles. At all. You ever heard of a man who didn't cheat on his income tax? Did you? Well, you just name me one."

"That's irrelevant. Everyone is selfish to a degree. But that has nothing to do with. . ."

"Irrelevant? What's irrelevant about it?"

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You *show* me the man who doesn't cheat on his income tax."

"I'll put it another way. Among the members of the Beat Generation, there is complete moral degeneration. Excessive drinking, free love — is it a society of human beings or of self-indulgent animals?"

"I'll tell you why I drink, It's because I like good *talk*, and the good talk is at bars. So I get drunk — what's wrong with that? And free love, what's wrong with *that*? It's sex — it's healthy. I'll have three, six, nine girls at the same time. And I'll love 'em *all*. I'll love 'em for different qualities: I'll love one for . . . her brilliant *mind*; I'll love another for her beautiful body; I'll love another for the way she acts in bed — all at the same time. It's really *stupid* to get married — they spend a million dollars improving methods of birth control, and still people get married. It's *stupid*. Why have one girl when you can have all you want? Marriage should be abolished — there's no use for it."

"Well, what would happen to the family?" asked Jim.

"Family? They spend a million dollars on birth control — why should you have *kids*, for Chrissake?"

"Do you suggest that the human race just stop having kids?" asked Lou. His eyes met Fred's, and they laughed.

"Well, sure you need some kids, but that's no reason to keep the institution of the family."

"Don't you think that kids are raised better in families?" asked the Southerner. Paddy signaled for a cigarette, and Jim tossed him one. "Don't you think that a child benefits from his parents' love?"

Paddy's eyes brightened. "*Love*? You name me one parent who loves their kids. Now I like kids. They call me 'Pirate' and like that, and I enjoy playing with them. But I couldn't *stand* to raise my *own* kid. I have a little girl — you think I have anything to do with her? No. I know *I'm* not fit to raise my children, *you're* not fit to raise *your* children, *you're* certainly not fit to raise *your* children. . . ."

"How do you know?" asked Fred.

"I can judge. . . I can tell character."

Fred smiled. "Well, then, if marriage is abolished, who is going to raise the children?"

"The state, of course."

"The state! My God! The state can't even do an adequate job *schooling* the children."

"How does the state decide who is fit to raise the children?" asked the Southerner.

"They can decide. There are plenty of good people around. Wouldn't you like someone like Pierre to raise your children?"

"Maybe they have someone who's perfectly capable but whom I just don't like — it's possible, you know."

"That's tough."

They were silent for a moment. Then the Southern boy said "It was nice talking to you, Paddy," and shook hands, and Jim and Fred decided they might as well be going, and shook hands. The three of them went out the door together.

II

Walking down the steep hill, Fred said "Let's try to get into The Place."

Jim swerved out of the way of a white girl, drunk, leading a Negro. "Fred it's gonna be hard getting you in there without an ID."

"Look, they know me in The Place," said the Southerner, "why don't you borrow my wallet? Here's my ID right here, see, you flip this. . ."

"I see."

"Here, why don't you take it now?"

"Sure. Thanks a lot."

They walked through the red door. The bartender said, "The cops have just been here, IDs all around." Fred flipped his open, the bartender nodded. Fred and Jim got a couple of beers, dark, and walked upstairs. They sat down at a small table. Fred handed the wallet to the Southerner, who was sitting at a table nearby.

Jim sipped his beer. "The theme, so to speak, of the Beat Generation," he said, "is its sensuality. Here you find young men, young women who are sexually frustrated — who, for psychological reasons, are promiscuous sexually. Then there are girls who are hard up, and guys who are attracted by the free love they see around here. So it's a sexual movement, really. The cops have *got* to keep a close watch on places like this or they'd have *orgies*. About the only place they can let loose is parties in their apartments — pads — and those affairs *are* orgies." Jim stopped. Through the window in the door he saw a couple of cops walk past,

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then turn and look in. Quickly, Jim put his beer under his chair, and grabbed Fred's glass. The cops came in. One of them walked upstairs. "We're gonna get it," muttered Fred. Jim was sipping the beer.

A flashlight shone in Jim's eyes. "ID?" Jim pulled out his wallet. The cop looked at Fred. "ID?"

"Don't have any."

"How'd you get in?"

"Borrowed one."

"Got any identification?"

"No."

"Nothing at all?"

"Didn't bring my wallet."

"Better come outside." They walked down the stairs, then through the red door. It was chilly. "What's your name?"

"Fred Martin."

"Are you twenty-one?"

"No."

"Don't you realize that The Place could get its liquor license revoked because they let a minor in?"

"I do. But I had an ID, they had no way of knowing."

"They're still responsible. Hey, how old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen! What were you doing in there? You weren't drinking."

"I'm writing about the Beat Generation. Beatniks are in there, so I went in there."

"Well, don't you have any credentials from your magazine?"

"No, I'm not a professional writer. This is a school magazine."

"What school?"

"Phillips Academy."

The cop's features were dark — he looked Italian. His expression was calm; his voice was soft, not aggressive. He seemed pretty nice. "Phillips Academy. Where's that, the East?"

"Massachusetts."

"Near Boston?"

"Yes. North of Boston."

"Well, look, Fred, I don't want to take you in — you seem like a pretty nice kid. I don't know, I think I have to. Probably just give you a talk, this time."

Jim and the other cop came outside. "I told him I was responsible for you," said Jim.

"I checked all the ID's, Dante," said the second cop.

Dante flipped his thumb towards Fred.
 "You know that this kid is sixteen?"

"He's *what*? What were you doing in there?"

"He's writing an article," said Dante. "Do we have to take them in?"

"I dunno. Let's phone the lieut. Hey, do you realize there's an eleven o'clock curfew in this town?"

"I didn't, no," said Fred.

"I really didn't know that," said Jim.

Dante looked at his watch. "It's twelve, twelve-thirty now."

"Holy smokes," said his partner. They started walking towards the call box. Uphill. When they got there, Dante spoke to Jim and Fred while the other cop phoned.

"You said you borrowed an ID from somebody. What was his name?"

"I really don't know. He was walking with us."

"What did he look like?"

"He had a beard. That'll single him out."

"Negro?"

"No."

"Phillips Academy. That's one of those prep schools, isn't it? You graduate from there, you can go to all the better colleges, isn't that right? Harvard, Yale, Princeton. You going to one of those better colleges?"

"Harvard."

"Harvard. What is Harvard, a college or university?"

"University."

The other cop had made his call. "Lieut says to bring 'em in. Squad car will be here in a minute."

"All right." Dante turned toward Jim.

"Where do you work?"

"San Francisco State."

"What kind of work?"

"Clerical work."

"Research?"

"Yeah."

"Where do you live?"

"Broadway."

"Well, where on Broadway? Broadway is broad and long."

"In the two thousands."

"Oh. Is that in the plush Pacific Heights area?"

"No. It's just above Van Ness."

"Where do you live, Fred?"

"The Peninsula. Atherton."

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"What's your father do?"

"He's in world trade."

"Would your father object to your getting picked up in a bar?"

"He wouldn't care."

"He know you're writing this. . . article."

"Yes."

The police car pulled up, and they got in. "Where were you before you went to The Place?"

"We were at The Mission," said Fred. "Talked to Paddy O'Flaherty there. He told us about how the cops bother everyone who has a beard."

"Paddy. I know him well. Were they serving wine at The Mission?" asked Dante.

Jim answered. "No — they were serving coffee, but that was it."

"Coffee royale, I'll bet," chortled the cop who was driving.

Fred and Jim waited in the main reception room of the police station while Dante and partner went to phone Fred's father. The cops in that room were slashing viciously a fellow whom they called "G-Man."

"You know, Joe picked up a drunk the other night on G-Man's beat."

"Oh, that G-Man. He thinks he's a real smart cop, that boy. A real. . . G-Man."

"Haw, haw, G-Man's a real smart cop, all right. Oh, he's a bright one."

"Couple days ago, Sam was on a false alarm and he found a *beggar* right on G-Man's beat!"

"Hah! Well, everyone's gotta have a vacation sometime." Everyone laughing; humor on parade.

Dante came back and said "The lieutenant wants to talk to you." They walked into his office.

The lieutenant was a wiry, inquisitive man. "Now just what are you going to write about — how are you going to show these people?"

"I'm going to show them as they are," said Fred.

"You're writing this for a magazine back East. I'm interested — what do they think of the beatniks back there?"

"Oh, they think it's all very colorful — a big novelty. In fact, my editor asked me to write a humorous piece about the Beat Generation. Local color. Well, I don't happen to think the Beat Generation is very humorous."

"I don't really think there'd be much purpose for you to write an article about the beatniks."

"I disagree with you. I think there's very good reason to write about them."

The lieutenant scratched his chin. "Now if you write with the right slant. . ."

Fred was annoyed. "What do you mean by 'the right slant'? You want a pollyanna treatment. . .?"

"These people aren't responsible — we can't depend on them. If beatniks were running this country in time of war. . ."

"It would be a mess," said Fred.

The lieutenant was still scratching his chin. "Well. . . why do you have to go to these bars to write about the Beat Generation?"

"Because I want to write about them as they are, and if I overlook their moral deficiencies, I wouldn't be doing an accurate job."

"Well, we phoned your parents. They know what you're doing, they say it's all right. So go home and next time don't walk around after the curfew hour. And look, when you're in a neighborhood, why don't you come to the police before they come to you — go up and explain what you're doing. They might even help you. They'll take you to see the *right* people."

"That would be great," said Fred. A slight touch of sarcasm was detectable.

"In fact," offered Dante, "why don't we meet you sometime and show you around? Let's see — is Thursday night good for you?"

"It's fine."

"Well, why don't we meet you at nine-thirty uh. . . across from City Lights, you know where Grant and Columbus meet in sort of an apex?"

"Yeah. It's a date."

"We'll see you then," said Dante. He smiled.

Fred and Jim walked through the door into the dark San Francisco night.

III

It was five after ten. They had been waiting a half an hour. "Damn bastards," said Jim, "they don't even mean to show up."

"Are you sure this is the corner they meant? Maybe they're waiting at some other corner."

"I'm sure. They said the apex, and this is the only apex in the area."

Fred was concerned, "It would be maddening if they don't show up. It would really wreck my story."

"Well, you could write it from another slant: the irresponsibility of the San Francisco police. After all, they *said* . . ."

"That would hardly be satisfactory."

"Well, I wish they would show up. I'm very curious to see who they consider the *right* people."

"I doubt if we're going to meet any right people. If they're on duty, they won't want to take us to meet all the characters in North Beach."

It was cold, and they paced back and forth on the sidewalk, watching the people going by. All of a sudden, Jim brightened up. "See that couple? That's Franny and Pete — I told you about them, didn't I? Two friends of mine — they're beat. Live together. Hey, Pete! Fran!" They didn't hear him. "Peter me boy!"

"Jim! What are you doing around here?" Peter looked surprised though not especially pleased.

Franny gave Jim an enthusiastic kiss. "It's good to see you." They looked at Fred. He smiled. Pete was a tall, blond kid, about twenty-three. He looked pleasant, but impatient to get away. Franny was short, dark, and vivacious.

"I got busted the other night," announced Jim.

"You got *what*?" asked Franny.

"Busted. Went down to the police station. They didn't book me, though. I was contributing to the delinquency of a minor." Once again they looked at Fred. He smiled. "I took him into The Place. We were drinking beer when the cops came in. I put my beer under the table and drank his."

"Why were you in The Place?" Franny put her hands on her hips.

"He's writing an article on the beats for his school magazine."

"Where are you going to school?"

"Phillips Andover."

"Where's that, back East?"

"Yes."

"Anyway," continued Jim, "the cops took us down to the station and asked him what kind of article he was writing. And they told us to meet them here tonight and they'd show us the 'right people' for his article."

"That is really amazing, the cops telling you they'd show you around. That is really something." Pete whispered in her ear, grinning. "You're not kidding me, are you?"

"No, this really. . ."

She hit Pete twice in the kidney. Pete was still grinning. She pretended to be mad. "You don't believe *anybody*! Oh, Pete, you're such a cynic." She hit him again, then turned towards Jim and Pete. "Oh, I'd just *die* if you're kidding me. You're telling the truth, aren't you Jim?"

Jim smiled. "Why should I kid you? Why are we standing on the corner here? We're waiting for the cops."

"When are they supposed to meet you?"

"They were supposed to meet us at nine-thirty."

"It's after ten, now, she said. She looked at Fred with a mock pleading look on her face. "He's telling the truth, isn't he?"

"He's telling the truth," said Fred. Honest."

"Oh, I believe you, and you have such a beautiful, honest face, and Jim has such a beautiful, honest face. If you're kidding me. . ." She started hitting Pete again. "Oh, I hate you, you're so cynical." Pleadingly, "Don't you *see*, they're telling the *truth*."

"Let's go," said Pete. He kissed her hair.

Jim was smiling. "Well, look, if the cops take us to a place you're in, don't let on you know us."

"The cops won't take you to the place *we're* going. Well, see ya."

"See ya."

Pete started to go. "Swear that you're telling the truth."

"I'm telling the truth."

To Fred "Now tell me, honestly, you're not kidding me."

"I swear it."

Pete grabbed her by the hand. She waved as they went across the street.

"Quite a girl," said Jim. "Well, let's walk up Grant. The cops are bound to be somewhere."

They were walking past the Bagel Shop when Jim saw a familiar face. "Dante!"

"Hello."

"Where were you?" asked Fred. "We were looking for you at nine-thirty."

"We got started late. I kinda forgot. I haven't even told my partner."

Jim looked at the cop with Dante. He was of stocky build, with a strong jaw which presided over a rather humane face. He looked Irish. "That's not the fellow who was with you the other night, is it?"

"No, this is my other partner, Bill, I'd like you to meet Jim Levitt," they shook hands, "and Fred Martin."

"Pleased to meet you," said Bill.

"Fred is writing an article for his school paper back East about the beatniks. Bill's been here longer than I have, so he'll give you all the information you need." Jim and Dante walked over to the call box and started to converse.

"You say you're writing this article for your school paper?" asked Bill.

"Literary magazine."

"Which school is this?"

"Phillips Academy in Massachusetts."

"Well, what kind of article do they want you to write, Fred?"

"The editor asked me to do a humorous, you know, local color story. However, I find nothing humorous about this area."

"It certainly isn't humorous. The police department in this area is having a tough time making its authority known. We're acting in the best interests of the people who live here, but most of them don't seem to realize this."

"Wasn't there a mob recently that heckled you when you tried to make an arrest? I think it was right on this corner."

"Yeah. It was right here, about . . . a week ago. There was this guy, talking to a couple of people, urinating right in the street. I wasn't going to take any of this, I booked him. And while I was making the arrest, this guy, Billie Johnson, was getting in the way. He kept asking me what I was booking this guy for, what he was guilty of. So I said 'Patience, Billie. If you really want to know, you can find out at the station.' But he was really persistent, so finally, I booked him too. By this time a bunch of guys had come out of the Bagel Shop — booing, yelling 'Gestapo.' I told them to disperse, and I took a couple of them in. Now, Fred, put yourself in my position. I'm just trying to make this a nicer area. How would you feel if you were called Gestapo? I don't arrest people often, but when I do, I have a pretty

good case against them. The other night, I arrested Harry Feestazzo for vagrancy. The law requires that you observe him for a week. Well, I kept notes on him for three months. I asked him where he lived. He said 'I forget.' What kind of talk is that? Should I have to take that? So I booked him."

"I've heard the opinion that the Chamber of Commerce has put pressure on you to lay off the beatniks because the beatniks are bringing a lot of money to San Francisco."

"That's ridiculous. The Chamber of Commerce has little to profit from these characters — there'd be plenty of tourists, anyway. In fact, we've been trying to keep it quiet here, so the Beat Generation stays out of the papers."

"I wonder why you don't close their little establishments: The Place, the Bagel Shop, like that. You've had plenty of chances."

"You see, we're keeping on those establishments, so that when we close them, they will stay closed."

A woman, perhaps thirty, came up to them. She had a pleasant, but tired face. "Have a peanut, Bill," she said.

"Thank you. Peanut, Fred?"

"Thank you." After he had eaten it, he threw the shells in the gutter.

"What are you doing in this neighborhood?" asked Bill.

"I had to go to the market, and that's the only one that's open," she said, pointing to a dingy A&P across the street.

"You shouldn't be out here alone," said Bill. "This is a pretty bad neighborhood."

"I know it. I know it. As I was walking here, this fellow came up to me, started to grab me. I was really scared. I handed him a peanut and ran." Fred grinned. Bill's expression did not change. "Did you know that the Holmes' baby died?" she asked.

"No, how'd he die?"

"Pneumonia. It really broke me up. I've been crying for a week. You see, my own baby died last November. Little boy pushed her out a window. Five stories." She bit her lip.

Bill's voice was soft. "How old was she?"

"Eighteen months."

They were silent, trying to think of something to say. "Paddy O'Flaherty came to court yesterday, waving his cloak," Bill pantomimed it, "and his plumed hat — putting on a big show."

"What did he do?" asked Fred.

"He was just a spectator — it was the Festazzio case. A lot of those beach characters come down and watch so they can protest. You know Paddy O'Flaherty?" he asked the woman. But she was not a woman; her eyes were those of a girl — unsure, frightened.

"Oh, yes, I know Paddy. I've known him for about ten years."

"Fweesh, is he dirty," said Bill. "I can't stand to be within ten feet of him. I wonder how often he takes a bath."

"At least I use my bathtub," said the woman.

"Well, it's no secret that he's the next to go. He's trying to attract attention — trying to be the leader. He isn't even a follower. Him and Eric Nord. Remember last summer when Eric Nord chartered a bus and went downtown with a bunch of beatniks to stare at the tourists? Made all the headlines? Well, if they tried it now, it wouldn't even make the papers, and they know it. This thing is dying out. You know the Bagel Shop, how much it was worth last summer? Thirteen thousand dollars. That's not even the whole building, it's just the main floor. The owner wouldn't take it, decided he'd try for a little more. Well, guess how much it's worth today. Guess."

"I don't know," said Fred.

"Three thousand dollars, and he'd sell it for just a little bit more than that."

"Did you know that Paddy was married a while back?" asked the woman.

"No," said Bill, "who would marry Paddy?"

"I don't know her name; she was a blonde. I see her around here every once in a while."

"Did Paddy divorce her?" asked Fred.

"I don't think he bothered."

"Paddy is about to go," said Bill. The woman was chewing on a peanut. "This area is full of vagrants. They're not doing society any good — they don't want to work. There's this one guy, lost his job a couple months ago, collecting Social Security. He just hangs around here all day. I ask him way he's not out looking for a job, he says, 'Why should I? I've still got nine months of Social Security coming.' There's this guy we picked up for vagrancy, didn't live anywhere, just hung around. So I arrested him — he made a big fuss. But the judge drops charges, I don't know why, he was

clearly a vagrant. Anyway, this guy is still making a fuss, demands to see his record. He doesn't ask, he *demand*s to see his record. So the fellow gets it for him, looks at it, says 'You're under arrest.' The vag says 'Wattaya mean, I'm under arrest? They just let me free.' So they show him his record. Attached to his record is a warrant for his arrest — seems he'd deserted a wife and six kids. Just left them. That was Jim Santoni, you read about that? But that's the type of person that hangs around this area."

"I wouldn't let *my* daughter go near this area," said the woman.

"If *my* daughter went near this place, I'd swat her," said Bill.

She put her bag of peanuts back in her pocket. "I've gotta go, Bill. I'll see you."

"I'll see you," he said. "This used to be a nice part of town — Telegraph Hill — historical. They used to signal to ships from here when they came in the harbor. And there are nice apartments along here. Five years ago, this was a nice area — a lot of artists were living here. Then the vagrants started to come here and pretend they're artists instead of getting a job — I ask them 'When's the last time you lifted a brush?' They don't know. They're not artists. The people who live around here have formed an organization — the Telegraph Hill Improvement Association — to try to keep these people out of the area. And the police have been trying to keep it quiet — calm down publicity. What we've gotta do is make the people around here respect our authority — we're working in their own interests. But when you get scenes like in front of the Bagel Shop. And, you know, these characters have formed a group themselves — the North Beach Betterment Association, they call it. They hand out little cards so that whenever a policeman makes a move, they write it down. They're making a record of our injustices."

A girl — maybe she was eighteen, maybe twenty-five — with a flabby, rather unattractive, characterless face was walking by. "Virginia," said Bill.

"Hi, Bill," she said. Her eyes gazed ahead in a dumb, unconcentrated stare. Her chin was weak and flaccid.

"When did you get out of jail?" asked Bill.

"Yesterday. They dropped charges."

"Where you living?"

"Columbus."

"Where on Columbus?"

"Five eighty-nine."

"Oh, you still living with Jane Sanderson?"

"Yeah."

"Well, how're you paying the rent?"

"Dig — like I'm not paying rent."

"And how's my friend Janie?"

"Dig — like I wish I knew where she was, get my hands on her." She was mumbling, she was nervous, ill at ease. But in her empty eyes, something responded to Bill's genial nature, and the trace of a smile could be seen on the corners of her mouth.

"Did Janie run out on you?"

"Yeah."

"How do you eat, Virginia?"

She smiled. "Steal."

Bill smiled. "I'm going to marry you, Virginia."

"See you, Bill." As she walked off, Fred could still see a remnant of the smile.



"She's a prostitute," explained Bill. "Picked her up about a week ago — she had eighteen dollars in her pocket — for tricks. She used to work in a drive-in in Redwood City — fella

came up to her, told her she could make a lot of money as a whore. She bit — he got in touch with another girl who lined up customers for her in Chinatown — most of her customers are Chinese."

"Isn't the thing the cops object to most the mixing of the races sexually — isn't that the real sore spot?"

"Well, sure. I mean, how would you like it if your daughter went out with a Negro? Level with me, how would you like it?"

"There are a lot of whites I wouldn't want her to go out with."

"But how would you like it if she went out with a Negro?"

"Depends on the Negro."

"You wouldn't like it. You wouldn't like it — it's only natural. Naturally we object to inter-racial sex. We're just trying to make this a better neighborhood."

They heard the tinkle of shattered glass. Across the street, a car was pulling out of a parking space. "That guy's sure a good driver," said Bill.

"I think he ran over a bottle." Dante was across the street. Jim was leaning against the call box, watching. Finally, the car pulled out and drove off. "It was a bottle," said Fred.

Well-dressed couples, who had read about the "Beat Mystique" in PLAYBOY, were walking by. There were high school kids, with greased hair or black stockings — the bush leagues of the Beat Generation. There were college girls, walking alone or in groups, young men, looking for girls. Then there were the beatniks. Fred watched the PLAYBOY couples gape at them, almost admiringly.

Loud voices drifted from the bars, and filled the chilly streets. Even under the street lamp, Fred was aware of the darkness.

— S. A. Most

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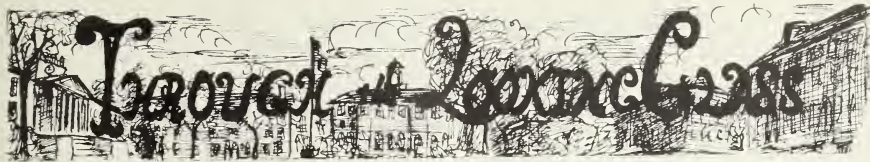
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Non Sibi

"Where the bee sucks there suck I
In the cowslip's bell I lie"

I am sitting in the middle of a muggy spring evening with my shirt sticking to my back and with the determination to close this volume of *The Mirror* on a worthy note. It is raining but the heat persists.

* * * * *

Most of the functions of a magazine such as this are clear and require little elaboration. We must collect the best student creations in the world of writing and of art and give them such space and publicity that the author may receive due credit and thus be encouraged along with others such as are interested to continue the aforementioned production. With this bit of 18th century prose we may pass to a less known and less accepted function of *The Mirror*; that of editorializing on aspects of campus life which displeases or pleases the limited psyche of the editor-in-chief. Historically there is a genuine precedent for the revival of this function. At its conception, *The Mirror* was the official organ of the Philomathean Society and served for many years as a means of putting the beliefs and literary endeavors of that society before the school. More recently what might have been called editorials in the form of essay or satire have appeared as original compositions without any official recognition whatever. Because we wish to make clear what are our own personal views, we have re-separated such material from the body of the magazine and published them separately along with articles on special topics as the archives or library. The discriminating reader is therefore free to pass over these as he chooses, and can recognize them as the editors' opinions.

In addition to this motive, I wished to add another student viewpoint on the affairs of the school to *The Phillipian*, one does not suffice. In some cases we have differed with *The Phillipian*. We took issue with the admini-

stration of Abbot Stevens House when *The Phillipian* found little to criticize. We have taken issue with compulsory chapel, a subject which to date they have not dealt with at any length. On the other hand, we joined with them in deploring certain nefarious student practices and a general indictment of blind conformity among the student body. With fewer issues, we have been at a disadvantage in making timely and useful suggestions. More important, the school as a whole seemed unaware that *The Mirror* had any right to comment on anything other than the literary and the creative.

The end of the year has come, and several thousand words later we have produced six issues of student writing and art work. The contents have not always been as good as we would have wished, but then the quality of student writing and painting is not always as good as it might be. If we have tread upon toes, if we have exhibited bad taste, if we have been unsound or undocumented in policy, we have done so in our haste to reform, the haste which grips a senior who has known and lived in a school for four years. The sort of haste which is rooted in the belief that with time we tend to gloss over our mistakes until they have become unchangeable tradition. The sort of haste that is prompted by the fear that we will graduate without changing the school for the better and correcting those faults of four years observation. We have blundered and been censured, we have criticized and been attacked, believe us, *non nobis sed aliis*.

* * * * *

The services of several individuals to *The Mirror* in this past year have been exceptional. A partial list of our supporters is included below in the form of board members. To those others who have contributed in any of countless ways, our thanks.

* * * * *

Pat: impremeur par excellence

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NOSTALGIA INC.

The Mirror

As our final offering for the year in this column, we present a brief sketch of our own origin and development, in the hope that it may be of some interest to our readers.

The *Mirror* made its debut in November, 1854, as the official organ of the Philomathean Society, a small organization dedicated to the discussion of important ideas. The very first item on the first page of the new magazine was a definition of the word "mirror," followed by a summary of the objectives of its editors:

"Mirror—A looking glass or speculum; any glass of polished substance that forms

images by the reflection of rays of light; that which gives a true representation, or in which a true image may be seen.

—Webster

Such a purpose serves the "Mirror" in its sphere. Our estimation of the ideas and thoughts of a man must be formed from the reflection of his mind in his words. Although the reflection may not be in every way true to life, yet it is our only means of judging the object itself; we can measure matter, but mind is less tangible and eludes, and baffles, and deceives us.

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To our readers, then, who would know something of the Society here represented, we offer this *Mirror*. We have no apologies to make for the images it presents. It has been our part not to make the objects reflected, but only to arrange them before the polished plate that they might be honestly seen. Our work is completed when we enable you to see the mind of the PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY as it is."

In appearance, the first *Mirror* bore little resemblance to its modern relative.

Then, in 1856, an "Editors' Table" was introduced. In this section of the *Mirror*, the "Board of Publication" aired its views on school life, in appropriately flowery Victorian prose. It was through this column that the character of the magazine was gradually changed. As years went by, it seems that the editors must have become increasingly progressive, for they began consciously to inject a note of humor into the formerly staid and respectable publication. During the same period, more and more fiction began to appear in the main section of the magazine, displacing some of the traditional essays.

Finally, in 1892, Philo, deciding that the *Mirror* should be allowed a broader scope, turned the magazine over to the school at large. The new board decided to put out six instead of three issues a year, and announced a new, three-fold purpose: First, the *Mirror* would promote literary life in the school; second, it would prepare its contributors for college and later writing; and, finally, it would serve as a means of communication between the students and alumni. The make-up of the magazine was also changed. Besides the literary section, now about evenly divided among poetry, essays, and short stories, there were eight regular monthly features. These included exchanges, book-reviews, obituaries, and editorials. Advertising, which had begun to creep in to the Philo *Mirror* was stepped up.

Even with these changes, however, it appears that the *Mirror* received dwindling support from the student body, for, thirteen years later, it underwent another thorough overhaul. In 1905 a diminutive (6x10) "first issue" appeared, announcing a new policy: "The intention of the present board of editors is to make the 'Phillips Andover Mirror' a popular insti-


tution in the life of the school. We will indulge in general comment in these columns from month to month, while the body of the magazine will be made up of vigorous and clever short stories, verse, timely jokes, the best exchanges, and items of general interest to every student." The new *Mirror* contained much lighter material than the old, and seems to have been more popular, for it came out nine times in the first year.

In succeeding years, the *Mirror* grew away from set patterns, and varied as to content, appearance, and frequency according to the whim and ability of the editorial boards and the talent of the student body.

— John Ewell

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OWA. CURRENT & CHOICE

Beloved Infidel, sub-titled *The Education of a Woman*, is the autobiography of Sheilah Graham, written in collaboration with Gerold Frank. It is, essentially, two stories in one, the first, rather traditional in form, being a Cinderella story of a girl's rise from squalor to high society, the second a moving love story between the same woman and a great writer in his last years.

Until the writing of this book, the true story of Miss Graham's birth and childhood was unknown even to her closest friends. "When I look back on my early years, it's hard not to think that perhaps they never happened—that I read it all in Dickens or in some penny-dreadful novel of the time." She was born Lily Sheil in London's East End, into a situation of almost complete poverty. Her years from six to fourteen were spent in an orphanage, for her mother, her one surviving relative, was unable to support her. When she was fourteen her mother died, and from then on she was entirely on her own. As a tooth brush saleswoman, Miss Graham first became really aware of her attractiveness to men—"It was clear that men were more concerned about reaching the backs of their teeth than women." It was at this same job that she met Major John Gillam, later to become her first husband; and with his help she resolved to break away from her environment. Finally, changing her name to Sheilah Graham, she fabricated a "history" of her own birth and childhood, and slipped into English society with surprisingly few difficulties and no fatal ones. After her marriage to Major Gillam, she made a name for herself as an actress, only to abandon this career within a few years. All the time she was gaining status by meeting some of the most influential members of English society. At one party, hearing Charles Chaplin discussing the American movie colony, she grew interested. In 1933, at the age of twenty-five, she left for America to try newspaper work, and it was not long before she became one of Hollywood's most widely read columnists. Now divorced, she attended a great many Hollywood parties; and it was at

one of these that she first met F. Scott Fitzgerald. Gradually, seeing him often, she grew to know this tormented man; and the two of them fell deeply in love. Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda, was in an asylum; and, although Miss Graham lived with him for several years, Fitzgerald was never able to get a divorce.

One's first impression of this book is likely to be unfavorable: the rather obnoxious subtitle; the fact that it is written with Gerold Frank, whose two other cheaply popular collaborations, "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Too Much, Too Soon," have been somewhat less than masterpieces; and, finally, an introduction, written in the form of a letter to the deceased Fitzgerald—"You wanted me to write the story of my life and now, so much later, here it is"—which rather makes the skin crawl in its navet . But Miss Graham, if not as exceptional a woman as the jacket blurb might lead one to believe, is, at least, one with a great amount of drive and a great deal of sincerity. Her character as a young girl is especially admirable, for, where so many others have been content to remain in an unsatisfactory environment, she had the realization of something better and the courage to try to attain it. In addition, the book indirectly gives us a sense of English social mores and brief pictures of a few interesting personalities—Randolph Churchill, Charles Chaplin, and Robert Benchley, to name a few—appearing both in England and Hollywood.

The style of the book—Mr. Frank's style, that is—is very neat and reads easily, but at times he seems to sacrifice realism for a rather cheap concern with "artistic" effect. Even in these cases, however, Miss Graham's sincerity comes through and saves *Beloved Infidel* from being what one would ordinarily expect from a book of this sort: an ingeniously set of stock, trite emotional responses, concerned with what should be felt rather than what is felt.

Still, without the section on Fitzgerald, there would probably be nothing to raise this book above a mildly interesting but rather mediocre account of a not-too-important wo-

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man. This section, comprising roughly half the book, has a unity of its own and can really be read independently by those Fitzgerald fans who are unwilling to return to Cinderella after so many years. Miss Graham's account of Fitzgerald is, as one would expect, highly personal and emotional; and, although we are told that Fitzgerald is a "great writer," there is not much evidence of his literary efforts. Instead, equally important, we are given a portrait of the greatly tormented Fitzgerald whom everyone knew; but this time we can be thankful that Miss Graham, hardly an infidel, was there to make the torment infinitely less acute. She says in the introduction, "... though Scott Fitzgerald had a demon, a terrifying demon, he had fought it and conquered it before death came to him. He did not die a defeated man." This sentiment, if it may seem an oversimplification, is at least a reassuring hope, and one we could not have if this book hadn't been written.

* * *

Hughie, a one-act play of Eugene O'Neill, and his most recently published work, is a delight to read and can be read in around forty minutes. *Hughie*, the main character, is already dead when the play opens. His character is revealed through a rather one-sided conversation between the only two people who appear in the play, a Broadway gambler and a West Side hotel clerk. The character who emerges is an entirely gullible individual trapped in a paltry world, who thrived vicariously on the glamorous existence of Erie, the gambler.

Although casual and off-hand in manner, *Hughie* contains a great deal of subtlety within a very tight construction. Reading it is rather like peering secretly through a window into a separate world, in which none of the characters has any understanding of his own situation but in which we can see into the failures of each. The oppressed world which we see is far from glamorous, and yet there is a certain kind of beauty in the realism with which it is presented. *Hughie* is a marvel of economy, implying in a minimum of words a great deal about man and his illusions concerning himself and his world.

P. J. Warshaw

Literary & Logaoedic

Evening

The rain is falling softly now
Upon the pavement far above,
And through the window near my head
Grey light and muffled sounds come down;
They strike these ancient walls and drown.

A solitary lamp shines white,
Through wispy clouds of circling smoke,
Upon a dark green velvet sea.
Three silent faces, six white eyes,
Look where the yellowed cue ball lies.

I turn away and hear the click
Of ivory on ivory;
No other sound is made except
The heavy breathing of the three
Who watch the ball yet cannot see.

One by one they take their shots,
Walk round the table in a trance,
And putting out their cigarettes,
They slouch against the table rim
As now the evening light grows dim.

They move as in a drugged sleep,
And stare hypnotically on to
The velvet world which sometimes seems
To dance and waver in their sight,
Up and down, and left to right.

I leave the smoke-filled room behind,
Ascend the stairs, walk down the street,
And think about those still inside.

I realize that I am free.

— E. Miller



Come To The Jubilee

(SETTING: There are two rooms. On the right side of the stage there is a room which contains a soft drink bar and several tables surrounded by chairs. Adjacent to the door, on the far right, there is a reception table surrounded by mothers. They are all flabby, cheerful, dissipated, and over forty. These are the mothers of the Equestrian Club, the benevolent sponsors of the dance. The invitation lists lie on the table. As the guests come through the entrance, their names are checked off by the Equestrian mothers. The dress is formal. The other room is the dance floor. Except for a little platform reserved for the band, the room is crowded with teenagers. As the curtain rises, the dancing has not yet begun, and everyone is milling around shaking hands, talking, and being as enthusiastic as possible. Then the conversation becomes a blur, and the only distinct voice heard is that of FRED ALBERT, who is checking in.)

FRED: (to another boys who is behind him as he goes through the door) Yeah, I'm going out for wrestling.

MOTHER 1: Your name, please?

FRED: Fred Albert.

MOTHER 1: (looking down the list) Oh. . . Okay.

MOTHER 2: Fred!

FRED: Well, hello, Mrs. Vanderberg. How are you?

MOTHER 2: Fine. How do you like going to school back there?

FRED: Oh, fine.

MOTHER 2: (She stands up, and, with an eager maternal look, pulls FRED by the arm behind the reception table.) And, are you having a good time?

FRED: Oh, yes.

MOTHER 2: I imagine it's hard work.

FRED: Sometimes it is. But we don't work *all* the time.

MOTHER 2: What I don't understand is . . . We've got lots of perfectly good schools right here in California. Why in the world do you go all the way back *East* to go to school?

FRED: Well, . . . it's really worth it to go to Bentley.

MOTHER 2: Heavens yes, you're absolutely right. The schools are *so* much better in the East.

FRED: Well. . .

MOTHER 2: I imagine you're finding Bentley quite an experience.

FRED: Well. . . yes, I mean. . . it's got everything: it's terrifically endowed, and the teachers are tops; a school like Bentley can get the best teachers. . .

MOTHER 2: Isn't that true? The East has *so* many good teachers.

FRED: Yes. . .

MOTHER 2: And you must *love* the intellectual atmosphere in the East.

FRED: Well. . . Many of the teachers at Bentley have written books and they read a lot. . .

MOTHER 2: Oh, yes! Jack's—my husband's brother *lives* in the East, and he isn't a teacher, but he writes *books* and he goes to plays, concerts; he probably reads a lot—he's a *real* intellectual. They're *so* intellectual in the East!

FRED: They do.

MOTHER 2: Well, I'm keeping you from the dance! You must be dying to go in and see everybody.

FRED: Well, yes. It was very nice to see you, Mrs. Vanderberg. (Big smile.)

MOTHER 2: It was. . . (FRED is already gone.)

WALLY: Well, *hi* Fred!

FRED: *Hi*, Wally! Still going to Wilson High?

WALLY: Yeah. Still going. And you're going back East, aren'tcha?

FRED: Yeah, to Bentley.

WALLY: Bentley? What's that?

FRED: It's a prep school. Some people consider it one of the best in the country.

WALLY: Yeah, well. How do you like it?

FRED: Oh, fine. Hey, what sport are you going out for?

WALLY: Basketball.

FRED: Oh, that's right. You're a center, aren't you?

WALLY: Yeah.

FRED: Make the Varsity?

WALLY: I don't know yet. They still might cut me. What're you going out for?

FRED: Wrestling.

WALLY: Oh. How heavy are you?

FRED: Fifty-two.

WALLY: You pretty good?

FRED: I'm outta condition.

WALLY: Yeah. Excuse me. Oh, hi Al!
(WALLY starts talking with a group of boys. FRED stands alone with a bored look on his face.)

BILL: How's it going, Fred?

FRED: Great. How about you?

BILL: Going good. How's Bentley?

FRED: Fine. Hey, who's student body president at Wilson?

BILL: Frank Klamouth.

FRED: Good.

BILL: What sport are you going out for?

FRED: Wrestling.

BILL: Make Varsity?

FRED: Yeah. What are you going out for?

BILL: Swimming.

FRED: What do you do?

BILL: The crawl and the butterfly.

FRED: How fast?

BILL: Well, I do the crawl. . . (Three familiar faces appear on the scene, and FRED and BILL shake hands with them.

FRED: Hi, Frank!

FRANK: Hey, how's it going?

JOE: Hi, Fred!

FRED: How's it going, Joe?

SAM: (Shaking hands exuberantly) Going to Bentley?

FRED: Yeah.

SAM: How do you like it?

FRED: It's great.

SAM: Really? I wouldn't go back East for a million dollars.

FRED: It's worth it.

FRANK: Hey, what are you going out for, Fred?

FRED: Wrestling.

FRANK: Yeah? How do you like it?

FRED: It's rough. I'm out of condition. Hey, Joe, who's class president?

JOE: Rick Flaherty.

FRED: He here tonight?

JOE: I don't think so. I haven't seen him.

SAM: Hey, they got any girls back there at Bentley?

FRED: Yeah! They've got a girl's academy right next door.

FRANK: Hey, how about that! I bet there's a lot of sneaking over the fence! (Everyone laughs enthusiastically.)

(MOTHER 3 is in the middle of the dance floor.

Everyone is silent because she is about to speak. There are five couples with her. The rest are gathered around to watch.)

BILL: Hey, let's go into the other room. They're gonna start to dance. (They filter into the crowd watching MOTHER 3 and split up.)

MOTHER 3: Welcome, teenagers, to the Equestrian Club Jubilee! Our first dance will be a snowball dance. These couples will start, and when the music stops, they will split up and tag. When the music stops again, the new couples will split up and tag. In that way, pretty soon everybody will be dancing! (She pauses, and immediately conversation starts. It quiets down when the teenagers realize she has not finished.) And . . . on behalf of the Equestrian Club, I wish you all a Happy New Year!

(Conversation resumes immediately. The snowball works for one tagging, and then couples start dancing regardless of whether they've been tagged or not. The band doesn't bother to stop the music. In fact, the band looks pathetically apathetic. There is a large group dancing, and they are as crowded together as possible. All around this dancing mass there are four or five boy conversational groups. All girls not dancing are massed together on the left side of the stage between a mass of conversing boys and the mass of dancing couples. Every once in a while, a boy will leave the conversing group, wander into no-man's land, pick out a girl, and start dancing. The band plays a slow number. All dancing stops, and is replaced by mass hugging, accompanied by reluctant foot-movements. FRED is walking aimlessly around the room. ED spots him, and starts toward him. FRED pretends not to see him, and walks at an angle away from him.)

ED: Hi, Fred! As the two travelers on the desert said, long time no sea! How's school!?

FRED: Fine.

ED: You're going back East now, aren'tcha?

FRED: Yeah. Bentley.

ED: Bentley. Where's that?

FRED: Massachusetts.

ED: Hey, what sport you going out for?

FRED: Wrestling. Hey, I'm looking for someone, I'll see you later, okay?

ED: Sure, Fred. (ED starts talking to someone else. FRED wanders away, obviously not looking for anyone at all. He leaves the dance floor, goes to the bar, gets a soft drink, and sits down. There is a tired, bored look on his face. The dancing has become especially slow, the sound of voices a dull drone. A full minute passes. TOM, drink in hand, looking equally bored, sits down next to him.)

TOM: Hello, Fred, how's school?

FRED: School's fine.

TOM: You glad you're going to Bentley?

FRED: Yeah.

TOM: Well, what makes it so much better?

FRED: (Looking painfully bored) Well. . . they've got a lot of money, a lot in endowments, and they've got better teachers, better campus. . .

TOM: Well, what are the kids like?

FRED: They're interested in things. They can talk about science, the humanities, theology. You can talk to them. We've had some good bull sessions.

TOM: Like what?

FRED: Oh, I don't know. Whether God exists. . . Let's go into the other room. (They throw their Dixie Cups away.) Hey, how's Rick Flaherty doing?

TOM: If there's one guy I envy in the whole world, it's Rick Flaherty. He's got everything. He's the class president, he's smart, he's a terrific athlete—best in the school—he can have any girl he wants. . .

FRED: He's conceited as all hell.

TOM: Well, wouldn't you be? I mean, he *knows* what he is. You can't blame a guy for that.

FRED: Yeah.

TOM: He's gotten a little wild. Been going around with Johnston and *his* friends. You know, wild parties, liquor.

FRED: Sounds like he doesn't think that "what he is" is enough. (NANCY comes up to him, pulling a boy behind her. She is a pretty girl, but not very. She speaks softly, almost shyly.)

NANCY: Hello, Fred.

FRED: Well, hi, Nancy. How's school?

NANCY: Fine. How's school back East?

FRED: Fine. The weather's so much nicer here, though. (He looks at the boy in tow.)

NANCY: Oh, Fred, have you met Mickey Anderson?

FRED: (Shaking hands) No, I haven't. How do you do?

MICKEY: (mumbles) Howdyado.

NANCY: Well, I'll see you.

FRED: Yeah, I'll see you. (They wander off, and FRED watches them dance. MICKEY is big, and crushes NANCY to him as they sway with the dreary music.) I'm gonna go dance.

TOM: I'll see you, Fred.

FRED: Okay, Tom. (He wanders into the feminine mass, and circles around that group several times, appraising the pulchritude supply. Most of the girls are gruesome. Then he finds a surprisingly pretty girl.) Would you like to dance?

GIRL 1: (big smile) Oh, I'd love to. (They go into the crowd and start dancing in the conventional manner. They attempt to converse from this passionate position, as they have just met and want to know each other better.)

FRED: What school do you go to?

GIRL 1: Miss Evans'. It's a private school.

FRED: Wouldn't you rather go to a public school?

GIRL 1: Well. . .

FRED: I mean why does a girl go to a private school, anyway? For their parents' social prestige? Certainly you don't have as much fun as you do in public school.

GIRL 1: I don't know. In the fall quarter we have twelve dances. I went to Wilson last year, and we didn't have nearly as many.

FRED: Twelve dances! I've heard Miss Evan's girls complain about how few dances there were.

GIRL 1: Well, maybe it's changed. And another reason I go—the teachers at Miss Evans' are really good, they really are.

FRED: Same way at Bentley.

GIRL 1: I mean, you can't compare them with the teachers at a public school.

FRED: No, you can't. . .

GIRL 1: Like my math teacher, he talks so interestingly that the class doesn't hardly make noise, y'know, to hear what he's saying.

FRED: Well, are you going to a private school because the teachers are better, and. . .

GIRL 1: And you can learn more, yeah.

FRED: Well, what kind of things do you want to learn about?

GIRL 1: Well, you know, lots of things—just lots of things—just wanna learn more. . .

FRED: Well, let's put it this way: When you read for pleasure, what do you read?

GIRL 1: Oh, well, y'know, fiction and non-fiction.

FRED: Oh. (Sensing they have reached an impasse, they dance without speaking until the dance is over.)

GIRL 1: Thank you.

FRED: Thank you. (He walks through the mass of girls, onto the fringe of the dance floor.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

(As the curtain rises, we see a crowd gathered admiringly around two youths who are doing the Charleston. Inspired by the presence of an audience, they are enthusiastic, but not very good. They keep repeating the same steps, as their repertoire is limited. The audience cheers mechanically. FRED is watching, but does not make known his enthusiasm. The music is very loud and brassy. There are other couples dancing who had failed to seize an audience. Finally, the dance is over, and everyone makes a point of being as exhausted as possible. The band plays something slow, their energy spent, and the dancers resume their old dancing positions. FRED is bored and looks for someone to talk to.)

FRED: Hi, Tom.

TOM: Hi, Fred, did you dance?

FRED: Yeah.

(Silence)

TOM: Got the time?

FRED: Yeah, (trying to see, for the light is dim), twelve-thirty.

TOM: When's this over?

FRED: I don't know, one, one-thirty.

(Silence)

TOM: What courses you taking?

FRED: English, math, biology, French, and history. You?

TOM: English, Latin, math, history, and orientation.

FRED: What's orientation?

TOM: Oh, it's civics. How to live in our com-

plex modern society, and that crap.

FRED: Required?

TOM: Yeah, They woulda made me take driver ed, except I had it last year.

FRED: Ummm. (They watch the dancing, no longer bothering to converse, for a few moments.)

TOM: I'm gonna go get some punch. Have you had any of the punch?

FRED: No, I had a soft drink. (TOM leaves and FRED doesn't bother to follow. A dreary minute passes. Then, . .)

MIKE: Well, *hi*, Fred! Back from the East?

FRED: (Dryly) Yeah.

MIKE: How's school?

FRED: Fine. How's Wilson?

MIKE: Great. Hey, whatrya doing back there?!

FRED: Going to classes, mostly.

MIKE: Yeah!?! Going out for any sport?

FRED: Wrestling. You?

MIKE: Basketball. Hey, wanna meet any girls?

FRED: I know a few, thanks.

MIKE: Then howcome y're not dancing?

FRED: Between dances.

MIKE: Oh *c'mon*! Whattya go to a dance for, anyway? Here, I'll introduce you to someone. (They circle the mass of rejected femininity. MIKE points to the back of a redhead.) Hey, how's that? The redhead!

FRED: Well, lemme get a look at her. (They angle for position.) Do you think *she's* attractive?

MIKE: Well, . . how about the blonde next to her?

FRED: No, Hey, look, this is pointless. I can always go introduce myself.

MIKE: Yeah, I guess you could. Well, I'll see you.

FRED: Yeah. Thanks anyway.

MIKE: S'okay. See you.

FRED: See you. (He circles the pulchritudinous mass again and again manages to find an attractive girl.) Like to dance?

GIRL 2: Lové to.

FRED: Let's push through the crowd here. . . Now. What school do you go to?

GIRL 2: Springton Academy.

FRED: Is that around here?

GIRL 2: No, that's in Connecticut.

FRED: Oh, really? I go to Bentley.

GIRL 2: In Massachusetts!

FRED: Yeah, Massachusetts. How do you like being back?

GIRL 2: Oh, it's so funny! Everyone says the same thing.

FRED: I know what you mean. How's *school*!?

GIRL 2: Fine, fine. And how's *Bentley*?

FRED: Oh, just great, thanks. And what *sport* are you going out for?

GIRL 2: I'm going out for swimming.

FRED: And how's swimming?

GIRL 2: Oh, just fine. Except I don't like to swim in meets, it's so embarrassing when someone sees me in my bathing suit. And what are *you* going out for?

FRED: Wrestling. Except I don't like it when we have a meet, it's so embarrassing when someone sees me in my wrestling trunks! (They laugh.)

GIRL 2: And what *courses* are you taking?

FRED: Well, lemme see now: English, math, biology, history, and Sanskrit.

GIRL 2: Oh, you're taking Sanskrit, too? I have the most interesting Sanskrit teacher!

FRED: Oh? Tell me about your Sanskrit teacher.

GIRL 2: Well, for one thing, he's really good at Sanskrit. . .

FRED: He knows his Sanskrit.

GIRL 2: And, and, also, he talks a lot during class.

FRED: Oh, really? Sounds like *my* Sanskrit teacher!

GIRL 2: That's funny. You sure we don't have the *same* Sanskrit teacher? (They are laughing when a hand taps on FRED'S shoulder.)

JOE: Mind if I cut in?

FRED: Go ahead. (He slowly edges his way through the dancing mass out toward the conversational mass. SAM comes up to him.)

SAM: Hey, Fred, have you seen Rick Flaherty?

FRED: No, is he here?

SAM: Yeah. Probably drunk. Now there's one guy that doesn't need to drink. He's really got it made.

FRED: I heard he's been having a good year.

SAM: Has he been having. . . lemme tell you: he was first string Varsity quarterback this fall and he was voted All-County. . .

FRED: Pretty good.

SAM: Damn good. He's president of his class again, and every girl in the school's got a crush on him. . .

FRED: How are his grades?

SAM: Not as good as they used to be—he doesn't try anymore. But what do you want? His old man gives him all the money he wants,—I mean, he's really got it *made*! He's got everything: money, looks, brains, athletic ability, *girls*. Hey, if you see him, tell him I'm looking for him?

FRED: Sure, Sam. (He sees JOE, walks toward him) Hey, Joe, who was that girl I was dancing with?

JOE: When I cut in on you?

FRED: Yeah.

JOE: That was Diane Sandbug. You talk to her?

FRED: Yeah, she's got a good sense of humor.

JOE: She does?

FRED: Think she's still dancing?

JOE: Probably not. When I left her a few minutes ago, she was headed for the powder room.

FRED: Thanks. (The band is playing "Good-night, Sweetheart." The music is very dreary and slow. The couples in the background are clinching as if in the final scene of a Grade D movie. FRED walks slowly toward the other room, looking intensely at the dancers, trying to get a glimpse of DIANE. This being denied him, he goes to the bar and gets a glass of punch. He sits down wearily at one of the tables, facing away from the table. Behind him, unnoticed, sits a big, handsome, obviously drunk teenager. FRED turns around partially to put his glass on the table and sees him.) Rick!

RICK: Hi, Fred. You're going to Bentley now, arencha?

FRED: Yeah.

RICK: It's a pretty good school?

FRED: It's all right.

RICK: Yeah. You know, I tried to get into Bentley. I took the test an' had the interview. An' two weeks after I took their test, they sent me a letter that said "Thank you vury much fur takin' the test an' fur applyin', Mr. Rick Flaherty, but we don't have. . . room fur you in this school." That's what they said. An' the test wasn't so hard—I mean, I'm smart, I got most of the answers right, I know. An' the guy who interviewed me said he'd give a good report. I mean, I told him what I was. I told him I was Rick Flaherty an' I was the president of my class, an'

I was gettin' straight A's—almos' straight A's. An' I said I was good in sports, especially football, an' I'd worked on the school paper, an' I was vury sociable. .y'know? I mean, whadda they *want* fur their cruddy school? So they send me this letter two weeks after I take the test! Two weeks! I mean, you shoulda seen the recommendations I had! (He pauses, and his momentary excitement subsides to become an almost total apathy.) So my old man says not to worry. He can write some letters. He's got friends. Oh, he's got friends. Bentley writes back. . mimeographed letter says they're vury sorry they don't have room for me this year but. . . they'd put my name under special consideration if I apply next year. My old man says if I'm not good enough to get into Bentley, I might as well stay at Wilson. (Long pause) Well. . .you like goin' to Bentley?

FRED: It's a good school. It's a nuisance going across the country all the time, though. I'd just as soon be at Wilson.

RICK: Yeah, Wilson's pr—pretty good fur a public school. What are you goin' out for.

FRED: Wrestling.

RICK: Yeah? I'm goin' out fur basketball—made first string Varsity. I'm the center.

FRED: I hear you made All-County this fall.

RICK: Yeah, I did. I'm class president again, y'know that?

FRED: Yeah, I heard.

RICK: (Almost shouting) Big athlete! Big brain! Big Man On Campus! — *you* could never do those things! There he is, *look* at him: Rick Flaherty, *Big Hero!* (Sarcastically) Boy Wonder.

FRED: What courses you taking, Rick?

RICK: You don't give a damn what courses I'm taking! (long pause) Hey — me an' Johnston. . .an' a few other guys are having a . . .party after this. Wanna come? Lotsa fun. We have a . . .great time. Really fun.

FRED: No thanks. I'm already committed.

RICK: Yeah. (pause) Arencha gunna go dance? It's the last dance. They always play that same tune the last dance.

FRED: Yeah. I think I will. See ya, Rick.

RICK: (Unconsciously) Gunnight, sweetheart
Till we meet tomorrow
Gunnight, sweetheart. . .

(FRED goes onto the dancefloor, finds DIANE, and dances with her. The couples weave slowly, drearly with the music. There is little conversation. In the other room we see the early leavers, summoning all the enthusiasm at their command, shake hands with the mothers of the Equestrian Club. Every once in a while an "I had a *wonderful* time" is audible. But the predominant sound is the drone of the music. The curtain falls on the last notes:

Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight
(loud, brassy, but gloomy.)

CURTAIN

* * *

To A Sinister Businessman In The Dentist's Office

O vast potato, waiting to be called,
Of all these men the most completely bald,
What furtive cause impelled your heavy feet
From Boylston, Washington, or Tremont
Street?

In Boston, near some neat, expensive bar
Is where the nervous Camel-smokers are,
Drinking moodily, obese condolers,
Forgetting what a drink can do to molars.

Like monoliths, in sweet intoxication,
These huge immovables discuss the nation;
The silent watchers hiddenly persuade
Insisting people call a club a spade.

I think you dull, as you Philistines go.
I know—you have your little row to hoe,
But while unbusheling your light for me,
Don't hold it out in *my* face. *I* can see.

Some doom will strike you down, my nervous
fellow;

Then will you shout, and scream, and fight,
and bellow!

As from the inner room the nurses simper

You'll rise and hang your head.

And smirk.

And whimper.

W. R. Ferguson

Thanksgiving

Willy walked into his room, that Thanksgiving night, a very weary boy. He was watching what he did rather closely, for fear that an undesirable should observe his walking or smell his breath rather too closely. He slammed the door behind him, and sank into an easy chair, too tired to take off his coat. He turned to Melvin, his roommate, and asked him, "How was your Thanksgiving?"

"Fine."

"Got some work done."

"How much is some?"

"All of it."

"Did you get it done all afternoon?"

"Yup."

"Well, goshes, that sounds like all kinds of fun."

"Well, Willy old buddy, I'd a hell of a sight rather get something done than spend the day weaving all over Hell and Creation."

"Goodie for you, Always happy to hear you rising young straight arrows."

Willy was interrupted from any further observations on our life and times by the entrance of Steve Phella, who had just returned from a dinner at the Inn to which he escorted a thoroughly charming Abbot student.

Willy greeted Steve with a cheery, "Well, clod, where you been?"

"Inn", replied Steve.

"What in heaven's name do you do at the Inn?"

"I manage to make myself agreeable to some nice young people."

"Christ, Phella, you stun me, honest to God you do. What a gross charge, bombing off to the Inn, to snow some Abbot pig, off of which you probably can't get a damn thing. There's nothing to do at the Inn, anyway; and, much as I hate to say it, I always thought it was up to the girl to decide when she likes someone, not you."

"Seems to me calling all Abbot girls pigs is a common excuse for not getting anywhere with any of them."

"Listen, buster, I may not be as snowy as you, but the time has not yet come when I need sweat about the inaccessibility of Abbot."

"Not inaccessible to everybody, Willy fella."

"No, I suppose you snowmen do kind of go wild at Nature walks and Abbot calling, don't you?"

"You are in a cute mood tonight, aren't you?"

"When I come home and find out that my roomie, my buddy and pal, has done his homework for halfway into next term, and then I think of what I'm going to have to do tonight, it is enough to tee me off more than **somewhat**."

"Say, Melvin, did you work this afternoon?", asked Steve.

"Yup.", answered Mel.

"All of it?"

"Just about."

"Chrissake, why don't you have a little fun? When the Phillips Academy Administration sees fit to give you a chance to take a break, take it man."

"Sorry, but I'd rather earn Honor Roll days, and have my fun at home."

Steve admitted the wisdom of that policy; but said, "...the fact that you want to get Honor Roll days is not much of a reason for spending every minute of your time here doing it. I mean, Hell, there's no point in punishing yourself every minute of the day just for a little extra time at home. Those forty-eight hours at home aren't worth the price you're paying here. I shouldn't think the price you're paying is necessary anyway."

"The price is necessary if it's the only one you can pay."

Willy's ears pricked at that remark, and he said, "You do kind of have to grind it out if you ain't too brilliant, don't you Mel?"

"I suppose geniuses like you don't have to worry about homework, do they?", Mel snapped back.

"Don't have to worry about it all the time."

"Seems to me, some of them don't worry about it hardly any of the time."

"What the Hell crime is that, assuming it's anything to do with you anyway?"

"As your roommate, I have a certain interest in what happens to you."

"Your concern is one thing I can dispense with."

Mr. Major, the housemaster, materialized at that particular point and proceeded to pass out demerits to Willy and Steve.

Willy asked, "What were we doing wrong, sir?"

"I heard what you were saying to Mel, and it seemed poor taste to me. He has the best study habits and general attitude of anyone in this dorm, and he figures for a better house report than either of you. It seems that you might do well to worry less about having fun and more about emulating him." Mr. Major disappeared, and Steve also left. Willy turned on Mel and said, "Glad to see the Faculty's behind you."

"What's wrong with that?", replied Mel.

Mr. Major stuck his head in then, whereupon Willy turned and walked into his own room. Mr. Major pulled his head out.

The next morning, Mel came out of his corner room.

Will wished him a good morning.

"Hi.", responded Melvin non-committally.

"Going to breakfast?"

"Most people do."

"Wait up."

"Why?", asked Mel as he left.

* * *

The General

He was a general. He was marching with his army down the wide avenue with people cheering all around him, bands playing; and he was the head of it all.

No, he was not a general, but he liked to pretend he was. He was one of the paraders marching down Lincoln Ave. They were all shouting and generally making a lot of noise. He was carrying a placard on his shoulder. A nice man had given him twenty-five cents to carry it earlier that morning. He pretended it was a rifle.

The placard was heavy for him, but he was a proud general and the rifle didn't weigh anything at all to him. They were passing a group of people who were throwing tomatoes and rocks. Some paraders broke from the ranks and soon no more tomatoes came. Well, you could expect a conquering general to be booed by the people he had beaten. He felt very proud.

Right now they were getting near his part of town. To his right was the empty lot where he and his friend played war and all sorts of games. The next street was Randlely or something like that. He couldn't read, after all he

was just six years old a month ago, but he could tell letters and liked to spell out any signs he passed on the street. He admired his parents, who knew how to read, but he had decided long ago that he could never learn no matter how hard he tried. He wanted to read very much, because then he would be able to find out about all the great war heroes and everything.

They passed his apartment house then, and he looked around for his mother, but he couldn't see her in the crowd. His father was off fighting the Japs. He envied his father's luck—maybe he would get to fight someday, too. He stumbled over something on the sidewalk. He fell and dropped the placard, dropping his quarter which the nice man had given him. A nice shiny rifle, that's what he would get with it. Maybe he could get a pistol now, but he figured he would rather save up and get a real nice brand new shiny rifle. Generals didn't use pistols anyway. He picked the placard up and stumbled to his feet before anyone could trample him.

Someone had thrown a tomato at him. It didn't hurt when it hit him in the face, but he was wounded! The juice trickled down the side of his face. But he mustn't stop, because he had a duty to do. He had to lead his men, and that was very important because they had to conquer another city.

They were nearing the center of town now, the parade was nearing its end. A huge mob lined the sidewalks, some of the people cheering, most booing. He was sweating and very, very tired. Three hours of walking was a lot. Up ahead was Central Park. Good, his men were probably tired and needed a rest, but he was strong and could go on, except that his men needed to stop. They were in the park now. He picked a nice shady tree and sat down under it. He put his rifle down beside him. It was nice sitting there in the shade after the hot march. It was a lot of fun, though. He pulled out the quarter again and rolled over on his side. It was a long day, his men were tired, and they had to get ready to fight the next day. He noticed the placard at his side. Idly he spelled out the words on the sign and wondered what they meant:

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To . . .

"to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The park was green, symbolically green. Not that he was sure he knew exactly what it was symbolic of, but merely that the sudden surprising patches of grass amidst the snow, no longer white but nondescriptly gray and spotted with frozen dog urine, must represent something. Or perhaps it was only because he liked the sound of the phrase.

He saw her walking beside him, enveloped in her coat and high black socks, and realized that she actually was beautiful in an irregular way. The dark brown of her hair flowed over the hood-collar of the loden coat, which was that shade of deep green peculiar to loden coats. They crossed the road that winds through Central Park and reminds one that the city is always just beyond the trees. John noted how odd it was that he could ignore the skyscrapers but not the flat concrete.

It was an early Sunday morning, and the benches which would fill by one o'clock were still deserted. She jumped onto a row of them, and pulling him close, walked along that way, her arm on his shoulder, her head above his. Coming towards them were three old ladies, exercising their dogs, who immediately began to bark at the strange sight; but the three women continued their conversation in German, as if long used to such scenes. Annoyed at their indifference, the girl barked back at the dogs. Still pretending not to notice, the women passed by. She tugged at his arm, and shaking his head, he followed.

Before long they came to the zoo. A child's hand snuck under the barrier and was calmly feeding peanuts to a grizzly. A polar bear, its fur shiny from a recent swim, was lazily stretched out on the rocks. The boy and girl wandered to the pool in the center of the court which contained the seals, and spent a furious five minutes arguing as to whether there were three seals or two in the dirty green water. As the animals refused to cooperate and surface en masse, it was decided that there must be two and a half, and laughing, they dropped the matter. They left the seals to see the other animals, but most of the cages were empty. John quickly deduced that their occupants were probably out to lunch, and so saying he grabbed her hand and led her to the cafeteria, insisting that he had always wanted to eat lunch on the

terrace. When they had gotten their trays he found that all the outside tables seemed to be occupied by pigeons, or at least reserved for them, and so they ate indoors. They sat between a man with brilliant blue eyes and two young boys looking too proper in tan camel's-hair coats.

When she removed her coat he saw that she was wearing a pale yellow sweater with a deep vee neck outlined in pastel pink and blue. It was very becoming with her lack of makeup, and John found his eyes directed to the vertex of the vee whenever the conversation dragged momentarily. He had to force his eyes away, but he always re-entered the conversation with a rush. It was difficult to be casual when the clock on the Park Department building across the way told him he had only one more hour before he had to catch a train back to school. Without wanting to, he thought of the first time he had taken her out. It had been a miserable wet night his freshman year. He had boarded the bus to her house after a long wait, and embarrassed, had found that his only change was a silver dollar. The surly bus driver accepted it and gave him twenty nickels in return. Wedged sideways, with the steel handrail of the seat in front pressed into his side, his hands clutching the remaining seventeen nickels in his pocket, he had uncomfortably begun to think. The thoughts were always interrupted by his efforts to see past the black windows of the bus with the reflected tired bodies and faces of the passengers, but even now he could remember them. He had panicked. Suppose they fought, suppose they couldn't talk to each other? That wasn't what worried him, and he knew it. It was after weeks of waiting, or faltering, of not having the courage to dial and say "hello, this is John", weeks of glorifying her of convincing himself . . . and then what if she wasn't? He got off the bus and never thought about it again.

They were too close in age to continue dating after that year, too fond of each other to just drop it, and so it had developed into a painful platonic friendship which was both ridiculous and hurting. They had gone their own ways socially, she with college boys and he with younger girls just for the hell of it. But they kept drifting to each other.

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A pointed question brought John back. He could tell from her expression that she knew he had been dreaming. Nervously, he reached for a cigarette, lit it, and then gave her one. The train had arrived at four that morning. He was dead tired but determined to enjoy his only free weekend. Now that he was paying attention, he realized the conversation was unbelievable. She kept using French phrases and dropping expressions like "the vibrant world of ideas" and "religion as an esthetical experience." He toyed with the cigarette, inhaled, and carefully placed it in an ashtray, proud that his brand was oval Turkish. He couldn't understand himself, and it irked him. If he had been listening to someone else relating the conversation to him, John knew he would have dismissed it as hopelessly pseudo — (a favorite word). Even as he spoke he knew it was unreal, and yet he couldn't help it.

He remembered going to a dance with her. She loved sweeping into the Plaza in a misty cloud of white embroidered organdy, the proverbial center of attraction. He liked to be with her when she was like that. But their elation always ended as they shook the clammy hands of those on the receiving line and spent three hours being crushed by a crowd of joyous humanity.

She was discussing philosophy, and it suddenly occurred to him that he hadn't the vaguest idea of what he had been saying. He picked up the cigarette and took a final puff. He was beginning to feel like a T. S. Eliot poem. He stood up sharply, and the girl, taken aback, stared at him for a second. He handed her the loden coat, and turning, walked out.

The park was full and the paths crowded. He walked easily, several feet away from her, sliding in and out around groups of people. In five minutes they were at her house, and he said good-bye. And promised to write.

He raced for the train and made it with little to spare. He found an empty seat, removed his tweed jacket, loosened his challis tie, and took off his loafers. Methodically he lit another cigarette and leaned back.

John slept all the way from New Haven to Boston.

— P. J. Mandelbaum

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The Snow

BUCK

I blow on the fire, but it just won't go; it's that wood. I told him that if he used that wood, we'd never get any fire, but he wouldn't listen; never does. Hard to find wood anyway in September, good wood I mean, with the hills getting colder and wetter every night.

"Got that coffee ready yet," he says.

All of a sudden I see a little flame catch, and I really blow. It sputters then goes. My eyes start waterin' from the smoke, but I keep blowing. Can't let it go out, not now. Gotta get that coffee on and get a little heat in me. Ah, that's better. No time to wait for coals, so I just soap up the bottom of the pot and slap it on. Nothin' better'n a cup of coffee before saddlin' up; can't do nothin' without it.

"No," I says, "you got me a load of bum wood. That stuff won't burn."

"Aw, go to hell. You just can't make fires. Now if it was my turn, we'd a been warmin' ourselves ten min'ts ago."

"I'd say I been at this a lot longer'n you," I says.

"You sure hain't learned much then, have yuh," he says.

I just turn around and stir the coffee; it's startin' to bubble. Them kids think they know everything, but they don't know nothin'. I know, Lance is a fool. He'll never be a good cow-puncher.

DAN

Chink, chink, chink

I wish Lance would get up, and get started. I got to get this horse shoed, and start packing up. We have to leave early.

"Damn you," he says. "It's on'y five thirty. Never let a fellow sleep."

I heard him yelling at Buck earlier and knowed he was in a mean mood, but there wasn't nothing I could do about it. This horse had to be shoed, so I'm shoein' him.

"Buck," I says, "you have any idea how far up them horses might be? The ice in the water bucket was awful thick this morning. It's goin' to snow pretty soon." Buck mutters somthin' about the horses not being more'n two, three days away. I hope so.

I remember one year when three packers went up to bring down the horses from the high pastures and they got caught in a blizzard afore gettin' down. It was awful. They had left too late in September and 'most anyone

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could have told them that it was too late, but they had to bring down the horses; good horses they were too. Couldn't have found a better lot of trail ponies. But this didn't affect me much personally 'cause I was just a little guy, but I never forgot the story. Now here I am with snow comin' on; same situation. I wish Lance would get started. We got to get on the trail.

BUCK

Dan's over there gettin' that pony shoed. Dan's a good boy. He knows his job; never messes up. On the other hand there's that Lance; always laying around. I wish I hadn't brought him along. The weather don't look very good. There's that feelin' in the air; I don't like it. Them horses should be startin' down by themselves by now. They know something is goin' to break, just like we know. That coffee should be 'bout done. Well, Lance's getting up just in time for coffee. It'll be his turn tomorrow. Then I'll get a chance to take it easy. We gotta get goin'. Snow's gettin' closer every day.

LANCE

To hell with Dan, the sonofabitch. He's always so right, so damn right. I'd be kinda glad for us to be caught in a snowstorm. We're paid by the day, ain't we? Not by the job. How the hell can we help it if we can't find the horses, and get caught in a snowstorm. It ain't our fault that they don't give us enough time to get to the horses before the storms hit. It ain't our fault. They're all in such a goddamn sweat to get to the horses, but I'd like to just take it easy for once. I'm not packing a bunch a people around; I'm just packing myself.

Dan's over their going

Chink Chink Chink

with his hammer. He's got her hind leg tucked up tight under his armpit with the hoof resting on his knee, bottom part turned up. He's already trimmed down the hoof to size and now he's hammering on the shoe. She tries to kick him. He leaps away and takes his hammer and belts her a good one on her side, cursing her. I can't help a little snicker, and he just glares at me as if to say "You lazy bastard, don't your horse ever need shoein'?" I just snicker a little more; he turns and picks up her hoof and finishes nailing the shoe.

I see it's time to get up, so I roll out of the sack and pull on my shoes. God, it's cold. It just sort of grips you like water seeping

through your pants when you fall into a stream. Then you find yourself a-shivering all over, and you head for the fire. The fire roasts my pants on one side so hot that if I let them touch my skin, they burn; they burn like hell. All the time my backside is so cold that it's as if there wasn't any fire at all. I get my coffee and go to work. Them mules have to be washed and combed and saddled before we can pack them.

DAN

"Well, you're all fixed up," I says. "You didn't give me half as much trouble as that Lance." Now I can get a little coffee and warm up. I glance up at the sky; it's just a leaden sheet. I can't see any break in the sheet. No blue in sight. It's awful cold. I pull up my collar a little tighter and make my gloves a little closer. Then something wet hits my cheek. My hand brushes at it, and I find that it's water. Some more come down. I stick out my hand and they instantly melt upon touching it.

"Dan," he called. It was Buck who called.

"Yea, I know," I says. "It's the snow."

— J. A. Bissell



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A Cab From Philly

The young Phillipian stepped into the cab with some hesitation. "I want to get to the airport, but a limousine is a lot cheaper, isn't it? It's about one thirty-five by limousine and two thirty-five by cab."

"Two thirty-five, forty-five by cab," said the cabby.

"I don't know, maybe you should take me to a place where I can grab a limousine."

The cabby glanced at his passenger. "That's ridiculous, really. I mean, by the time I get you to the airport terminal it's about fifty cents already. Thirty-five cents plunks down the minute I flip the flag. Then you stand around the terminal waiting for the limousine — they don't leave right away, you know. They gotta wait for enough people to fill it up. That's a buck thirty-five, and then you give the driver a tip (you see everyone else giving him a tip) — that's what? about a quarter?"

"Yeah. A quarter."

"Okay, so you've paid what? Fifty, seventy-five plus a buck thirty-five, that's what?"

"Uhhh, that's two. . . ten."

"Yeah, two ten. Quarter difference. Most

people aren't that close with their money — I'm not referring to you, but some people just throw their money away: plug it into a slot machine, or when they're out having a good time. . ."

"It is ridiculous."

"Sure! Quarter more, you ride in a cab straight to the airport; limousine, you're crowded in with a lot of other people. You know what I mean? What's a quarter?"

"Yeah. You go out someplace, you just throw money away on yourself."

"Yeah, yeah."

The Phillipian was somewhat annoyed that he had brought the subject up. It was ridiculous — pile into a cab saying "maybe I ought to take a limousine." But he was in too good a mood to be annoyed for long. He had had such a good time over the weekend. The dances he had been to — that amusing Bryn Mawr freshman. They had mimicked the dancing styles of the other couples on the dance floor, they had talked about Freud and James Joyce and religion, they had spoken French very badly — the first words she had said were "*Je ne comprends pas rien*," and he had repeated what she had said, and they had

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laughed. And that senior at Baldwin whom his cousin Marilyn had gotten him as a date. She, too, had been lots of fun. And walking with Marilyn, remembering the time they had stayed five hours in Chicago between planes and had gone to that pizzeria across from the airport, remembering the three weeks at that Oregon beach, thinking of driving across the country with Marilyn and some of her friends — it would really be a riot, she's so funny. . .

"What school you going to?" asked the cab driver.

"Phillips Academy."

"Yeah? Where's that? Massachusetts?"

"Yeah, a little north of Boston."

"It a pretty good college?"

"Well, it isn't exactly. . ."

"I never went to college. Figured—y'know — why waste my time?"

"Yeah."

"I mean, why does a boy go to college? To go to parties, dances, have a good time?"

"Well, for their career. A college diploma is becoming more and more. . ."

"Yeah, and they're going because everyone else is going to college — sort of the thing to do — see what I mean?"

"Well, you can't generalize on something like that."

"No, no, of course not. There's exceptions."

"I mean, I know many boys who go to college because they really have a desire to learn, they want to know as much as they can. . ."

"Really? You know a lot like that?"

"Oh, yes."

"What are you interested in?"

"Creative writing."

"Yeah? That's a pretty tough profession to be in, I'd imagine."

"Well. . ."

"I mean, I have a tough time writing a letter."

"There's a lot of hard work in writing, true; but a writer writes because he wants to write. Money is really secondary."

"Is that so?" The cabby mulled this over, and the Phillipian looked out the window at the sign which said "Philadelphia International Airport" and which had an arrow pointing to the turnoff at the right. He thought back over his weekend at Bryn Mawr College: Marilyn,

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the dances, the unbirthday party Saturday afternoon — the memory filled him with comic exhilaration. He wanted to amuse and to be amused, and right now he was amused by his conversation with the cabby who thought he was a young writer going to college. He was having fun playing the role, and he wished Marilyn was there, this would amuse her. . .

"You think Mickey Spillane is a good writer?" asked the cabby.

"No, I don't. In the last analysis, Mickey Spillane will never be considered one of the great writers of the century."

"Well, why's that?"

"He's not interested in writing for writing's sake; he's not interested in being creative, in being a better writer. He's in the business for the money, and he writes just what he thinks will sell."

"His books sell millions of copies."

"Yes, financially he's quite successful. But most often, the really great writers are quite unsuccessful financially."

"Yeah, I see what you mean. Ed Sullivan, he's a writer, isn't he?"

"Well, not really. He's a newspaper columnist. There's a difference between a newspaper writer and a fiction writer."

"Yeah?"

"The obvious difference is that one writes fiction and the other writes non-fiction. . ."

"Yeah. . ."

"But also there are some differences in writing technique."

"Like what?"

"For example, a good newspaper article has all the facts in the first paragraph, so you can just glance at the first paragraph and find out what's in the rest of the article. . ."

"I never noticed that."

"Whereas a short story — well, the writer won't put the entire plot in the first paragraph."

"Yeah. What I don't understand is, you read a story in MAN or REAL, and the first part of the story will have the hero stranded on a desert island surrounded by crocodiles, and just when some real danger is gonna happen to the guy, they go back and talk about how he got on the island, just leave the guy in danger — why do they do that?"

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"Well, it's mostly just to keep up the suspense, to get the reader interested. . ."

"Yeah, I guess so. When I read a book, I can't put it down — stay up all night to find out what's gonna happen. That's why I think Mickey Spillane is a good writer — his stories are certainly suspenseful. You know what I mean? I mean, I don't see all this 'technique' business."

"Well, some writers want to do more than just keep a reader in suspense, they might want to get some idea across. I mean, when you read MAN or REAL, you don't really get anything out of it, it keeps your attention for a few minutes, but that's all. But you read a story with an idea behind it, something the author is trying to say, and it adds to your experience, to your knowledge of people, for example. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah. Well, who are your writers today?"

"You've got Salinger, and Steinbeck. . ."

"Well, Steinbeck, he's a great one."

"Yeah, and you have Carson McCullers, Saroyan — John O'Hara — you've got a lot of good writers."

"Uh-huh."

The young Phillipian looked at the hangars in the distance (they'd be at Philly International soon); at the clean-shaven cheek of the cabby; at the MAN on the desert island, surrounded by REAL crocodiles. It was all comic somehow; and somehow the prospect of the long, dull plane-ride, of going back to school did not bother him. Doing the cha-cha-cha while everyone else was bopping, what did Freud say about dreams? That idyllic vacation by the Oregon beach — walking at night you could just see the water by the reflection from the moon.

"Now, wasn't this much better than a limousine?"

"It certainly was."

"Two forty-five."

"Here you are."

"Well, thank you!"

"Thank you."

"Good luck, now."

The cab sped away and then he walked through the door that led into the airport.

— S. A. Most

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Gabriel

Gabriel heard the summons bell as it rang over the heavens, but he was either too tired or too indifferent to get out of bed at once. The night before had been unbelievably tiresome; the Lord God, Almighty King and Undisputed Ruler over Earth and Surrounding Territories, had delivered his annual address to the Holy Order for the Preservation and Continuance of Miracles.

The messenger angel, heaving a horrendous sigh, finally swung his right leg over the side of the featherbed onto the floor. He drew it back spasmodically with a yelp; the floor was cold. "Oh, God!" he muttered hoarsely, shivering and pulling the covers over him again. "I should work for the Devil. At least his radiators work."

"Using my name in vain again, I see," said God, who had been standing in the room for some time. "Not that I mind," he added apologetically. "It's just that it sets a bad example for the other angels."

"Don't sweat it," said Gabriel. By this time he had maneuvered his golden slippers around so that he could step into them. "Don't you ever sleep?"

"Occasionally," asserted the Diety. "When you think of all the wars that have started just by. . ." But Gabriel had gone.

* * * * *

Later in the day, God was sitting alone in his study. Over his desk hung a portrait of himself, done in splendid water-colors; beside this there was a rope of gold braid. God leaned over casually and gave the rope a yank.

In about five minutes Gabriel ran in, clad in a pair of boxing trunks and sneakers. "What is it, boss?"

"Where in Hell have you been?" demanded the Lord, assuming a false interest.

"In the gym. They have a cool gym down there. And you know who I was boxing with? The devil himself! How's that, Boss?"

"It was all in fun, I take it?"

"Sure. We just box for the hell of it, if you'll pardon the expression." There was a pause.

"What would you say," God asked him, "if I told you I plan to retire?"

A profound silence ensued, Gabriel looked at the ceiling, then at the floor; he shut his eyes, as if he were trying to catch a fleeting memory. "Boss," said he at last, "I have an

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idea. It's just off the top of my head. What about a merger?"

"A *what*?" inquired God.

"You know, a merger," said Gabriel, clarifying the concept considerably.

"Who do we merge with?" asked the Lord.

"The devil, of course."

Now it was God's turn to think. He sat perplexed for a full two minutes, tapping his foot on the floor in an annoying, unrhythmic manner. He stared at his portrait, and at the door, through which he could see the devil's country, far down in the valley. It looked green and fertile compared to heaven. He forgot his retirement. "What about all the people in the world that pray to me every day?"

"You haven't answered a prayer in your life," Gabriel reminded him.

"How do you know?" God returned, weakly. "Anyway," he said, gaining confidence, "how about the state of the world? I must take care of my creation. It says so in the Constitution."

"Have you seen the world lately?" inquired Gabriel.

"Why. . .no, not very recently. In fact, not for. . .two thousand years. It seems like yesterday." God leaned back in his chair, scratching his regal head. "What's it like?"

Gabriel flushed. "I haven't been since I sang there with the Choir, but the Devil says it's pretty bad."

So it came about on that fateful day that the Lord and Gabriel, followed by their troop of angels, set out for the merry land of Hell. The Lord was wearing his Tyrolean hat at a rakish angle; Gabriel was carrying two suitcases and a pair of boxing gloves. The angels, trooping behind them and singing, were in various stages of undress; some wore only bathing suits, while some were in shorts and T-shirts. All had duffle bags slung over their shoulders. Hell was reportedly in a warm location. The cherubims, as always, wore nothing.

"Why don't their mothers make them keep their pants on?" demanded the Lord concerning the cherubims. "It's indecent, that's what it is."

"Relax," shouted Gabriel over the din, "the whole troop's going to Hell anyway."

They were warmly received by the Devil, who is not such a bad fellow as many people

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think, Gabriel, acting as liason officer, introduced the Lord to his former antagonist.

"I've decided to retire," said God, grinning sheepishly.

"As a matter of fact, so had I," replied the devil, "but you beat me to the punch." He punched Gabriel, who caught the joke. "I suggest we retire together. We could convert everything to a democracy, with equal benefits for all of us; we'd draw up a constitution. Surely, with a great brain such as yours, you could help me make a good thing out of this." He smiled suavely. Gabriel, looking at his master's confused face, could hardly help laughing.

"Maybe you'd better take care of organizing this thing," he suggested to the Devil. "After all, we're already retired, and you're not."

"Right!" said God, much relieved. The devil agreed.

When they were alone together, the Lord asked Gabriel, "What's a democracy, anyhow?"

"How should I know?" answered Gabriel. "I'm afraid we're out of it." They joined arms and walked slowly toward the Devil's Palace, a look of optimism spreading over their faces.

— W. R. Ferguson





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Assuming that you have finally decided to go to college, have abandoned your girl, and have scraped up an impressive sum of money, you now sit down to write the first letter to the college or colleges of your choice. As a direct result of this letter, the colleges will send you a series of bound volumes, known as "applications" and "information" to help you in deciding to enter specific hallowed halls. Those of you that have older brothers in college or have listened to discussions on propaganda, will immediately separate the applications from the information, and file the latter carefully away in the wastebasket.

As the time draws near for the applications to be filed, you will occasionally cast nervous glances at the drawer in which they rest, and finally, when no more time can possibly be wasted, you lock the door, pull down the shades, turn on the lights and withdraw the many pages of application.

Your first reaction is anger at the embarrassing dirt they ask for: college board, scores, relative standing in class, etc. After all that unpleasantness is out of the way and you've selected a few essays at random from your handy little pile of English papers (which you keep in a little box right next to the fireplace), you gather up the whole mess in your arms, fold it carefully, place it in an unused carton and ship it back to the college, mumbling under your breath what you feel they should do with it.

Then comes the pressure. You sit there, alone in your unfurnished pad, nervously stroking your bongos for the five months it takes the college to dig through the squalor you sent them, and then, finally, on May 17th comes a letter. You dash down to the mailbox, rip it open without looking, and there in big bold letters on the middle of a white sheet of paper, is your name and the fateful words, "Uncle Sam wants you!"

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Cynthia

Brian had made a very bad mistake. In a passionate moment with his girlfriend he had not only declared his love for her, but had gone so far as to say he would die for her if need be. This was a mistake because his girlfriend didn't feel the same way and said so. Moreover, she said she thought it was ridiculous for anyone to feel that way. Brian parted from his girlfriend defiantly.

He determined to get even with his girlfriend for rejecting him. The more he thought about it, the more humiliating the experience appeared in retrospect. He was sure the girl would tell all her friends, and they would tell their friends. . . He would show them all how wrong they were to laugh at him. He would show them that he himself was so desirable that a girl would be willing to die for him. As a matter of fact, . . . he had visions of a dramatic suicide for the benefit of unbelievers—not intentionally, of course. . . or even just a girl following adoringly after him in the corridors; suicide wasn't really indispensable, although it would be better that way. If only. . . but it was impossible. Although he tried hard thus to sweep several girls off their feet, the fact was that girls proved consistently unsweepable.

Brian felt frustrated, but he refused to be thwarted. The more he mused on the fame, notoriety, mystery, and desirability that would be his if he could get some girl to commit suicide for his love, the more he determined that he must somehow bring that wonderful thing about. The details were all arranged in his mind. She would be slim and petite, with long auburn hair (he always thought of it as ash-burn, although he wasn't quite positive what auburn was), a perfect complexion, and an attractive figure. She would adore him and do anything to be with him; and when she was with him. . . At this point in his musings Brian sometimes pulled himself back to his dream of glory, sometimes—perhaps more than half the time—not. If he did, his plan continued with exhilarating perfection.

She would be a very mysteriously girl, this one with the long auburn hair. She would be slightly neurotic, to add to the mystery without detracting from the pleasure. Probably she

wouldn't go to school—under psychiatric care most of the time. But she would sneak into school when she could to leave notes for him in places where they might occasionally be found by other students, who would ask him about her. He would be a little annoyed at their prying, and would talk always with the air of an expert among novices.

They would of course take long rides in the country, go to drive-ins, etc. (exactly what they would do other than this wasn't quite clear, but it involved her sitting very close to him as he drove slowly home). No one would ever see the girl, but when he picked up his friends for school in his car they might notice a long auburn hair on the seat. Once in a while, perhaps, a lipstick blotted kleenex might be found in the glove compartment. Little things like that, just hints. . . and envy would grow.

Then one day he would begin to act preoccupied. When closely questioned, he would admit that his auburn haired girl was acting particularly neurotic lately (yes, that was where her disturbance would come in), and that she was threatening to kill herself because he didn't love her enough. He would protest (modestly) that he was doing as well as he could, but that of course he had homework and other things to do, and she didn't understand, she got too emotionallly worked up. Her notes, continuing all this time, would begin to sound exotic. A few would probably be found to confirm his reluctant explanation of the concern he felt about her.

One day he would come to school particularly disturbed. He would refuse to say anything on the subject of his mysterious girl. Later in the day a body would be found in the girls' room, its throat salshed. A note addressed to him would be picked up, and he would be called for to make an identification. It would be his girl lying there, her auburn hair stained with blood, a knife in her lifeless fingers. The desire to gain his sympathy would have overcome her in the process of writing him another note. It almost made him cry to think about it. He would take it philosophically, pensively, just as he would endure the fame that would come to him as the only boy in the school—in the city or even the nation, perhaps—to have so enchanted a girl that she committed suicide

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for want of his perfect love. What a wonderful plan. . .

It could be only a plan, he decided finally, only a mental image, because the right girl was impossible to find. No such girl as he in his imagination captured existed in the city, he was sure. Yet desire for that sweetly tragic scene in the girls' room possessed him more intensely each day. His old girlfriend had a new boy, and Brian was considered by most people to be a loser. There was no derision intended in this attitude, but Brian in a mood of humiliation from his rebuff read into every casual remark a joke at his expense. Finally he made up his mind. A hoax would be better than nothing, and if he worked carefully he would probably never be discovered. Even if he were, he would not have announced his purpose, and the whole thing would be taken as a joke. It was simple enough and safe enough to appeal to him.

The first step was to spread a few rumors. Brian began to drop hints, very gradually, as if he were just getting to know this girl with the long auburn hair. He decided to call her Cynthia. He worked very carefully at hint-dropping, because if anyone noticed anything sudden or unnatural about his remarks, the whole plan would fail. The hints he made were just specific enough to start his friends wondering, but not so specific that his remarks would be remembered as such. He succeeded in creating the impression that he had found a new girl, but no one was able to pin him down on it. He remained non-committal.

The next step was almost as subtle. Brian managed to obtain some long hair that looked auburn from his sister without her knowing it (this involved some very fancy maneuvering when the right time came). Three days later he avoided questioning about a long hair found on the backrest of the front seat of his car by claiming that one of the guys he took to school must be a girl in disguise. That weekend when his friends called him up to go to a basketball game, they learned from his mother that he had a date. Brian spent the evening on a country road thinking about Cynthia. Next Monday the discovery of two more hairs forced him to admit that he had a new girlfriend, and he was persuaded to disclose the fact that her name was Cynthia. His friends guessed at her last

name all the way to school, but none of them came up with it. Brian found himself unable to come up with it either.

During the day, Brian let himself be persuaded to admit that Cynthia did not go to school. He refused to say why. He did allow himself, however, to express the opinion that she wished she did so that she could be near him.

Brian continued to have dates with Cynthia. When one of his friends noticed that his school ring was missing, Brian reluctantly admitted that he had given it to her, and that she wore it on a chain around her neck. And in his mind's eye he could see Cynthia with the ring. It fell between her breasts and slurred back and forth as she moved, and made her even more desirable and even more his. He was proud of her and of his possession of her.

He was proud when she was unable to reconcile herself to his absence and stole into school to leave him a passionate (although proper) note. She began to leave more, sporadically. Some Brian found first, but most were found by unknowns who read them and threw them away or by friends who read them and were awed or teased him about them. And miraculously, Cynthia was real. He had worried about whether people would believe in her or dismiss her as an imaginary, implausible character; but everyone was convinced that she was really his girlfriend.

Then, in a subtly-phrased note, Cynthia revealed the reason for her enforced anonymity and absence from school. The note was intercepted by a girl Brian knew, and it deepened the mystery around Brian plus Cynthia True Love to the point where Brian was sure it must be too deep to be believed.

Cynthia had made a passing reference to her psychiatrist's disapproving of her emotional involvement with Brian, and had gone on to say that she didn't care, she was crazy in love with him anyway. Brian had prepared his public well: the note was taken as confirmation of an opinion widely held, according to the census of those who said they thought so or even knew it all along. Brian was relieved, and he took Cynthia out every Saturday and Sunday night.

But Cynthia was getting more involved with and dependent on him. He had to take

her out Wednesday nights too, every once in a while, in order to cut down the barrage of phone calls she made to him. Her notes to him, by now the objects of the school's new favorite indoor sport, began getting more and more high-strung: if before she had been eagerly in love with him, now she was frantically so. Brian began stopping by to reassure her after he let his friends off after school.

As Cynthia's condition got more serious, Brian began to wonder about her death. She was sure to get so nervous and depressed one of these days that she would kill herself. What bothered him was that the details of her death—the note, the girls' room, the blood-stained auburn hair, the awe of his friends—seemed, in comparison to the reality of her life, an impossibility. Cynthia alive was an evanescent being, who could be believed in as one believed in a will-o'-the-wisp. But Cynthia incarnate, bleeding, dead. . . He could not make it happen as he could not make a date happen. He felt she would fade like a fog if she were made so specific. And yet, every day he could feel the tension within the girl building, and he knew, as surely as he could visualize her face, as surely as he could predict her reaction to a kiss or a word, that soon she must become so attached to him and so depressed by his incomplete attachment to her that she would take her life in a frenzied effort to get his complete attention.

On Thursday when he awoke he knew that Cynthia would die that day. It was impossible: she was just a means to an end, and a means can't die. But as he drove his friends to school he was certain that. . . he was sure. He was nervous, and he got annoyed easily at a remark someone made, as a person who is trying to concentrate gets annoyed at an interruption.

Nothing happened. No call came from him, and as his second period class wore wearily on, his nervousness became drugged to a feeling of relief that he could forget Cynthia. To hell with fame, he decided, as long as he could get release from this nerve-wracking waiting. He was calm and decidedly through with Cynthia as he walked to his third period class with a friend.

As they turned into the classroom a sharp scream rose from the hall they had just passed through. Cynthia! thought Brian, as his friend speculated aloud on what had happened to make the girl scream, Brian sat down in a dream,

thinking it couldn't be, it's not real, she wasn't really. . . (thinking that) he couldn't control his thoughts. . . The class began. The door opened.

A girl whom Brian knew vaguely crossed quickly to the teacher, keeping her eyes on Brian. She handed the teacher a note. She stared at Brian and Brian stared back. He felt impossible and cold. Everyone was looking at him. A voice was showing him out of the room, and he walked down into the girls' room, and it was indeed Cynthia lying there, looking very natural, her long auburn hair stained with blood, a knife in her lifeless fingers.

She was wearing black slacks, and a black sweater and black flats. The chain with his ring on it was lying in the blood. There was an enormous amount of blood. You wouldn't think so much blood was in a person, especially a slim girl like Cynthia, who looked so pale most of the time. She was white now. Her ankles and face relieved the basic black well. Except that a little blood had come out of her nose and mouth and run down her cheek onto the tile floor. Her lips were as white as the rest of her face, and were open slightly, as though she wanted him to kiss her.

They had ordered everyone to disperse quietly, and he was sitting on the floor among the principal and a doctor and a policeman and poor Cynthia. He was reading the suicide note, addressed to him, and it just said she couldn't stand it any longer without his full attention, and that he didn't love her as she loved him, and a few other things. He claimed partial amnesia caused by shock (whether the shock of seeing Cynthia dead or the shock of falling he didn't make clear), and said he knew only the girl's first name: Cynthia. He didn't know her address or her age, either. Finally they took him into the nurses's office and made him lie down with the note in his hand.

Although they (that vague they) told him repeatedly how important it was, he could not either remember or fabricate a name for Cynthia. She was just Cynthia. The story finally got into the papers, with a plea for information concerning the girl. No one answered it. Brian, of course, was famous. He was notorious, mysterious, desirable. He endured it all philosophically, pensively. Unfortunately, his old girlfriend wasn't as profoundly affected as she should have been, but Brian found himself almost able to ignore her in the warmth of his conquest.

— D. T. M. Murphy

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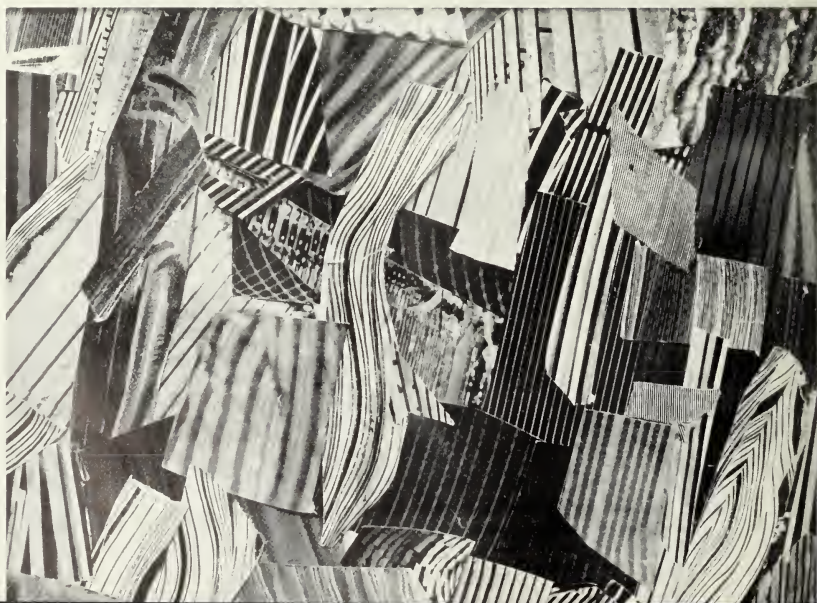
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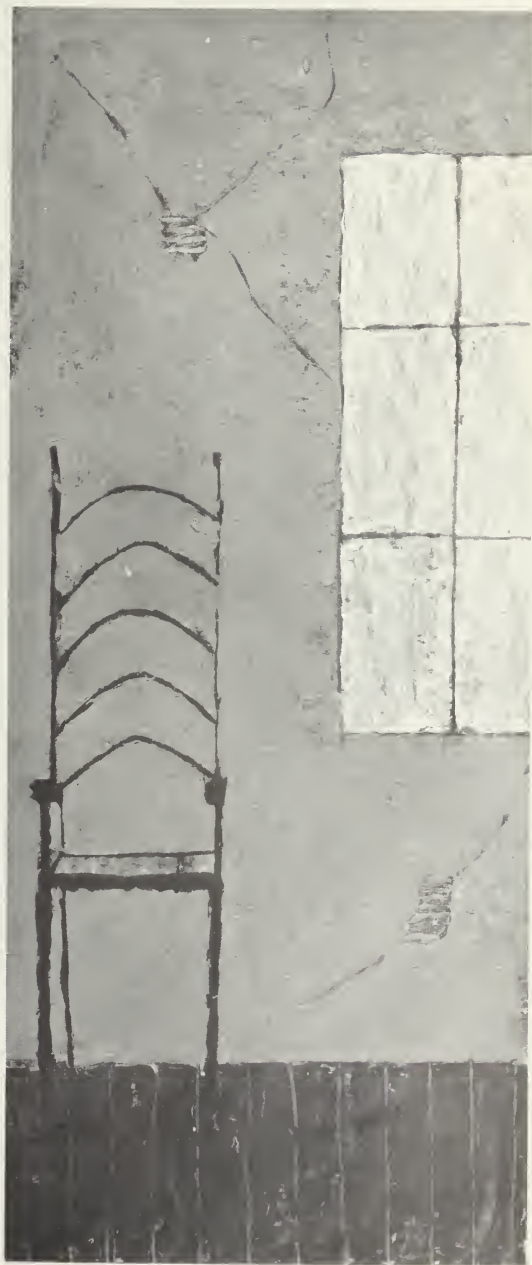
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ARCHERY

Fishing, Target, Field and Hunting!

Bows, Arrows and Accessories

Professional Advice

Licenses issued - Instructions

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Good Parking Facilities

A CANADIAN HOLIDAY,
in the beautiful & friendly Laurentian Mountains

Gray Rocks Inn, Ltd.

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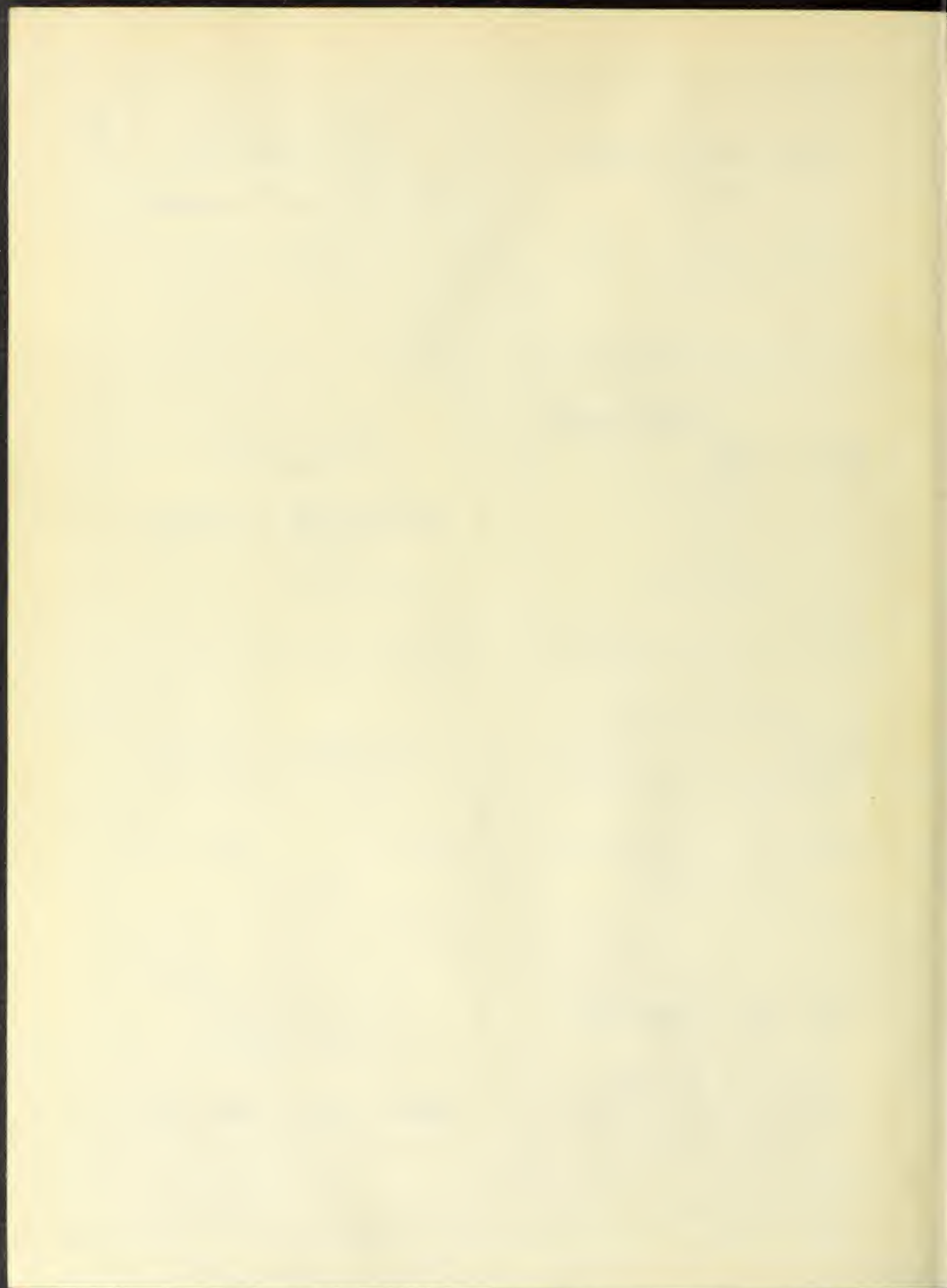
ST. JOVITE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
(Just 80 mi. N. W. of Montreal)

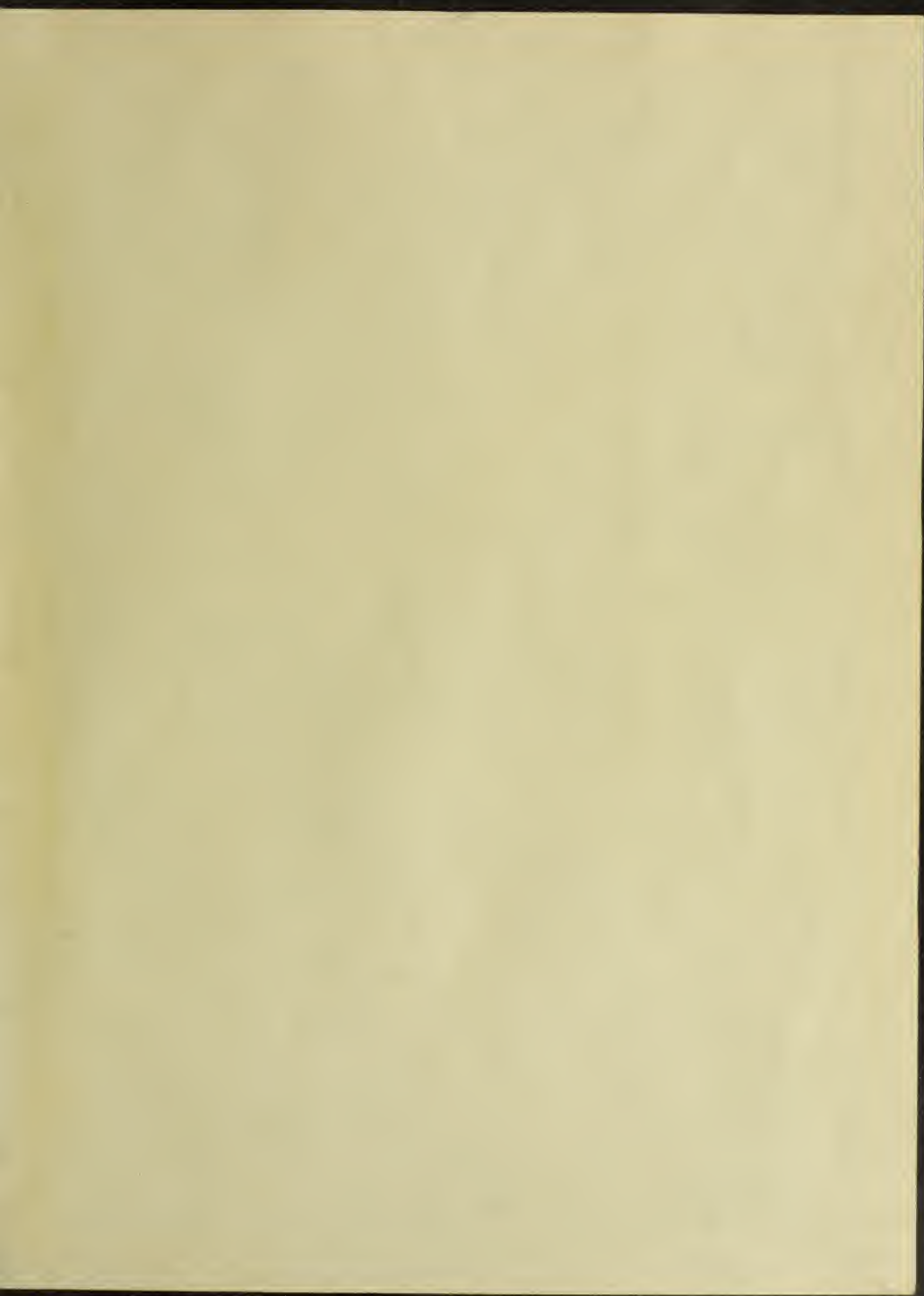
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